EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

Number 5 MAY, 1918 Vol. XXXVIII

CONTENTS

BELGIUM—The Reign of Terror — BRAND WHITLOCK, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO BELGIUM — 9
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND DOCUMENTS, AND WITH CARTOONS BY LOUIS RAEMAEKERS

THE DEAR LITTLE FOUR-FLUSHER — HAROLD TITUS — 24
ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

IN TIME OF WAR I SING — ALLEN CRAFTON — 30
A poem from a soldier

"SQUADS RIGHT" — GILBERT EMERY — 31
A training-camp story
ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

HEROES AND RUNAWAYS — HERBERT COREY — 34
The Italian retreat—why? An explanation by *Everybody's* correspondent
ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES B. FALLS

"NOW GO SEE ELLIS!" — WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF — 41
A Washington war-time personality sketch

THE BUFFER — R. N. WALL — 42
A small-town story of business
ILLUSTRATED BY CRAWFORD YOUNG

PEN AND INKLINGS — OLIVER HERFORD — 47

THE WHITE ARC. A Serial Story — HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER — 48
ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. HILL

TAM O' THE SCOOTS — EDGAR WALLACE — 54
The Scotch aviator meets a girl
ILLUSTRATED BY L. A. SHAFER

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE — 58
DRAWINGS BY RALPH BARTON

JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH. A Serial Story — JACKSON GREGORY — 59
ILLUSTRATED BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

H. S. V. U. S. A Challenge to the Volunteers — 72

APRIL'S ISLE. Poem — MARY STEWART CUTTING — 75

POETRY OF THE WAR — 77

THE SKIPPER — HOWARD WHEELER — 84
The first of a series of war sketches, by the editor of *Everybody's*
ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

INTERNED SWITZERLAND — ALBERT FRAPWELL — 90

GROGGY JOHN BARLEYCORN — EDWIN F. BOWERS, M. D. — 112

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS — 4

AUTOMOBILE DIRECTORY — 86

HERBERT COREY

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Issued monthly.
Yearly subscription, $1.50 in advance.
Single copy, fifteen cents.
Foreign postage, $1.00 additional.
No extra postage for Canada.
Copyright, 1918, by the Ridgway Company in the United States and Great Britain.
Published by THE RIDGWAY COMPANY
Spring and Macdougal Sts., New York City.
Entered at the New York Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

PUBLISHED BY THE RIDGWAY COMPANY
JAMES H. GANNON, PRESIDENT — C. H. HOLMES, SECY. & TREAS.
HOWARD WHEELER, EDITOR
SPRING & MACDOUGAL STREETS, NEW YORK CITY
6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C., England

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Everybody's Magazine

NUMBER FIVE MAY 1918 VOLUME XXXVIII

BELGIUM

By

Brand Whitlock

United States Minister to Belgium

The REIGN of TERROR

THIS is the fourth instalment of the story of Belgium, told by the American Minister to Belgium, who remained in that stricken country from December, 1913, to our entry into the war, and witnessed its suffering from the beginning.

The story opens with an enthralling picture of the idyllic life of Brussels in the spring before the deluge—the peace, the simple happiness that filled the little Belgian capital with a golden glory as radiant as the sunshine of the season.

Then, in July, come the first faint, foreboding omens of the world drama; the storm breaks with stupendous suddenness: the German ultimatum; the Belgian defiance; the invasion.

The American Minister labors, heart-heavy, with panic-stricken tourists; takes over the interests of the belligerent embassies and legations; strives to exercise an influence for calmness in the excited city; and finally, as the municipal guard throw up their pitiful trenches in the parks and prepare to defend the capital to the last, he and his colleagues persuade the authorities to allow the Germans to enter peaceably, that the beautiful city may be spared. Then the grim flood pours in.

And with it the heavy cloud of horror rolling on from the scenes of blood and fire that mark the trail of the invader through Louvain, Liège and Dinant. From the unending stream of refugees that flows into the capital, from the official sources, from all the evidence, Mr. Whitlock pieces together the first complete—and final—story of the atrocities, of that Reign of Terror.

What was left of Visé.

Photo by Brown Bros.

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Belgian peasants watching the burning of Termonde.

XXIX

LOUVAIN will remain perhaps the classic instance of *Schrecklichkeit;* it resumes and sums up in the general mind the sinister history of those terrible times. But it was not the worst. Visé was worse, and so was Dinant, and so was Aerschot, and worst of all perhaps was Tamines. Visé was the first. It was near there that, on the second of August, the Germans, wilfully violating their treaty, invaded the little land they had sworn to protect.

Going from St. Remy along the Road of the Three Chimneys, the route the Germans took from Aachen to Visé, one comes to a turn in the highway, where, in place of the fine old sixteenth-century house belonging to the de Borchgrave family, there stands now only a mass of blackened walls. And there, along the Meuse below one, lies a silent city; its empty chambers open to the sky. It might be Pompeii. Those ruins might have lain there for centuries. There is not a living being there. The devastation, the destruction are absolute, the silence complete; it is the very abomination of desolation, a mass of brick and stone and charred beams, crumbling white façades, whose windows, with their casements blackened by fire, stare like the hollow sockets of skulls. Of the four thousand inhabitants, not one is there; not a house is standing nor a roof remains. The taverns where the people used to go in joyous bands to eat of the famous roast goose, are heaps of cinders; the very trees in their gardens, under whose boughs the youth of Liège used to dance the *cramignon*, have been burned. The scaling walls of the church tremble in the wind, the roof has fallen in; the towers with their bells, the organs, the statues, have tumbled into bits. The work that would have required ages, was accomplished by German organization in a night. . . .

And a lawyer friend, who was born there, when he saw it from the turn in the Road of the Three Chimneys, and looked on the ruins lying before him along the highway to the Meuse, said:

"Since there is nothing left with which to begin life anew, let the city be preserved as it is: a holy necropolis and a shrine; a monument to the implacable ferocity of German 'kultur.'"

The German troops entered St. Remy-sous-Argentean on the fourth of August at ten o'clock in the morning. They came in an endless stream, that rolled on like a tide to the Meuse. Those first-comers did no harm to the civilians. It was not until they had been checked by the Belgian army that the civil population had to suffer. They fell back, and because Visé lay on the main road running from Germany to the Meuse, they put it to fire and sword, and whole families, threatened with shooting if they should leave their houses, were burned alive in their homes—men, women, and children.

The old curé of the parish of St. Remy, having buried a neighboring priest, shot because the Belgian engineers had used the tower of his church for observations, remarked to a German officer that it was unjust; that it was the military, and not the priest, that had set up the observation post, and that the priest had no means of preventing them from doing so. And the officer replied:

"Yes, all that is true; but war is war, and they did right to shoot the priest."

All the old curé could do was to go out of his parsonage and over the fields alone in the dark night. He could not see two paces ahead of him, but to right and left he heard cries of pain and the groans of dying men, and there alone on that field, turning about, he made the sign of the cross many times, giving a general absolution to all those nameless ones who were dying there.

We had just begun to hear of the horror of Dinant, when the horror of Louvain came upon us, and because that was nearer, more immediate, it dulled the impression of the other deed; we could not realize that the charming little town set like a jewel on the Meuse, with the picturesque rock of its citadel and the curiously Oriental spire of the old church of Notre Dame, was no more. "Dinant has been destroyed," said some one almost casually; it was but one more detail in the great cataclysm.

It was the first of September, when we were beginning to get the events of Louvain in order in our minds, that the two men came in from Dinant. I have since read the story many times and in many reports, but their account in all

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essentials was sufficient; the others could but piece out the recital with shocking details, until a long while afterward we had the sinister necrology —the names and ages of the six hundred and six victims of the massacre—old men of seventy and eighty, and women, and little children, and babies in their mothers' arms.

The Germans had entered Dinant on the sixth of August. The townfolk had heard of the destruction of Visé, but they did not believe it. There were skirmishes in the country round between uhlans, making reconnaissances, and Belgian and French troopers, but that was all. Then, on the fifteenth, the Germans tried to force their way across the Meuse, but they were repulsed, and fell back in retreat. The Dinantais thought that the French had definitely won the engagement and that they were among friends, but just at nightfall on the twenty-first a band of German soldiers, about one hundred and fifty in all, dashed down the road from Ciney and along the Rue St. Jacques, shouting like savages, smashing street lamps, firing into windows, throwing incendiary bombs into houses, terrorizing the population of the quarter of St. Roch, "shooting up" the town, as they used to say in the Far West.

Then suddenly, early on the morning of the twenty-third, German troops began pouring into the town from all four quarters. They came by the Lisogne road, by the Ciney road, by the Froidevaux road, but principally by La Montagne de St. Nicholas, and while the shells exchanged by the German artillery on the citadel with the French across the river, were screaming overhead, the soldiers turned the inhabitants out-of-doors, set the dwellings on fire, herded the people in a mass, and marched them across the city, their hands above their heads, to the Place d'Armes. The men were separated from the women and children, ranged in line, and from time to time during the day a few were selected, led out and shot. In the Leffe quarter alone the Germans shot thus one hundred and forty; and at evening they shot the Argentine consul, and forty workmen in a factory. The terror lasted all that day and night. The Germans locked whole crowds of the people in barracks, in stables, in factories, surrounded them by soldiers ready to fire at any moment, and in the St. Roch quarter they imprisoned a group in a building, placed bundles of straw all around the house and set it on fire; but, by a fortunate chance, the Germans overlooked a cellar window, and the people crawled one by one out of this and escaped.

Women and children were forced to stand by and witness the murder of husbands or fathers. One woman, Madame Alnin, who had given birth to a child three days before, was borne forth on a mattress by German soldiers, who said they would compel her to look on while they shot her husband, but her cries and supplications finally moved the soldiers to spare the husband's life.

The soldiers "stood by, laughing," while the executions were going on. During all that night of the twenty-third they marched about the city, setting fire to such buildings as had escaped shelling, and when the fires slackened somewhat they systematically pillaged everywhere: in the famous wine-cellars, of course, in banks, the safes of which they blew open, and in jewelry shops, whence they bore off silver and plate, and wherever there was property to be taken they placed guards to protect it from all but their own robbery.

And when their rage was spent, out of fourteen hundred houses but four hundred remained, the old church of Notre Dame, that had survived the wars of seven hundred years, was destroyed, the picturesque tower no longer reared itself under the rock of the citadel, the college and the Hôtel de Ville, all were ruined.

Four hundred and sixteen Dinantais,

Photograph by Western Newspaper Union.

A Belgian mother and her children in the streets of Termonde

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arrested, no one knew why, on the night of the twenty-third, were taken to the plateau of Herbuchenne on the heights overlooking Dinant, where they were camped in the open air without food or drink. Some of the soldiers who guarded them told them that they would be shot at daybreak; others that they would be transferred to Coblentz.

Their escort was commanded by a captain of the 100th Infantry, who, while they were waiting, saw a superb stallion in a field and wantonly shot it dead. A while later he shot a mare and her colt. Finally, according to testimony of Mr. Tschoffer—Procureur du Roi de Dinant (Crown Prosecutor for Dinant), the prisoners were marched toward Ciney, continually threatened with death; soldiers spat in their faces, threw ordures at them, and officers struck them with their riding-crops. From time to time the captain in command, who was mounted, would turn in his saddle to shout at them: *"Vous êtes des bêtes!"* (You are beasts.) Thus they were taken to the prison camp at Cassel in Germany.

One scene remains to be described, a scene that in its unsurpassed and shameful cruelty has no counterpart, even in the dark annals of savage tribes.

It was on that Sunday morning of the twenty-third; the Germans that swarmed down the Freidrau road entered the quarter of Penant, arrested the inhabitants and took them to the Rocher Bayard, the famous and picturesque rock that, split off from the cliff and overlooking the lovely Meuse, is associated in romantic legend with the Aymon boys and their famous horse Bayard. The people were held there, evidently as a screen, while the Germans began to construct a temporary bridge over the river. The French were on the other side and now and then they shot at the soldiers working there. The Germans, annoyed by the spitting irregular fire, sent a citizen of Dinant, one of the prisoners, in a boat across the river to inform the French that unless they ceased firing the civilians would be shot. M—— made his dangerous voyage, accomplished his mission, and returned to take his place among his fellows. But a few stray bullets still sped across the river.

Then was committed the atrocious crime. The prisoners were massed together, nearly ninety of them old men and young, women, girls and boys, little children and babies in their mothers' arms. A platoon was called up; the colonel in command gave the word to fire, and the gray soldiers in cold blood shot down those ninety persons as they stood huddled there together. Among them were twelve children under the age of six years, six of whom were little babies whose mothers, as they stood up to face their pitiless murderers, held them in their arms.

The six babies were:

The child Flévet, three weeks old.
Maurice Bétemps, eleven months old.
Nelly Pollet, eleven months old.
Gilda Genen, eighteen months old.
Gilda Marchot, two years old.
Clara Struvay, two years old.

Evening came; the soldiers were fumbling among the mass of dead. Some were still living, some, by a miracle, were uninjured. And these were dragged from the pile of bodies and made to dig a pit and to tumble into it the bodies of the victims of the tragedy, their relatives, their neighbors and their friends.

XXX

AFTER Dinant, we began to have news of Namur. Even in those lovely September days the town was still living under a reign of terror. The Germans, after a bombardment lasting two hours, had entered on the twenty-second of August, the same Sunday that witnessed the horror at Dinant. At six-thirty that evening, soldiers with fixed bayonets and drawn revolvers entered every house in the neighborhood of the railway station, ordered the people into the street; they gathered about five hundred of them in the great waiting-room of the station. They were to be held as hostages. But after an hour the women and children were released, while the men and youths were detained.

An hour later a German officer entered the hall. A man described the strange scene, the strange method. The officer stood there before them, with heels together, then suddenly shouted:

"Declaration!"

He paused; then:

"We make war on armies, not on the population!"

Perhaps he was reading it. Then he went on to announce that if they fired on the German soldiers they would all be shot, and he told them of the fate of Andenne.

At ten o'clock the same officer returned, again with his strange formula:

"Silence!

"Declaration!"

And after that: "You may go now," he continued. "If you have arms you must surrender them at once, even your penknives; you will be searched and then you may go."

The people remained calm, and in a pathetic effort to placate the soldiers, even served meals to them. And on the night of the twenty-seventh, suddenly, no one knew why, in the best quarter of the town, the Germans began to set fire to the houses. The Hôtel de Ville and nearly all the houses on the Place d'Armes, many buildings in the Place Léopold, and many residences as far as the Rue des Brasseures, were consumed by the flames. And it was a final touch, one is almost tempted to say artistic, to the terror of that night, that all through its horrid, tragic hours the Germans kept the church-bells tolling.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

Germans passing through Namur.

And one night, just as I was going to bed, a man told me how the Germans set fire to the Eye and Ear Hospital, without giving them time to evacuate the sick who were lying there, so that the patients perished in the flames.

They will tell you in Belgium that Namur escaped the fate of Dinant and Louvain because there was a disagreement among the Germans, some wishing to destroy it, while the milder party wished merely to exact a tribute from it. I know nothing of the facts, except that Namur paid a contribution of 32,000,000 francs.

Andenne, to whose fate the German officer had alluded in his "declaration," is a town on the Meuse, not far from Namur. It has, or had, a population of seventy-eight hundred.

On the morning of August nineteenth, in the course of sharp fighting,

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the Belgians blew up the bridge across the river, and then evacuated the town. The Uhlans entered immediately, seized the city treasury and took the Burgomaster as a hostage. In the afternoon the infantry entered and, except for the brutalities of drunken soldiers, quiet prevailed during that night. The next afternoon the Germans threw a temporary bridge over the Meuse and began crossing. The inhabitants were watching them from the windows. Suddenly, at 6 P.M. there was a shot; then a fusillade. The soldiers on the bridge wavered, fell back and, panic-stricken, began shooting wildly, and all night the killing and the pillaging went on. It went on the next day, and at four o'clock on the morning of August twenty-first, soldiers began breaking into houses and turning the inmates into the streets. The crowd was ordered to walk toward the Place des Tilleuls. Those who did not walk fast enough were shot down. A Flemish clock-maker came out of his dwelling supporting his aged father-in-law; he was ordered to hold up his hands, but he could not do so without letting the old man fall; so a soldier struck him in the neck with an ax. Arrived at the Place des Tilleuls, the women and children were separated from the men, and, haphazard, the soldiers picked out forty or fifty men and shot them down in cold blood.

And all the while, day and night, in the flaming streets, the pillage and the murder went on. The man who described it all to me had a vivid memory of a "tall red-headed soldier" who was particularly conspicuous by the ferocity with which he wielded the ax and mutilated his victims, a baby among them, in the arms of its mother. Nearly three hundred persons were killed at Andenne.

At Falisolle, French soldiers had placed machine guns in abandoned houses and fired on the Germans as they approached. The Burgomaster and the druggist went out to meet the oncoming Germans, explained that the inhabitants had taken no part in the fusillade and asked that the village be spared. The German officers accepted the explanation and ordered them to dig a trench in which to bury the soldiers that had been killed. The Burgomaster and the druggist called on seven other burghers to help them and when the work was done, the Germans shot the nine men and threw them into the ditch they had just digged.

At Herve several notables and women and children were torn from their homes and, prodded by German bayonets, driven off to the hamlet of La Bouche, near the Fort of Evegnée. As in most of these tragic processions they were forced to hold their hands above their heads—and as they went they were shot in the back.

One of the best-known personalities in Belgium told me about Rossignol. The village is on the river Semois and found itself in the center of a battle between French and German troops. The Germans entered and sacked the village on August twenty-second; they burned every house in it; not one was left. The entire male population, one hundred and seventeen men, and, for some reason the gentleman did not know, one woman, were arrested. The woman was Madame Huriaux, and she was French; perhaps that is why she was arrested.

The next morning they were all taken to Arlon, forced to walk the entire distance under heavy escort, and reminded constantly that they would be shot upon their arrival. No one of them could speak German, so in one of the villages through which they passed, knowing of a man who could speak that language, they asked him to accompany them and to interpret for them at the trial which they expected to have the next morning. He consented and joined them. Upon their arrival at Arlon, without any semblance of trial, they were all lined up before the railroad station and shot down—including the interpreter, whom the Germans refused to hear. Madame Huriaux, as she died, shouted: "*Vive la France!*"

When the Germans arrived at Monceau-sur-Sambre, a suburb of Charleroi, they had a list showing the names and addresses of a hundred prominent persons of the place, which it is believed was furnished by a German who had worked in the Zimmerman factory at Monceau. They seized this hundred as hostages. Among them were five well-known citizens who afterward related their experiences for me.

The Germans, with the band of hostages, set out on the high road toward Montigny, forcing their prisoners to run, with their arms raised, in front of uhlans who prodded them with their lances and struck them with the butts of their guns, and, when they would not run fast enough, charged their horses upon them. One of the men was struck so violently that his shoulder was dislocated. Another, who as the result of kicks, was ill for a long time, tried to intervene on behalf of his companions, but himself had only redoubled blows in consequence. A third, who was lame, could not run fast enough to suit the soldiers; they became enraged and rained more blows upon him, and when at last, unable to go farther, he fell on the road, they pitched him over a hedge into a field and left him there. Two or three times the officers gave the order to halt, and at random took one man, or a group of four or five men, and without listening to appeals or explanations, shot them down.

The survivors arrived at Montigny and were placed together in a barn, the door of which was left open in order that those within might look on while the soldiers piled bales of straw around the barn and saturated it with oil. While these sinister preparations were going on—it lasted all night—soldiers came from time to time, took some of the hostages and shot them on the spot. An officer approached one of the five and, playing with a cartridge, said:

"This is for you; you will not be burned there."

And then suddenly, the hostages knew not why, the soldiers seized their arms and under a sharp order marched away, and, thus strangely delivered, the

ORDRE

A LA POPULATION LIÉGEOISE

La population d'Andenne, après avoir témoigné des intentions pacifiques à l'égard de nos troupes, les a attaquées de la façon la plus traitresse. Avec mon autorisation, le général qui commandait ces troupes a mis la ville en cendres et a fait fusiller 110 personnes.

Je porte ce fait à la connaissance de la Ville de Liége pour que ses habitants sachent à quel sort ils peuvent s'attendre s'ils prennent une attitude semblable.

Liége, le 22 Aout 1914.

Général von BULOW.

[*Translation*]

ORDER

TO THE PEOPLE OF LIÈGE

The population of Andenne, after making a display of peaceful intentions toward our troops, attacked them in the most treacherous manner. With my authorization, the general commanding these troops has reduced the town to ashes and has had one hundred and ten persons shot.

I bring this fact to the knowledge of the people of Liége in order that they may know what fate to expect should they adopt a similar attitude.

Liège, 22d August, 1914.

GENERAL VON BÜLOW.

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prisoners fled, pausing only for a last glance at the bodies of their companions huddled there against the wall where they had been shot during the night.

The story of Aerschot has been best told by the one who knew it best, Madame Tielemans, wife of the Burgomaster of Aerschot, whose boy was torn from her and shot, as was her husband.

"HERE are the facts as I saw them, when the Germans seized Aerschot. About eight o'clock in the morning of August nineteenth, I was unable to go to church with my children because bullets were falling in the streets. We installed ourselves in a drawing-room facing the Grand' Place (city hall square). Toward nine o'clock, Belgian soldiers appeared from one of the side streets, their faces covered with blood, supporting one another. I opened the window and inquired what was happening: 'We are retreating, the Germans are pursuing us,' they cried. A few minutes later, the Grand' Place was covered with German troops, seeing which my son lowered the shade; they immediately fired into the window; a bullet ricocheted and wounded him in the leg.

"About ten o'clock, the German commander ordered my husband to the City Hall; when he arrived, they called him a '*Schweinhund*' and, with the greatest brutality, exacted the lowering of the national flag; he was then obliged to translate into German the posters that had been placarded in town, requiring the surrender of firearms and advising the population to keep quiet.

"Meanwhile, officers visited me, asking for hospitality; there were three of them: a general (Stenger, commanding 8th Infantry Brigade) and two aids. They were conducted to apartments. Their rooms faced the Grand' Place; they could watch the troops resting there. Shortly after they went out, the chambermaid called me to see the condition in which they had left their rooms; the worst burglar would not have upset the furniture as the Germans had done; not a single drawer had escaped inspection, not a paper had remained intact. The explanation of this conduct was given to me later on. The general asked me the name of the Belgian colonel that I had received the evening before, insisted on learning to which branch of the service he belonged, etc. I replied, 'I don't know his name any more than I do yours; I don't know whence he came or where he was going, any more than I know your destination.'

"The German army continued to pass by. They were arresting all men. About four o'clock my husband came in. 'So far, so good, but I am uneasy,' he said to me. He took some cigars to give to the sentinels guarding the house. The position of the doorway to the street through the garden enabled us to catch sight of the general on the balcony. I remarked to my husband that what he was doing might displease the authorities. As I reentered the house, I glanced into the Grand' Place and I saw distinctly two columns of smoke followed by a number of rifle-shots. My courtyard was immediately invaded by horses and soldiers who were firing in the air like lunatics. My husband, my children, the servants and myself, had only time to rush into a cellar, hustled by soldiers who took refuge in our house, firing the while. After a few moments of indescribable anguish, one of the aides-de-camp came downstairs shouting: 'The general is dead, I want the mayor.' The general had been struck by a German bullet as he stood on the balcony. My husband said to me: 'This will be serious for me.' I grasped his hand and said: 'Courage!' The captain turned my husband over to the soldiers, who shoved him about and dragged him away. I threw myself before the captain saying:

"'Sir, you can see that neither my husband nor my son has fired, since they are here unarmed.'

"'That makes no difference, Madame; he is responsible.'

"My son induced us to move to another cellar; a half-hour later he said to me: 'Mother, I hear them looking for us. Well then, let us go up; let us bravely meet our fate.'

"The same captain was there. . . . 'Madame, I must take your son.' He took my son, fifteen years old! And as my son walked with difficulty, owing to his wound, he kicked him along; I closed my eyes in order not to see. I felt myself dying with pain. . . . It was atrocious. . . . I believe he has had my son taken to his father in the City Hall.

"The captain's rage was not yet appeased; he returned for me and forced me to accompany him from the cellars to the attics, claiming that the soldiers had been fired on. He was able to see that the rooms were empty and the windows shut. During this inspection, he continued to threaten me with his Browning. My daughter placed herself between us. But this was not sufficient to make him realize his cowardice.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

The roads were choked with refugees, fleeing before the terror

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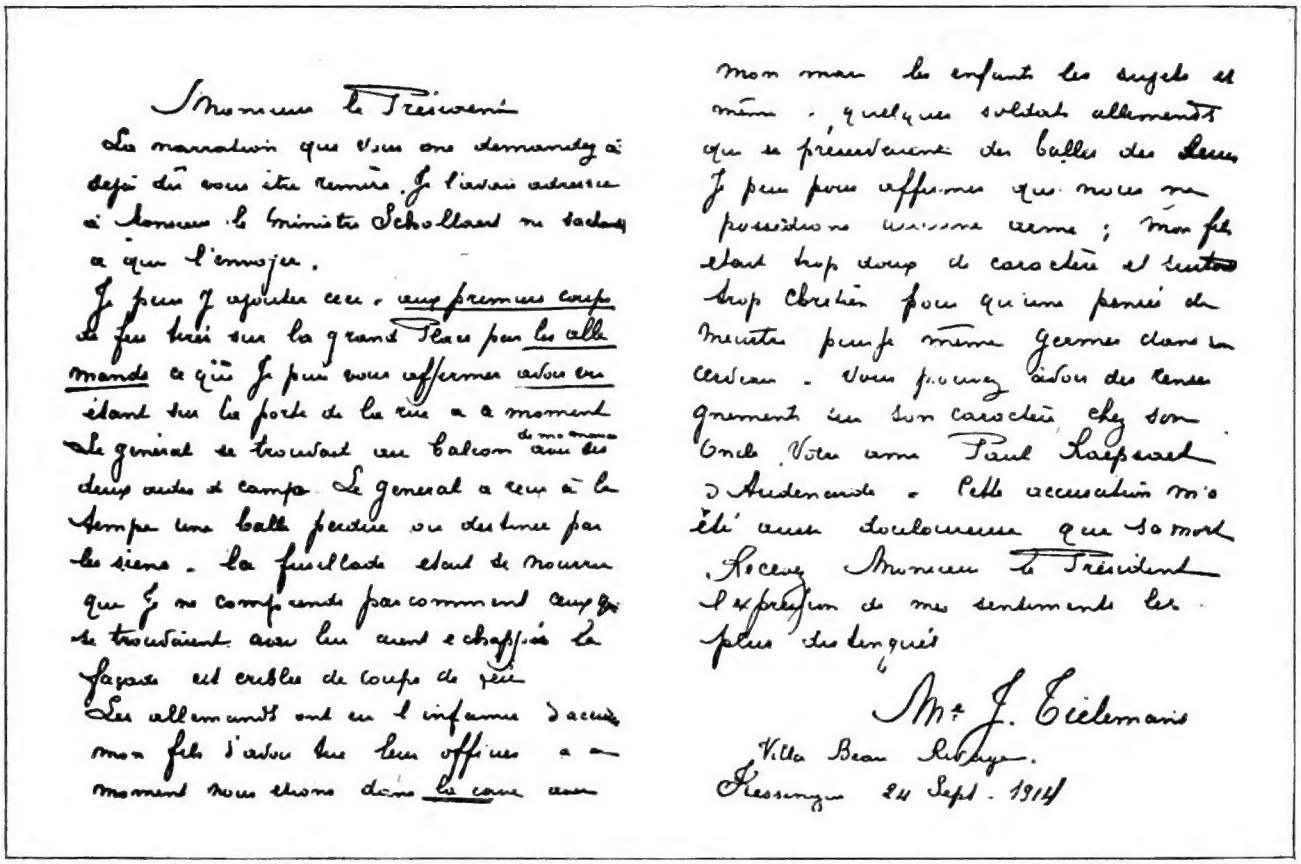

Monsieur le Président

La narration que vous me demandez a déjà dû vous être remise. Je l'avais adressée à Monsieur le Ministre Schollaert ne sachant à qui l'envoyer.

Je peux y ajouter ceci. Les premiers coups de feu furent tirés sur la grand Place par les allemands à qui je peux affirmer même ici étant sur la porte de la rue à ce moment le général se trouvait au balcon de ma maison entre ses deux aides de camp. Le général a reçu à la tempe une balle perdue ou destinée par les siens. La fusillade était de nouveau que je ne comprends pas comment ceux qui se trouvaient avec lui aient échappé la façade est criblée de coups de feu

Les allemands ont eu l'infamie d'accuser mon fils d'avoir tué leur officier à ce moment nous étions dans la cave avec mon mari les enfants les anglais et même quelques soldats allemands qui se prémunissaient des balles des leurs. Je peux vous affirmer que nous ne possédions aucune arme; mon fils était trop doux de caractère et surtout trop chrétien pour qu'une pensée de meurtre puisse même germer dans son cerveau. Vous pouvez savoir des renseignements sur son caractère chez son Oncle Votre ami Paul Kaepsaet d'Audenarde. Cette accusation m'a été une douleur aussi que sa mort.

Agréez Monsieur le Président l'expression de mes sentiments les plus distingués

Mme J. Tielemans

Villa Beau Rivage.

Kessingen 24 Sept. 1914

[*Translation*]

Monsieur Le President:

The narrative for which you ask me must have been already received by you. I addressed it to Monsieur le Ministre Schallaert, not knowing to whom to send it.

I may add the following, which I can assert to have taken place at the time the first shots were fired on the square by the Germans, as I was at the moment at the street door. The general happened to be on the balcony of my house with his two *aides-de-camp*. A stray bullet, or one fired by his own men, hit him in the temple. The firing was so continuous that I do not understand how those who were with him were able to escape. The front of the house was riddled with shots.

The Germans were infamous enough to accuse my son of having killed their officer. We were at that moment in the cellars with my husband, the children, the domestics, and even several German soldiers, who were seeking protection from the bullets of their own men. I can assure you that we had no arms in our possession. My son was of too gentle a character and too good a Christian for any thought of murder to enter his head. You may obtain information as to his character from his uncle, your friend, Paul Kaepsaet of Audenarde. This charge against him has caused me no less grief than his death.

Receive, Monsieur le President, the expression of my most distinguished sentiments.

MME. J. TIELEMANS.

Villa Beau Rivage, Kessingen, 24th Sept., 1914

"When we reached the vestibule I said to him: 'What is to become of us?' He answered coldly: 'You will be shot, together with your daughter and your servants.' Meanwhile, the soldiers were bending their bayonets and showing the frightened servants how well they could prick one. As the captain was leaving us, a soldier approached me and said: 'Go into the Grand' Place, no harm will befall the women.' I went back to get a coat, a hat; everything had already been stolen. We left our home without anything. On reaching the square, we found all the inhabitants of the neighborhood; they were all weeping. Beside me, a young girl was on the verge of collapse from suffering: her father and her two brothers had been shot, and she had been torn from the bedside of her dying mother; nine hours later, she found her mother dead.

"We had been in the square for an hour, surrounded by soldiers. All the houses on the right side of the square were in flames. What one could observe was the perfect order and method with which those bandits worked; there was an absence of that savagery in pillaging of men left to themselves. I can declare that they acted by and with order. While the houses were burning, one could see soldiers enter the houses; carrying electric pocket lamps. They searched the buildings, opening windows and throwing down mattresses and blankets which were given to the poor. From time to time the soldiers shouted to us: 'You're going to be shot, you're going to be shot.' Meanwhile, soldiers were coming out of our house, their arms laden with bottles of wine; they were opening the windows of our rooms and taking everything they could find there. I turned away from this scene of pillage. By the light of the fires my eyes encountered my husband, my son, and brother-in-law accompanied by other gentlemen who were being led to execution. I shall never forget that scene, nor the gaze of my husband looking for a last time at his house and asking himself where were his wife and daughter; and I, so that he should not lose courage, could not call to him: 'Here I am!'

"About 2 P.M. they said to us: 'The women can go home.' As my house was still filled with soldiers, I accepted a neighbor's hospitality. We had barely reached her home when Germans came to inform us that we must leave the city immediately: it was about to be bombarded. We were forced to flee in the direction of Rillaer. With some fifty women and children, we were obliged to walk along a road strewn with the bodies of poor Belgian soldiers, civilians, horses, in the midst of burned houses; on the way, we passed hundreds of automobiles filled with German officers whose bravery consisted in leveling their revolvers at women who lacked even enough money to buy a loaf of bread! Finally, after an hour's walk, we were able to find a farmhouse still standing. We had scarcely reached it, when we were forbidden to enter by a German patrol that forced us to remain huddled together in a near-by field. It was not until late at night that we were allowed to enter the house, but only to be unable to leave it. We were obliged to stay there until eight o'clock. During this time, the Germans were rounding up the men, witnessing farewells between husbands and wives, then forcing their victims to advance; three hundred meters farther on, they were all released. Before leaving us, the soldiers inquired whether the wife of the

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Mayor of Aerschot was in the crowd. They were told no, while friends destroyed my pass. After their departure, I gained the next village, where friends hid me, and later were able to help me into Holland.

"I learned that the Germans had been searching for me for weeks and that they had even offered a reward of two thousand dollars to the person who would disclose my whereabouts. I never knew why the Germans wished to capture me.

"When my husband and his companions left the City Hall it was 11 P.M. They were taken outside the city. A political adversary of my husband, Mr. Claes Van Nuffel, spoke up and begged the officer in command of the firing-squad to spare the life of the Mayor, saying that he did not belong to the same political party as my husband, but that Aerschot needed him and that he offered his life in exchange for my husband's. The German officer was immovable. My husband thanked Mr. Van Nuffel, saying that he would die in peace, that his life had been spent in trying to accomplish as much good as possible, that he did not ask for his own life, but for that of his son, a child of fifteen, who would console his mother. They did not answer him. My brother-in-law beseeched them to spare the lives of his brother and nephew. They would not listen to him. Toward five o'clock, on the twentieth of August, they forced the victims to kneel and an instant later the best that life held for me had ceased to exist."

THE greater part of the inhabitants of Aerschot who had not fled the town were shut up in the church for days with hardly any food. On August twenty-eighth they were marched to Louvain, and turned loose to be fired on by German soldiers. The following day they were marched back to Aerschot, and again shut up, the men in the church, the women in "a building belonging to Mr. Fontaine." Many women and girls were violated by the German soldiers. Seventy-eight men were taken outside the town and literally made to run the gauntlet: German gendarmes struck them with the butts of their revolvers; and of seventy-eight men only three escaped death. Others were ranged in line, the Germans shooting every third man.

The Germans killed over one hundred and fifty of the inhabitants of Aerschot, among them eight women and several children, and on the sixth of September three hundred were carted off in wagons to Germany. The pillage and burning continued for days, and a great quantity of furniture and objects of art were sent to Germany. In the seven small villages surrounding Aerschot, forty-two persons were killed, four hundred and sixty-two were sent to Germany, one hundred and fifteen houses were burned and eight hundred and twenty-three were pillaged.

XXXI

I HAVE said that the worst of all was Tamines, but perhaps it only seems the worst because it made such an impression on the minds of the young men of the Commission for the Relief of Belgium. They were always talking of it.

"Yes, but have you seen Tamines?" they would say whenever the conversation, as it did persistently, with a kind of fatal irrelevancy, turned on the atrocities. They knew Tamines only as they passed through it back and forth on their way to and from the Borinage, and all they had seen was the poor little cemetery there in the churchyard, crowded with the new-made graves whose wooden crosses all bore the same date.

Many of the young men of the Commission, whose experience of human kind had been as fortunate as their own natures were kind, came with the skepticism that did so much credit to their characters; but somehow that little graveyard at Tamines was more potent as proof to them than more direct and positive evidence could have been.

Tamines is a little mining town on the Sambre, down in what is known as the Borinage, the coal-fields between Namur and Charleroi. The little church stands on the village green overlooking the river, its façade all splotched where the bullets and grape-shot spattered against it. And in the little graveyard beside the church there are hundreds of new-made graves, long rows of them, each with its small wooden cross and its bit of flowers. The crosses stand in serried rows, so closely that they make a very thicket, with scarcely room to walk between them. They were all new, of painted wood, alike except for the names and the ages—thirteen to eighty-four. But they all bore the same sinister date, August 22, 1914.

The Germans had been in Tamines for several days, but the occupation was what would be called for the times, peaceful; the only deed of violence, it seems, concerned a little girl and her two brothers; they were standing on the village green staring at the German soldiers, who suddenly turned and killed them.

The French were holding the bridge on the Sambre; there was a sharp fight, and after the Germans had carried the bridge, they sent the main body of the troops on after the French, but they left enough troops behind to wreak the usual vengeance on the civilians.

The Germans then began to pillage and burn the houses, six hundred and seventy-six of them; then they turned and the inhabitants into the street promiscuously, marching about them in bodies, in order, as the man from whom we had the story said, "to terrorize the population and to frighten the women and children." It went on for long hours; they were given no food or drink. "During a halt they forced them to lie beneath the machine guns, then they lined them up against the church wall and performed a mock execution, that is to say, the soldiers fired over the heads of the victims." It was the evening of Saturday, the twenty-second, about seven o'clock. About six hundred men were massed in St. Martin's Square, on the river bank, and the women folk, their wives, mothers, daughters, were assembled by the soldiers to witness the scene.

"They lined up their victims," said the man from Tamines, "in three rows along the Sambre and tumbled one hundred and fifty of them head over heels into the river, shoving back with their bayonets those who attempted to cling to the bank. Only four or five escaped by swimming. During this first execution the machine guns were trained on the remaining lines. The first discharge carried away all but twenty men, among them my brother, who still stood facing the enemy in spite of three wounds in the shoulder and one in the left side of the groin. A soldier then approached him and knocked him over with a blow on the head with his gunstock."

The accounts differ slightly. Some witnesses who escaped out of the country and gave their testimony either before the English or the Belgian commissions, say that the first volley was fired by a squad, and that after this a number of men jumped into the river and escaped by swimming, while others, fired upon by the soldiers from the banks, were killed as they struggled in the water; that after the first volley the Germans ordered the survivors to arise, and that it was at this time that the machine gun was used. Others told dreadful tales of the killing of the wounded. That there should have been confused accounts of what transpired, there in that summer twilight on that village green by the riverside, with its horrid deeds, is not surprising. Darkness fell; soldiers, using electric pocket lamps, prowled through the rows of fallen, striking with the butts of their rifles or with their bayonets those who still breathed.

Some day, no doubt, the evidence will all be marshalled and the whole truth told. There is no available testimony from German sources, for in the White Book, issued to explain and justify all that was done in Belgium, there is no reference to Tamines, no mention of it.

But when the firing had ceased that night there were more than four hundred dead; their bodies lying there women, too, and children. And the graves are there near by, in the

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"KULTUR" HAS PASSED HERE.

Cartoon by Louis Raemaekers.

cemetery, and the ages given are from thirteen to eighty-four.

The bodies lay there stark on the green all night, sentinels guarding them. The next day they were buried in one trench.

"At the beginning of last week"—our narrator came on the seventh of September—"the inhabitants were able to exhume the bodies and bury decently each one. Several days were spent in this dismal undertaking. One of my brothers and my brother-in-law came on Wednesday, September second, to identify the body of my poor brother and begged in vain for permission to have it removed to the family vault. My brothers were able to satisfy themselves—and this detail is not without importance—that a sum of three thousand francs which my brother had pocketed before leaving his house, so that it would not be stolen when the place came to be pillaged, had disappeared. My sister, who resides in the same house as my brother, was informed of this fact. *Highway robbers demand your money or your life, but the Germans take both, your money and your life!*"

XXXII

THERE was a certain gruesome monotony in the stories, after all; they were all alike, the same thing over and over again everywhere in the land, the same details, the same characteristics, the same typical deeds; one comes almost to recognize it as the work of a

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Photograph by International Film Service Co., Inc.

Belgian refugees sleeping on straw at Rosendaal, Holland.

ertain type, as old detectives identify ıe work of yeggmen, and as trappers, om the signs, tell whether Cheyennes · Sioux have passed that way.

The Germans enter a town, take ostages—the burgomaster, some counlmen, one or two notables; they deand money, food, wine and forage. ll goes well enough for a few days. he army moves on. There is a reverse, ıd soldiers swarm back into the town ying "*Man hat geschossen!*" (They're ıooting!) Then murder, pillage, fire, pe, massacre. This happened again ıd again. At Herve, at Bligny, attice, Retinne, Schaffen, Charleroi, ougaerde, at Monceau-sur-Sambre, at ougnies and at Termonde—occupied vice by the Germans who, driven out ıe first time by the Belgian troops, reırned and almost annihilated the own.

The atrocities have been made the ıbject of two serious investigations, ıat of the Belgian Commission, headed y Mr. Henri Carton de Wiart, the Bel ian Minister of Justice, and that of ıe English Commission, presided over y Lord Bryce, formerly British Amassador at Washington.

Something of the sweep of these inestigations may be gathered from the act that the report of the Belgian Commission, the Gray Book (Le Livre Gris), orms an in-quarto volume of five hundred and twenty-five pages. Many brochures have appeared that treat of these atrocities, and recently an excellent study, "The German Army of Louvain and the German White Book" ("*L'armée allemande à Louvain en août 1914, et le Livre Blanc du 10 mai 1915*") has been published, which gives a sober and convincing account of the tragedy at Louvain and contains an able analysis of the White Book. Many of the facts given in this work are borne out by my notes. The report of the British Commission, that is to say, the conclusions drawn from the evidence heard before the Commission, contains thirty-eight in-quarto pages, and the evidence itself forms a two-hundred-page volume of the same dimensions.

The tale is unending; horror piles on horror. We heard them every day all that autumn, all that winter; every refugee who came to Brussels, every one who came in from the country, brought them; and they will be told in Belgium for a century to come.

At first one heard them and could not believe them; and when finally one did believe them, because there was no doubting any more, it was to despair of the future of the human race. And even then we scarcely realized them in all their sheer and utter savagery. We heard too many; scores and hundreds and thousands of such recitals were told by the refugees, told by refugees from all those doomed towns in eastern Belgium, myriad repetitions of individual instances, all essentially the same, until the mass of them overpowered the imagination, and saturated the mind with their horror. Words lost their meaning, were unable longer to depict the sinister and tragic significance of the events they would describe, and became cold and bald, like statistics or terms of generalization. It all seemed too grotesque, too patently impossible, there, before one, in Brussels, in the midst of familiar things, in our own times—in the "so-called twentieth century," as the English parson said, with a humor that I trust was not unconscious.

I might have had thousands of such tales, but I did not seek them; I had those that were brought to me, and I have struck out all that seems like exaggeration. I was representing a neutral power and I made it a point of honor to respect that neutrality and to see that it was respected; only in the case of Louvain did I seek information, and then I felt that I had the right to do so because it was reported that the rights of Americans were involved. Finally I ceased to listen to the stories and turned the relators over to Gibson or de Leval, and at last even they ceased to listen. Of what use? It was all

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cumulative, corroborative. Any good trial judge would have long since said: "I don't care to hear any more on that point."

And so I have left out of this account much that was told, and have confined my statements to proved and admitted facts. I have not told about the old soldier in Brussels, who used to tell his "group" in the café when he sipped his *faro* of an afternoon, how, walking along the road from Alost to Brussels on the twentieth of August, he saw a Uhlan stab a boy, a little *manneke*, with his lance, and how he, the old soldier, had folded his arms and shouted "*Lâche!*" (Coward!) three times at the Uhlan.

The reason I would not offer this in evidence is the fact, principally, of that detail about the folded arms. That is of the cinema, indubitably, and I have a constitutional dislike for romanticism, and one finds as much of it among soldiers, with their swanking, as among the novelists.

There are many such, and there are many that I can not bring myself to repeat; they belong to the smoking-room, and even there one would be ashamed to repeat them; they are more proper for pathological study than for the mere curiosity of the lay mind. Rape was common, and at certain places even nuns were not spared. Cardinal Mercier's correspondence with the late Governor-General von Bissing on this delicate point is important.

In their response to the French Catholics, the German Catholics, speaking of the violation of nuns, say that when the German Governor-General in Belgium addressed himself on the subject to the Belgian bishops, the Archbishop of Malines (Cardinal Mercier) caused it to be made known that he could furnish no precise information as to any case whatever of the violation of nuns in his diocese. Thereupon Cardinal Mercier published his correspondence with Baron von Bissing on this subject, in which he said that the priests were bound to respect secrets of the confessional, and physicians those of their profession; that he would not submit any nun to any interrogatory, and that no good could come from a discussion of the subject.

But when his words were misinterpreted, he wrote:

"I wrote, indeed, to the Governor-General that I could furnish no precise information, because my conscience forbade me to deliver to any tribunal whatever the information, alas! too precise, which I possess. Assaults on nuns have been committed. I believe them, happily, to be not numerous, but they occurred, to my knowledge, several times."

The Cardinal thereupon published in its entirety his correspondence with the Governor-General.

One of the allegations that seems to have aroused an almost morbid curiosity is that which relates to the cutting off the hands of little children. We used to hear the story often in Belgium, but never in a form that seemed to me wholly convincing. In the report of the English Commission there is given the testimony of three witnesses who claim to have seen this thing at Malines. We had that story too, immediately after the fall of Antwerp, but the testimony is excluded from the report of the Belgian Commission.

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Mother and daughter—A Belgian tragedy.

The father, M. Claessens, a prominent Belgian merchant, and two sons were killed at Liege, and the family home destroyed. Searching for shelter, Madame Claessens and her daughter walked to Holland, thence to Antwerp, and again to Holland. They are here shown resting by the roadside near Antwerp.

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XXXIII

FIELD-Marshal Baron von der Goltz, the old pasha, came to Belgium announcing the doctrine, amazing in our western eyes, that "the punishment for hostile acts falls not only on the guilty but on the innocent as well."

The doctrine, of course, is implicit in the German theory of the state. The state is conceived as something with an independent, ideal, unrelated existence, wholly dissociated from the individuals that compose it, an entity suspended somewhere between the heaven and the earth, like the coffin of Mahomet. It does not exist for the benefit of the individual, but, so far as he is of any account in it at all, he exists for it. Hegel, it seems, was the original inventor of the theory, and students of German metaphysics can trace it all back to Kant's categorical imperative of Duty, and to Goethe's principle of Self-Culture, doctrines distorted into something quite otherwise than that which their originators intended.

They will cite Fichte's teaching that the citizen must sink his individuality in the state; Treitschke, with his notion that the state is a half-divine entity based on force, and that therefore the army is the highest manifestation of the state and war its chief business, "a radical medicine for the ills of state" which "the living God will take good care . . . shall not cease;" Clausewitz preaching the duty of every man to be in the army; and Nietzsche, scorning the Christian tenets as soft and effeminate, inculcating the dogma of moral irresponsibility. Goethe's Self-Culture becomes a kind of sublimated selfishness, and into all this muddle Darwin's theory of the struggle for life and the survival of the fittest is mixed, until Bernhardi, getting down to business, teaches that might makes right and that nothing succeeds like success. Thus is evolved a nation of supermen—all doing the goose-step.

For forty years these doctrines were dinned into the German ear; pamphleteers, novelists, soldiers, statesmen, scientists, professors, theologians and pastors, all preached them. The army became the avatar of the state. Every man is in the army, and there is but one law, one duty, one principle, one religion—obey. The private obeys the corporal, the corporal obeys the sergeant, the sergeant obeys the lieutenant, the lieutenant the captain, and so on up the scaffolding of the mounting grades, until all power, all authority, all privilege, is vested finally in the generals, the field-marshals, and the General Staff. Pastors exist only to assure them of the approval of the Teutonic God, professors to write learned justifications of their crimes, and scientists to invent new methods of destruction.

For forty-four years the writers and thinkers of Germany had been at work upon this theory. There is something almost pathetic in the spectacle; one ray of humor visiting those patient, docile, heavy minds would have spared them all their trouble—and made the empire impossible. Forty-four years and whole libraries of ponderous tomes to define a theory that Louis XIV. without hypocrisy, and with no illusions, with French clearness, French logic, French cynicism and French wit, put into a word, "*L'Etat, c'est moi!*"

But the trouble with theories is that when they undertake to realize themselves, to body themselves forth, they have nothing to do it with except men. I am sure that those old men of the *Landsturm*, in the little round caps and buckles with "*Gott Mit Uns*" on their bellies, and the rifles with the long shining bayonets, whom we used to see standing in ecstasies before the windows of the *delicatessen* shops in Brussels, where the red sausages glistened and the golden Dutch cheeses gleamed, had never heard of Nietzsche or of Bernhardi or of Treitschke. They were neither philosophers nor mystics, and were all unaware that they were supermen. All they had heard of was the burgundy of Belgium, the champagne of France—and *francs-tireurs*. In their pockets they carried inflammable pastels and the like, phrase-books giving alternate translations in German and French of such sentences as:

"Hands up!"

"Carry out all the furniture!"

"I am thirsty; bring me some beer, gin, rum."

"You have to supply a barrel of wine and a keg of beer!"

"If you lie to me I will have you shot immediately!"

"Lead me to the wealthiest inhabitants of this village. I have orders to requisition several barrels of wine."

"Show us the way to . . . If you lead us astray, you will be shot!"

For forty years German writers had been preaching the duty of waging war not only on armies but on civil populations as well, and the German mind was saturated with the notion that in France the civil population was composed of *francs-tireurs*. Not only the military writers, but the German romanticists had filled their books with the idea. Their popular romances abound in tales of terrible French *francs-tireurs*, with their ferocious names, the eidolons of those Tartarins the Germans had heard of in France in 1870. Those tales were told everywhere in the Prussian Germany that grew up after the war.

In the first days of the war, arrived in a village that was on the frontier, near Malmèdy, partly in Belgium and partly in Germany, it is said—I can not vouch for this story—that the German soldiers at once began burning houses, and that there were cries of "*Nein! Nein! Dies ist noch deutsch!*" (No, no; this is still German.) At any rate, along the Route de la Trois Cheminées the peasants were assembled under guard by the soldiers and pointed out to the oncoming columns as specimens of the Belgian *francs-tireurs* that had fired on their comrades!

The result was that when the German soldiers entered Belgium they were in such a highly excited state, in a condition of such fear, that they saw a *franc-tireur* in every peasant, in every peaceful civilian; the lightest sound, the crackling of a twig, the slamming of a door, brought the cry, "*Man hat geschossen!*" and the stampede and carnage began. Even officers were not free from the obsession. A general, quartered in a palace in Brussels in the autumn of 1914 was awakened by an

Photograph by International Film Service, Inc.

Caught by the Germans.

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unusual sound, a steady, persistent tick-tick-tick, there in the silent watches of the night; he arose, summoned the guard, told them that there was an infernal machine at work, ordered them to ransack the house from attic to cellar, where at last they found—a defective water-meter.

To the general, of course, and no doubt to all those with loftier seats in the hierarchy, the doctrines meant something; war had become a sacred thing, and a German's duty first of all was to the state. An official at Brussels one day, while he was smoking a cigar with a relish that seemed entirely human, said, with an air of great merit, and no doubt with entire sincerity:

"If that sentinel out there should tell me to throw away this cigar, I should do so unhesitatingly and instantly."

Thus the peculiar conception of "duty" came before conscience, before honor, before every moral consideration. Distinctions become blurred and finally fade from the mind. Men who in their private or personal capacity would not think of countenancing such deeds, would permit, even command, any brutality, any wickedness, any atrocity, the moment they could say to themselves that it was being done for the state. In this mystical conception the deed becomes a high and holy thing. The uniform comes to possess a magic quality; the moment it is on his back the wearer becomes something other than a man. And when anything that a man, provided he wears a uniform, desires to do, can be justified and approved in conscience merely by saying that it is for the benefit of the state, there is no end to the possibility of mischief.

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"AIN'T I A LOVABLE FELLOW?"

Cartoon by Louis Raemaekers.

The White Book, issued on the tenth of May, 1915, to justify the deeds of the German army in Belgium, admits all the essential facts and attempts a justification—a plea in confession and avoidance. The claim was not that here and there some maddened and desperate peasant had fired from behind hayricks or trees; that might have been conceivable, perhaps not unnatural, under all the cirumstances. It was not even that there were here and there bands of *francs-tireurs* but that the whole nation, secretly and officially organized, had arisen and flung itself on the invader. "*Man hat geschossen*" becomes "*Der belgische Volkskrieg*" (The Belgian national guerrilla war).

In Brussels, to convict a Belgian of anything, the word of a German soldier sufficed; he did not have to give evidence of the fact, much less prove it; he merely had to assert it. It may be that some similar notion accounts for the fact that in the White Book there is no convincing evidence that the Germans were actually fired upon, and indeed, as it seems, that no serious effort was made judicially to establish the fact. As, to have a town given over to fire and sword, it sufficed simply for a German soldier to cry "*Man hat geschossen!*", when justification is attempted it seems sufficient to say "The Belgians fired on us." The fact that in a moment of panic some soldier cried "*Man hat geschossen!*" is offered as proof that some one did shoot at them. Three hundred times the White Book contents itself with repeating the unsupported allegation, "They have fired upon us." It was, of course, sufficient for Germany, for "a German soldier said so."

In the White Book there is not a word about Tamines, not a word about Surice, not a word about Spontin, not a word about Namur, not a word about Ethe, not a word about Gommeries, not a word about Latour, not a word, in short, about sixty-five other places where there was pillage and massacre and incendiarism.

The testimony, most of it gathered for the Louvain inquiry, consists almost wholly of such statements as those of Berghausen and his comrades; they were the star witnesses.

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"Men of all professions," says the White Book, "workers, manufacturers, doctors, professors, even clergymen, yes, even women and children, were taken with weapons in their hands, in the regions from which the regular troops had retired. They were shooting from houses or from gardens, from roofs and from cellars, from fields and from forests, on the Germans. They used means that would never be employed by regular troops, shotguns and lead shot, old revolvers and old pistols, and numerous were the men found mutilated or scalded with boiling tar or boiling water. In short, it is not to be doubted that the German wounded were struck and killed by the Belgian population, and also greatly mutilated, nor is it to be doubted that women and even girls participated in these shameful exploits; German wounded had their eyes punctured, their noses and ears and fingers mutilated, their bodies ripped open; in other cases German soldiers were poisoned, sprayed with boiling liquid, or roasted, so that they suffered an atrocious death."

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

Belgian fugitives write their addresses in chalk on the station wall before fleeing to Holland.

And by an even more extensive flight of the imagination one German soldier says that he saw a Belgian boy going about in a field with a basket filled with the eyes of German soldiers.

AND hence it was necessary to do what was done at Visé, at Dinant, at Aerschot, at Louvain, and in a hundred other towns, sacked, pillaged and burned, with masses mowed down by machine guns, children murdered and women raped. And yet, if the alleged firing by civilians was done on such a scale, it would seem rather simple to produce some direct evidence of the fact, and to show who fired on the soldiers, and where, and when, and the names of the numerous victims.

Doubtless it is not given to us, with our common law notions of evidence and of proof, to penetrate the mystery of the German idea of justice. "*Man hat geschossen!*" A German soldier said so. That settles it.

It is, of course, impossible to argue with an opponent who has such a supreme and impregnable refuge. Attempts to have all the facts submitted to some impartial tribunal, as well as appeals, were all in vain.

Monseigneur Rutten, Bishop of Liège, as early as August 18, 1914, had written to Commandant Bayer, German Military Governor of Liège:

"I appeal to your heart as a man and a Christian and I beseech you to put a stop to the executions and reprisals. I have been informed repeatedly that several villages have been destroyed, that many notables, among them priests, have been shot, that others have been arrested, and all have protested that they were innocent. As I know the priests of my parish, I can not believe that any of them were guilty of acts of cruelty to German soldiers; I have visited several hospitals and have seen that they are as well cared for as the Belgians. They themselves have testified to this. I do not wish to discuss past events. I only ask of you, in the name of Humanity and of God, to prevent acts of reprisal against our harmless population. These reprisals can no longer have any useful object, but will only push the population to the depths of despair.

"I should be pleased to discuss the matter with you, for I am confident that it is your wish as much as it is mine to lessen the hardships of war rather than to increase them. At the last minute I learn that the curate of R. has been arrested and conducted to the Chartreuse (a fort). I do not know what the accusation against him is, but I do know that he is incapable of committing a hostile act toward your soldiers; he is a good priest, gentle and charitable. I can vouch for him and beg you to send him back to his parish."

And Cardinal Mercier and the five bishops of Belgium on November 24, 1915, wrote a collective letter to the cardinals and bishops of Germany and Austria, in which this touching passage occurs:

"You will say, perhaps, 'It is past; let us forget it. Instead of pouring oil on the fire you had better strive to pardon and collaborate with the Power in Occupation, whose sole desire is to heal the wounds of the unfortunate Belgian people.' Oh! Your Eminence and dear colleagues, do not add irony to injustice. Have we not suffered enough? Have we not been, are we not continuing to be, tortured with sufficient cruelty?

"You say: 'All is past; accept it with resignation; forget!'

"The past! But all the wounds are bleeding! There is not an honest heart that is not inflamed with indignation. While we hear our Government say to the world: 'He is twice guilty who, after having violated the rights of others, still attempts, with the most audacious cynicism, to justify himself by attributing to his victim faults that the latter never committed,' our people can only keep back with violence words of malediction. Only yesterday a farmer in the neighborhood of Malines learns that his son has died on the battle-field. A priest tries to console him and the brave man replies: 'Oh! This one; I give him to my country! But my eldest son, they took him from me, the accursed ones! and like cowards shot him and threw him into a ditch!' "

It had been said that after Louvain, orders were given in Berlin that the policy of *Schrecklichkeit* be discontinued. If such orders were given, they were neither enforced nor obeyed. All through the battles of September about Antwerp the same thing went on; the tragedies of Termonde, of Lierre, were enacted there. And after Antwerp, when in October the Germans got down into west Flanders, where the Belgian army made its heroic stand along the Yser, the tragedies of Roulers, of Cornes, of Ypres, of Pervyse, of Bousinghe, were the result.

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And right here we have the key to the mystery. If one will take a fairly large map of Belgium and lay one's right hand upon it with the wrist at Aix-la-Chapelle, the base of the palm on Liège, and the fingers outspread toward the Belgian coast, the thumb will touch Dinant, the index finger Nivelles, the middle finger Brussels, the second finger Louvain and Malines, and the little finger Antwerp. The five fingers thus disposed will represent in a crude figure the progress of the German forces that, in August, 1914, invaded the little kingdom they had sworn to protect and defend. The first of these, that went southward at about the line marked by the thumb, was the army of the Crown Prince, the next was the army of the Duke of Wurttemberg, the next the army of von Hausen, the next the army of von Bulow, and the last the army of von Kluck. And it was in the area covered by the hand that the atrocities for the most part—until the Germans got into Flanders—were committed.

As one studies the evidence one is struck at the outset by a fact so general that it must exclude the hypothesis of mere coincidence, and that is that these wholesale massacres followed immediately upon some reverse which the Germans had sustained. Their army is checked by the guns at the forts to the east of Liège, and the horrors of Visé, Verviers, Bligny, Battice, Herve, and twenty villages follow. Checked before Namur, they sack Andenne, Bouvignies and Champignon. Compelled to give battle to the French army in the Belgian Ardennes, they ravage the beautiful valley of the Samois, destroy the village of Rossignol, and exterminate its entire male population. Checked again by the French on the Meuse, the awful carnage of Dinant results; and on the Sambre by the same army, they burn Charleroi, and enact the appalling tragedy of Tamines.

At Mons the English balk them, and all over the Borinage there is systematic destruction, pillage and murder. The Belgian army drives them back from Malines, and Louvain is doomed. The Belgian army, falling back and fighting in retreat, takes refuge in the forts of Antwerp, and the burning and sack of Hougaerde, Wavre, Ottignies, Grimde, Neerlinter, Weert St. George, Shaffen and Aerschot follow.

The Belgian troops inflict serious losses on the Germans in the south of the province of Limbourg, and the towns of Lummen, Bilsen, and Lanaeken are partially destroyed. Antwerp held out for two months, and all about its outer lines of fortifications there was blood and fire, numerous villages were sacked and burned, and the whole town of Termonde was destroyed.

During the battles of September the village of Boortmeerbeek, near Malines, occupied by the Germans, was retaken by the Belgians and when the Germans entered it again they burned forty houses. Three times occupied by the Belgians and retaken by the Germans, Boortmeerbeek was three times punished in the same way. That is to say, everywhere the German army met with a defeat, it turned on the civil population and punished it, wreaking a cowardly vengeance on helpless and unoffending civilians. This happened so many times and so precisely in the same way that its significance can not be avoided.

But there is a striking corollary to all this. In all those regions where the Germans could pass without resistance from the Belgian or French or English troops, there were no massacres and no incendiarism in the grand style. There were many isolated cases of individual outrage and atrocity, of course, but no systematically organized annihilation of cities, no massacre of populations, as at Louvain, Dinant, Termonde, Aerschot, Tamines, Visé. Between Brussels and Mons, in the northern part of the Ardennes, in Hesbaye, in the north of Limbourg, in east Flanders, the German army passed in force, but there was no resistance there on the part of the regular troops, no check to the ambitious plan. And there was no *Schrecklichkeit*.

If, as the claim is, the whole civil population of Belgium was organized for a *Volkskrieg*, they would have been found there as well. From all that one can gather, the *francs-tireurs* existed only in the overwrought imagination of the German soldiers, and one is led irresistibly to the conclusion that, thus stung by little defeats and exasperated by the checks which their plans had sustained, the officers either ordered or permitted these atrocities on the civil population.

Almost as much has been said of German discipline as of German organization. There is, of course, much of both in Germany, but the discipline is mostly of the military kind. There seems to be little self-discipline; there are no sports in Germany, and the sense of fair play is not developed; the idea of "playing the game" does not exist. It is said that German schoolboys see nothing out of the way in "snitching," in informing, and are encouraged to do so.

And even the higher officers so easily fly into a rage—like the General in Brussels flinging his *képi* and gloves on the floor when suddenly he became furious with the Burgomaster. . . . The German language, so wonderfully rich, has a word for it—*Wüterich* (a barbarous tyrant).

They used to tell a story in Brussels of a sentinel at the old Ministry for Foreign Affairs, in the Rue de la Loi, who, halting some one, was instantly inundated by a flood of such shocking German oaths that he hastily saluted and allowed the man to pass.

"Why did you let him pass, *Dummkopf?*" demanded a sergeant, rushing up.

"I thought he was an officer," replied the sentinel.

They have a word, too, for the state of wild and beastly rage into which the *Wüterich* so easily flies: *Jähzorn*. . . . It may have been *Schrecklichkeit*, or it may have been *Jähzorn;* perhaps it was both.

There should be some word, however, for the worst deed of all, that which followed this. For all those deliberately organized massacres of civilians, those wanton murders and outrages, the violation of women, the killing of children, the destruction, the burning, the looting and pillage, until whole towns were annihilated, as Carthage and Pompeii and Herculaneum were annihilated, and their people either massacred or sent forth to wander on the face of the earth—these were not the worst. It was not the worst even that, after having repelled the dishonorable advances of Germany, Belgium should be violated by force, and that all these outrages should have been committed to punish her for her virtue. The worst is that after this, the assailant should have tried to justify the deed by trying to sully the reputation of the victim. There is no word for that—in English, at any rate.

The next instalment of Brand Whitlock's story of Belgium—"UNDER THE GERMAN HEEL," a record of the remorseless régime of Prussian oppression, will appear in the June number.

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"Are you Mr. Hornblow? Mr. Ezra Hornblow?"

The DEAR LITTLE FOUR-FLUSHER

By Harold Titus

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

SADIE DEERE'S rather tired blue eyes took in the first line of the new placard on the Welfare Department's bulletin board as she entered the rest-room for Hindelbaum's lady employees, nd the query caught her attention with nip.

It was:

"WHAT ABOUT YOUR VACATION?"

Sadie Deere forgot the languor that he first enervating warmth of spring ad set in her slim young body. She crossed the room briskly and read:

"Young men and women on vacations can find delightful employment during July and early August in the cool, fruit-laden orchards of the Grand Traverse Region. Cherry pickers combine work with play, enjoy the pleasures of summer resorting, and turn their spare time to profit. Address, Grand Traverse Fruit Exchange, Traverse City, Michigan."

When, after reading slowly three times, Sadie stood before the mirror, patting into firmness the discs of black hair at her temples, here yes, not quite so tired, stared at the reflection of a small, white face which was lighted with an extraordinary interest. That expression grew through the moment she stood there, developing from interest to anticipation, then to an enthusiasm which spread to her movements. They lost their sluggishness, became quick, almost vivacious; and yet the corners of her vividly red mouth drooped, suggesting a yearning and ache which was deep in her heart and would not be uprooted by any transient buoyancy.

She had sought the rest-room for respite from the button-counter and because the routine was made drudgery

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by that sunlight which the Loop smoke could not wholly defeat and by the warmth which the ventilating system could not utterly rob of its suggestion of swelling buds. She had intended to kill a considerable interval there, but she did not. She hurried away, stopping long enough to read the new placard twice again, then slipped down in the elevator to wait on a petulant old lady, with a degree of consideration that sent the customer away in a greatly improved mood.

Throughout that forenoon a phrase stuck in Sadie's mind, repeating itself rhythmically like the laugh of a brook, like the whisper of zephyr-wooed trees, like—like many delightful sounds, until Sadie found her lips shaping the words—"cool, fruit-laden orchards—cool, fruit orchards—" And growing for the moment mundane but thereby adding a trifle to her waxing enthusiasm, she said half aloud, "spare time to profit—to profit——"

The first two hours of the day had dragged; the next pair sped. Just before her lunch another girl, Marjorie Mede, stared at her and said:

"Gosh, Sade, you look like a couple o' million dollars to-day! Why so happy?"

"Spring! Spring and sunshine and vacation time just ahead!"

The other brightened about a fig's worth and yawned. "Vacation!"—tapping her mouth with manicured fingers. "Gosh, I hadn't thought of it. I s'pose it's the same old racket; sand in my shoes, sunburn, mosquito bites until I can't set still, clothes that it broke me to buy ruined, glad to get back to Chicago an' rest up!"

"The regular resorts are tiresome," Sadie agreed. "I've given up trying to get fun out of them. Besides, when fathers and mothers get to a certain time of life they want quiet, and by going off with them to some place among cool, fruit-laden orchards and all that sort of thing you have a lot more fun."

The other girl showed marked envy. "Wish I could think so. Them darned frogs singin'—they make me lonesome." Pause. "Folks—that kind—would make a difference, sure. I'll take mine in the reg'lar way, I expect"—cynically. "Say Sade, didn't you tell me you had double time this year?"

"Yes. Last summer, you know, I stayed when that tall girl was sick. Then it was too late to try for different reservations. I stayed on and they told me I could take a month this summer."

She snapped the band about her salesbook and departed for lunch, thinking of the cherries she had once had on a hat.

Fifteen minutes later, as Sadie stood before a cafeteria counter ordering recklessly of cherry pie—which was ten cents—Marjorie Mede was saying to another girl:

"Gosh, I'm kind of jealous of Sade! She takes things so darned easy; don't get worried or tired. She dresses swell an' 's refined. Bet she's got a dandy home with swell folks and all. She's goin' off some'eres with 'em for vacation, off in th' country where it's cool and quiet; to one of these here new farmhouse resorts, I guess. She don't have to work, but they ain't nothing stuck up or four-flushin' about her. Not much!"

II

STUCK up, no. Four-flushing—well, deny that, too. Aspiring, and dreaming aloud are gentler terms and, in all fairness, more apt; so, in these particulars, Marjorie was not far wrong, but in guessing otherwise about Sadie Deere she missed truth tremendously, that her game of simulating a degree of emancipation from

The query caught her attention with a nip.

Now, seeming to be without worry or fatigue were conditions to which Sadie aspired, but she was forced to depend on the stipend of a button-counter attendant to assuage concern and to provide against tired soul and body. Difficult, that. Her want of peace was tenacious and so lusty that it could not be confined by fact. The desire grew into a dream, the dream shaped a specific frame of mind; and Sadie, by the favor of her imagination, led, for abstracted periods, the life she coveted, coming back to realities with a jolt frequently, but always rebounding enough to keep her want at a pitch where it clung to the dream which deceived herself a part of the time, others most of the time.

Dressing well and being refined were properties, the one accomplished by marvelous economies, the other by an alert study of people, in flesh and in fiction. The "dandy home" was a myth, for Sadie was housed in a dark little room close against the elevated. The parents: the mother was represented by a low mound, the worthless father was dead, or lost in the city's shuffle. And the impression of not having to work was rendered by a studied reserve, a well-assumed air of stability which quite covered her everlasting sense of impending want—all except the drooping of the red mouth, recorded early in this story.

And creating by suggestion an impression of conditions which yielded happiness where otherwise there would have been only wretchedness, even though such an achievement causes fact to be—yes, to be reshaped—isn't to be condemned, is it? Especially when the suggestion, as effective with herself as with others, was the only real joy a girl like Sadie could have?

If she attempted a show of superiority, if she had tried to flaunt her blessings before the less fortunate, then it would have been different. But she did neither. She was kindly and sympathetic, and girls like Marjorie could say they were jealous of her and, in the same breath, sing her praises.

When Sadie told the other girl that she had abandoned her delayed vacation of the year before because of resort congestion—well, that was close to an out-and-out fib. Shoes and dresses, not to mention food, had advanced so

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material worries took all her stipend and she could not go away; she welcomed the opportunity to work rather than sit idle and let lonely hours impress her with the contrast between her existence and the life which she dreamed of. Worked, though her limbs and back and eyes and brain ached for relaxation.

The game of pretend kept Sadie going. Before her inventions the noisy little room became a well-appointed chamber in a quiet apartment—gray, with triple mirrors on the dressing-table. Her meals, frugal to an alarming degree, grew into satisfying repasts; her clothing, scant in array and purchased after weeks of debate, represented in her mind merely the favored articles of a well-stocked wardrobe. She did not admit that her long evenings over library books were devices to fight loneliness; instead, she made believe that they were relief from an existence cluttered up by many and insistent friends. And now the hour that she devoted each night to Jessup's "Home-Taught Shorthand and Typewriting" quite lifted her from the round of selling buttons, opened new vistas, put her in the way of delightful opportunities; for she saw herself already an expert stenographer with easy hours and thrice her meager income.

That was the most helpful factor in all this improvising: Sadie actually struggled to make her dreams come true; struggled against impossible handicaps often, but in some things she stood at least a fair chance of attaining the goal. Her aunt—the one who had brought her up after her mother died—had been a stenographer, wan and weary, but nevertheless better off than any shop-girl Sadie had ever known. Sadie was fifteen before the aunt grew so weary that she could not hold up her faded blond head; within a month she was gone, her savings were gone, and Sadie was gone, out in the world of counters. Finally, seeing the limitations, she tried night-school to find a way out, but her bodily strength failed and she fell back on the slower but less exacting Jessup.

A tough struggle. The dreams held her to the task. She play-acted through it all, ever living on the level above her. Sometimes the game grew stale, as it now had. Nearly two years had passed since she had had more than a day's rest at a time. Spring tugged at her energy, made the button-counter even more tedious, and those warm evenings caused her progress in the "Home-Taught" to become discouragingly slow.

She yearned for change. A magazine story crystallized the want, and she commenced to think of sweeping meadows, winding roads, birds, streams, quiet. She pictured herself reveling in the luxury of relaxation. And lo, she was there! On the elevated, where she should have been tired and worn, facing the problems of food and shelter themselves, she saw herself stretched in long, fresh-scented grasses, a neglected book in her hand, eyes languidly watching the scud of summer clouds, ears open for the sounds of insects moving along the sweet, warm earth, a splendid peace thrilling her limbs, making her heart pulse slowly—until it leaped to the bawl of her station.

But vacations such as Sadie wanted come high. She planned—in her earth-walking moments—with determined brows, yet in all directions seeing her way blocked by the paucity of her savings. She talked bravely of a month's leave, yet figure as she might she could not calculate even a week at the nearest and most modest resting place.

So the drooping of her mouth became accentuated, the longing in her blue eyes actually noticeable. Had it not been for the comfort she found in pretending, she would have given up entirely.

Circumstances might have forced a surrender anyhow, had it not been for the invitation posted in the rest-room. Wonderful thing! Cool, fruit-laden orchards! And spare time turned to profit! Compared to such promises, manna in the desert was a detail. The yearning retreated in her eyes, the corners of her mouth perked upward. She assaulted Jessup with fresh vigor, promising herself that by winter she would be equipped to try a change in work—and straightway saw herself, not as a laborer among those heavy-limbed cherry trees, but as a magazine-cover girl in a hammock beneath them, middy blouse, languid eyes and all.

III

SHE went north by boat. The steamer was crowded, but Sadie remained on deck until she was alone, thinking of to-morrow. She leaned her elbows on the high rail along the bow and watched the phosphorescent dash of water away from the ship's side, heard the untimed beat of swells as the prow met and clove them. Occasionally, a spoken word came down to her from the wheel-house; now and and then a door slammed aft or laughter reached her ears; but much of the time she was heedless of these, being surrounded by the people of her imagery who fitted with the warm July wind kissing her cheek, with the pulse of the screw, with the white stars. It was one of the rare intervals when Sadie was not aspiring concretely, when she lifted her wings of romance and sailed through a void of delicious improbability—she stared into the east where the star points grew dim as they hung low on the horizon and heard a voice—a man's voice—saying in her ear: "Over there is the coast of Africa."

She sighed; because, for the interval she was Hope Langham, still the statuesque Gibson girl, though advanced two even decades in attire, standing beside Robert Clay in the last pages of "Soldiers of Fortune." She was enveloped in a wonderful glow: relief at stormy days peacefully closed, loved by an incredible man, steaming up a tropic sea toward matrimony and the life her lover pictured as they leaned against the dingy coaster's rail. For moments Sadie was so. Finally she drew back a strand of her hair that, loosed by the wind, had brushed Clay's cheek—until that gesture roused her and, half back in reality, turned and moved down the pitch of the deck toward her stateroom.

IV

IN the country, Sadie knew, the day's activity gathered headway earlier than it does in cities. Yet in that hour when she walked up from the dock she was unprepared for the intensity of purpose which centered about the headquarters of the Fruit Exchange. Motor trucks, refrigerator cars dripping water, cords of cases showing the red and yellow and black fruit through their ventilating spaces; men and boys, lifting and passing and stamping and checking until she felt lost, of little consequence, and was taken with a quick fear that no one might have attention for her.

But when she asked a man at a desk if he could tell her where cherry pickers were wanted he looked up quickly, and another man, perspiring even in that young sunshine, stopped his rush for the door and looked sharply at her.

"Bet your life!" he grinned and said. "Are you all of you?"

Sadie smiled timidly and admitted that she was.

"Ezra Hornblow telephoned for pickers last night," he said to the man at the desk. "Get him on the line. She can catch this truck back if you hurry."

Ezra Hornblow! What a name to conjure and cartoon with! In Sadie's mind, as she perched beside the driver of the rumbling truck, she pictured this Ezra: straw hat on his head, straw in his mouth, overalls tucked into boots, Adam's apple, bucolic and kindly. She smiled at the type she visioned, then forgot it as they stormed through town and swung along the bay shore.

Cool, fruit-laden orchards! A whole panorama of them! Sadie, with half-closed eyes, breathed the air deeply. The road was so white, the dust they raised so glorified by the sun; the verdure as green as the roofs of bungalows in architects' folders, the sky a smooth blue, as vivid as the bay they saw stretched far below them as they topped a long grade. Orchards on all sides, on the hills across the water; old orchards, with spreading branches; coaster trees in precise rows, upstanding, precocious with their first

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Sadie forgot all else but that she was in a cool, fruit-laden orchard.

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That morning, on her way to the orchard, a waddling gander hissed at Sadie.

offerings of fruit clustering among the prim, stiff little twigs. Farmhouses sheltered by groves slipped past, open doors offering invitation to peaceful rooms. A woman in a sunbonnet driving a runabout gave them the road. A little girl, hand-throttling clover blossoms, scampered for safety as they rumbled toward her, and Sadie felt her heart tighten at memory of her own babyhood, in a city street. At a mail-box a lass in a pink-checkered apron watched them, the sun in her golden hair, its tan on her blooming cheeks. She was, by guess, Sadie's age, and Sadie felt a leap of envy for her. To live in a quiet house among trees away from an elevated, to wear an apron, to feel the sun, to—some day—wear a sunbonnet and drive a runabout! Ah, that would be life.

Then the truck was gone and Sadie Deere, queerly excited, was walking briskly down the private road the driver had indicated. Her hat was a wide-brimmed mushroom, white straw, with a black velvet band. The smock was chartreuse dotted with modest black embroidery at the wrists, cut properly in a low V, for her throat was molded to be seen. Her skirt was black, peg topped. Her boot-silk stockings—fifty-four cents—lay close against the trim contour of her ankles, and the new gun-metal pumps—two years old in model and thereby available—made her small feet seem even more shapely. She carried an imitation calfskin bag, purchased at ten off in the bargain basement, which would stand several wettings, even without betraying its true self.

A small figure, peculiarly out of place, sophisticated, citified, set down there in a tree-shaded lane. She realized again her apartness from the setting as she came upon the buildings. She had a confused impression of maple-trees and tents and many people trooping off into orchards, of white horses and strange implements and reluctantly moving cows, beehives, sunflowers, of a guinea hen's cry—which she could not catalogue—turkeys, a bleating calf. And, of a sudden, gazing at her from a pair of very fine brown eyes which laughed ever so subtly as they took her in from hat to pumps, was a young man, capable-looking despite his youth, bronzed, bare-armed, clothes toil-stained yet worn with an air, duck hat back on his large, blond head.

"Good morning," he said, and his wide, kindly mouth seemed to be

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"Good morning," Sadie replied. "Is the proprietor in?"

"I must be the man you're after." He laughed outright, as if immensely amused.

"Are *you* Mr. Hornblow? Mr. Ezra Hornblow?"—incredulity in tone, accent, and widening eyes, for this man was no prototype of the Ezra she had conceived.

"Guilty as charged! What can the proprietor do for you?" He stressed the self-designating word slightly and his eyes twinkled.

"At the Exchange office they told me you wanted cherry-pickers."

"Are you experienced?" he asked, his gaze discomfiting in its steadfastness, yet pleasant, too.

Sadie hesitated. Did one need experience to revel in the luxury of these cool, fruit-laden orchards? Was there a possibility that, for lack of training, she might fail to make this dream come true? If that was so, oh, how she coveted experience! And quite before she realized, she had summoned a smile and was saying:

"Why, I never spend my vacations any other way than picking cherries. It's the best rest I've ever found. Besides, being born a country girl makes it easier, you know"—with a tug in her throat as she unconsciously recalled the scampering child with the clover nosegay.

Not really a lie, was it? No! The country was in her blood; she so envied those sun-blessed children that, for the hour, she was their kind; nothing in that moment could have convinced Sadie that she had not picked flowers along roadsides at three, that she had not worn pink-checkered aprons and gone bareheaded no longer ago than her last vacation period.

Besides, she must have convinced him, she reasoned, for he laughed again and looked her over curiously and became serious: "I don't think there's room for you in the tents, so I'll have to get Mrs. Whitney to take care of you. She has a spare room."

As they passed the tents Sadie was glad they were crowded. Beds were made on the ground, many slept in each shelter. Healthy, perhaps, but strange; too strange.

The man turned her over to Mrs. Whitney, a diminutive woman with white hair, who met them at her kitchen door, and while Sadie was putting her bag into the up-stairs room they gave her—a room calcimined blue, with white curtains and a high, white bed—she heard his voice in the kitchen and his suppressed laugh as he went out. She wondered sharply just why.

Then Mrs. Whitney was climbing the stairs and looking her clothing over and dear-childing her with gentle, welcome rebuke. Twenty minutes later, clad in an apron that covered her from throat to ankle, wearing cotton stockings from the woman's darning basket, and frayed but sufficiently fitting sneakers instead of the high-heeled pumps, Sadie Deere, eyes a trifle doubtful with all their enthusiasm, walked down the rows of trees and sought Ezra Hornblow as he directed the early activities of his picking crew.

"Right here," he said, placing a ladder. "Get your shears and pail at the packing table."

Then he was gone and Sadie was glad. To commence a strange work before him, to ask a question, she feared might be her undoing. She had eyes, though, observant as they were blue.

Cherries aren't *picked* at all in the Grand Traverse Region, she discovered. The stems are clipped with shears. They are dropped into a tin pail which hangs from your waist and at a packing-table are sorted and crated.

It was a relief to know that much. She watched some of the pickers, silent, intent, speeding up, snipping and dropping with mechanical regularity, filling pails with astonishing rapidity. She saw others dawdling; and still others doing nothing.

She would be good, she told herself. She tried hard, undismayed by the first slowness, and soon she had forgotten the seriousness of her errand, the fact that she must be more than self-supporting while on this task, forgot all else but that she was in a cool, fruit-laden orchard—and that Ezra Hornblow would talk to her again, probably.

Cool it was, with a northwest breeze coming over the hill that hid the bay. And fruit-laden for sure. They picked Black Tartarians, big pointed cherries with a flat cheek, thin skins restraining an unbelievably sweet juice and tender pulp. Their thick clusters weighted down the long branches, in rich contrast to the deep green of foliage. Beyond were rows of trees bearing light-colored cherries, pink and yellow cheeked, still holding a greenish cast, evidence of immaturity. Then more red ones, of a hue as yet too light. Other trees, in reaching rows, smaller, of different foliage: sour cherries, acre after acre of them, drooping with masses of fruit that would be reckoned in tons before the season closed.

And as she worked, losing her awkwardness, stopping to poke a plump cherry between her even teeth now and then, Sadie Deere thought that after all, the dream of a month in a middy blouse and a hammock was tawdry compared to this; she lifted her chin, to let the wind brush her throat. She was supremely happy, happier than she had ever been in her most ecstatic dreams; so happy that once she covertly, not without a qualm, pinched a finger with her shears to see if she might not awaken.

He spoke suddenly: "Well, how goes it?"

He had come on her silently through the well-tilled soil and stood looking over her shoulder, the suggestion of a laugh still in his eyes.

"Oh fine!" Sadie laughed. "Much better."

(*Continued on page 78*)

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IN TIME OF WAR I SING

By Allen Crafton

(Hq. Co. 123d Field Artillery, Camp Logan)

I

I SING of Song! of Spontaneity!
Of all the mirage Hopes we're dreaming of.
I sing of Deity!
The Song-god gave to me
The love of Song, the song of Love.
Crude-carven it may be,
My song of Song;
And its supremacy
Lies not in master-music ravishing.
Nor in gemmed verse by genius' hand set free,
But in the words: I sing!

II

SONG'S parents are the singer's Joy and Pain;
Song's soul is Love;
Song is the mirror of the heart
That pictures to the mind a world apart
From sordid things it's thinking of.
Song is a sacred treasure-trove
That e'en the humblest do not seek in vain.
When touched by Art,
Song is transfigured
And mounts to golden air above,
A living dream to be and to remain
Eternal lovelihead.

III

IN CAREFREE boyhood, bare of feet and arms,
I whistled out my song in dusty lanes;
In awkward youth-tide, filled with faint alarms,
I hummed my song, timid of noisy strains;
In passionate manhood, burning with the sweet
And awful fire, in Love's own tongue I'd greet
The pink of dawn,
The gold of eve;
The woodland-warbler's glad, wide-throated song
Shamed not my song of Love.

Now in full lustihood of powers I stand
And see grim War enshroud the ravished world.
War-slaved, into the chaos *I* am hurled.
I see the giant guillotine grow great;
I hear the snarling hymns of poisoned hate;
I hear the world's soul shriek—
It dare not speak;
Its hollow face
Looks piteously for a place
To hide itself in death.

Still do I sing
And bring
My soul of song to solace the world's soul.

IV

THE wolf-world shows its fangs and cries:
You fool, your songs are lies!
Barbaric foes ordain to devastate
The world of good; therefore to expiate
The crime, we must retaliate.
Sing hate!
Feel hate!
Our guilt will be purged white through bloody sacrifice.

I sing of hate? . . .

There is no wrath among the stars for me;
There is no rage in the white moon for me;
There is no combat in my dreams;
There is no hate within my memory;
My soul knows not the chord: retaliate.
I have no song of hate.

V

SO STILL I sing, till leaping at the smart
Of War's hard hand, I turn; and from his heart
Of iron he vomits through his bloody lips:
Poor slavering pygmy! You are caught in grips
Of powers so gigantic that the whole
Of Life is shackled; this decrepit soul
Of which you prate needs but a breath
To shrivel into silence with your death.

His cannon roar of laughter rocks the sky.
I cower for a moment, then I cry:
I live *this* hour, and in it I
Sing as ne'er I sang before!
Your dread, death-reeking power
Stops at the door
Behind which souls assemble; that fair place
Of spirit-song your form can not disgrace.
This pygmy self defies you to destroy
My soul's one hour of exalted joy!

VI

HE TURNS, but does not go . . .
Ah, well I know
The fire of War's breath
Means death.
Ah, well I feel Moloch's certain power
Crushing this glad hour.
To-day I may be thrown
Into abyssmal War's red zone.
To-morrow I may see
Strong bodies shattered hideously.
Then will I sing?
Can I then sing?

The Song-god gave to me
The love of Song, the song of Love, and He,
Mightier than Moloch, gave it immortality.

VII

DEAR God, when stumbling up the scorching hill
That dooms my death, e'en then
My song must not be still!

I see ahead a gored, ensanguined path;
I hear the guns belch forth in deafening wrath;
Sickened, I stand before the shrieking slain;
I watch the scarlet stretchers writhe with pain;
See War obliterate the Brotherhood
My song had wooed.

Alone with God I sing above the strife!

Rings out the word to charge!
I cross the marge
Of Life.

Then will one last enraptured, quivering cry,
One more loved strain from memory,
One final hope for time to be,
Burst from my soul as in the mud I die!
Mingling with the earth-mold, one last kiss
I'll give the world's soul—only this—
A friend's farewell—then silence—War's roar drowned—
I find my song within the world's soul—crowned.

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"SQUADS RIGHT"

By Gilbert Emery

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

A UNITED STATES Training Camp for Reserve Officers is an excellent place for psychological study of character, as I dare say the Officer Instructors find—that is, if their gifts happen to lie in that line. And if the aim of those organizations were other than strictly military, interesting and diverting data might be copiously obtained therefrom. There is a good bit of *war* rattling and clattering about their precincts, but there's not so much of *the war*. So something about them—I can't quite catch and label it—something about the men enlisted there, gives to the whole bellicose curriculum the quality of a game, a strenuous game, an amazing, wearisome, swashbuckling, roaring game, to be sure, but none the less a game. It's the absence of the enemy, no doubt, that so robs it of reality; that, and perhaps our national habit of making light of things generally. So the result is a loud, careless, fairly Rabelaisian cheerfulness, and a spirit of irresponsible youth that, on the face of it, thumbs its nose at the vast problems of the Allies, forgets to hate the Germans, and concentrates only on an egoistic conception, the which is, briefly, "What reward am I going to get out of all this back-and-leg-aching?"

Now this attitude to the sober-minded middle-thirty'd aspirant is very disconcerting, at the outset, to encounter. And it needs all the elasticity which his medium can command to adapt himself to the conditions. Not infrequently he comes a cropper, just because he fails to see that in the long run very likely this juvenile and what-the-hell-Bill nonchalance is by way of being a merciful interim given by the good Lord Himself; for the good Lord Himself knows it isn't going to last long, with them, "over there."

Mr. Henry Stringer Hopkins was thus disconcerted, when he had offered himself to his country and had, after due preliminaries, found himself in a cotton "issue" uniform, at once too tight and too loose, serving in the Second Camp as a candidate officer. And as his Maker had almost entirely—it would seem regrettably, omitted any form of elasticity in his make-up, Mr. Hopkins continued to be disconcerted, and worse, as time went on. And that is just what I am going to speak about.

I remember him very well, as he looked on the first day of the camp. We were hanging in a long line about the adjutant's office, all of us in a muddle of bravado, and bewilderment, and curiosity, and that Yankee carefulness of being sure no one was "putting something over" on us. He was very hot and very red and fattish and fussy (he'd lost something or other), and horribly serious. I put him down as four-and-forty; and it turned out he was two years older. Short, stocky, but softish in muscle; dressed with a dull, mussed propriety; earnest and plain; and peering out on the new world through those great horn spectacles which so attract the weak-eyed these days. We stood together momentarily.

"My name is Hopkins," he said, and gave me a most perspiring hand. "This is a pretty serious moment in a man's life, isn't it? An issue that involves life and death. A man should be proud to be able to be in it."

It startled me a little. I confess I was thinking just then of when we'd get the next meal and what it would be like and how my uniform would fit me. The man next us by the railing was saying—and remarkably spitting—"This's a hell of a place, ain't it? Why, when we was on the Border——"

"Why, yes, I guess so," I stammered. "How do you think we'll like it here?"

"It doesn't matter at all how we like it," he responded solemnly. "I'm here to see this thing through to the end. I want to fight for my country. Death itself I consider small, to keep the world safe for democracy."

Now, that is all very well to feel, and I make no doubt the bulk of us felt pretty much like Mr. Henry S. Hopkins, but put into words, right there—well, it seemed, so to say, indelicate; like talking of how you felt about God or the girl you love. I edged away embarrassedly.

Little by little things fell into shape in the camp. We were sorted out and classified; uniformed and armed; and screwed down tight into that military régime which is no respecter of persons or prejudices or predispositions. We learned to know our instructors and they learned to know us. We grew to recognize the bugle-calls and curse them all save "Come-and-get-it"—which means food. We got, each according to his lights, a point of view about the organization and aired it cockily. Intimacies sprang up among us; friendships; and dislikes, too. Squads were formed, and one was known, in general, by his squad number. In short, the system began to work. That anomalous bit of home, the only one a soldier in barracks knows, his cot-bed, acquired a personal and familiar quality; became a friendly habit for sleep or gossip or study. The popularity of a man's bunk offers a fairly good estimate of that man's popularity in the barracks—I mean during the few leisure moments the army concedes to its children.

No one frequented Mr. Hopkins's bunk—"Pappy's" bunk. For we got to the nickname stage of intercourse without wasting much time; and Hopkins was "Pappy" to the company. He didn't at all like to be called Pappy and he didn't like his comrades in arms "lolling," I believe that was the word he used, on his tidy bed. He wanted to be addressed as Mr. Hopkins. "I don't want to be too familiar with the rest of you, and I don't want you to be too familiar with me," he exploded to us one day irately.

"Oh, Pappy! O-o-oh, Pappy! Naughty—naughty!" was all he got, derisively.

"Why do they kid me like this?" he asked me, plaintively, one day as we lay flat on our bellies in a pestilent, swampy spot, pretending to be an outpost, or something of the sort.

"Everybody kids everybody here," I replied evasively and a little crossly. The damp had got through my shirt.

"There are a lot of damn fools who kid," said Mr. Hopkins darkly, "and by kidding they stamp themselves as such. It is bad taste." He took off his hat and wiped his bald spot vindictively. "They may sing a different song when the commissions are given out."

I looked at him furtively in the raw light of early morning. I observed that he had lost much of his fleshy contour, his face was haggard, his eyes harassed. He had the look of a man

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who was taking things terribly hard, both physically and mentally.

"A certain amount of kidding is good for a man," I hazarded.

"Not for me," said Mr. Hopkins grimly, and wriggled away into a wetter position.

The chief baiter of Pappy was a complacent young man named Frawley, of his squad. Frawley had had considerable training in military affairs before coming to the camp. As a matter of fact, he was very good at it, and if he hadn't been a spoiled brat with as little tact as any man was ever given to face life with, the company would have respected him. He belonged to that bullying class of human beings who give orders but who will not obey them. It was his custom during the infantry drill to heckle Mr. Hopkins in low, contemptuous tones. It was unfortunately true that Pappy with fatal consistency got everything wrong. Frawley rejoiced in this. Indeed, it seemed, as time went on, that Hopkins couldn't master the *métier*. It eluded and provoked and bewildered him. It pursued hotly; the sweat—Lord bless him, how the sweat gushed from him! His face got apoplectic. He made indomitable efforts—and went wrong.

There was the day, for instance, when he had charge of the company for a short period of try-out and ended by marching us hell-for-leather, double time, across the parade-ground into a ditch and against a five-foot stone wall, bellowing at the top of his lungs, "Squads right! Squads right! For the third and last time I ask you to do squads right!"

Our captain, who was by no means a profane person, cursed as picturesquely and entertainingly as a good many years in various army posts and a sweet sense of the ridiculous had gifted him with. I'm not permitted to quote him here, but it was very funny. It ended with "God forgive you, Mr. Hopkins, *and come out of that!*"

Hopkins left us struggling at the *impasse* and saluted. "Sir," he cried passionately, "they refused to obey me! They rebelled! I've given them 'Squads right' half-way across the drill ground. And they wouldn't."

We saw the captain turn his back. He made as if to blow his nose; his shoulder heaved. When he faced about he was very bland; there was a twinkle in his eye.

"You omitted the command of execution, Mr. Hopkins. There was no rebellion. Mr. Frawley, take charge of the company and remove it to a more edifying spot."

Poor old Pappy shouldered his gun and trudged along bitterly in the ranks. We kidded him, I'm afraid, heartlessly, because such an organization as ours is heartless—light-heartless, you might say. Heartless, but good-natured. No one, I think, put anything into it except fun, no one but a great raw cub named Witherspoon with a bulging forehead, fish eyes, and a pasty face. He snickered with the futile malice of a child, loud enough for Hopkins to hear: "Damned old man! Why do they have old men here like that? He's too old to learn anything." And some one prodded the speaker with a bayonet.

Little by little our laughter and joking faded out. We eyed Squads questioningly, as if he were about to speak to us.

It's hardly necessary to say, is it? that Mr. Hopkins from that hour till the day we saw him last was known as "Squads Right." He'd had an indescribable way of shouting these words, with an amazing and terrifying movement of the mouth. I can give no notion of the sound save to suggest that it rather resembled the noise inadvertently emitted by a person hit unexpectedly in the pit of the stomach.

The system screwed tighter and tighter as the weeks wore on. The physical strain was pretty hard for us all; and mental worry had a fair part, too, in it all. No one thought very much or cared very much what was going to happen to his neighbor. His mind was desperately on his own case, and devil take the hindermost. It needed all the gaiety and good humor

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a man and his friends could muster to keep a decently serene front. Just so, no one gave a second thought to old "Squads Right," to a little wonder whether he was "all in" or lonely and low in his soul. He went to and fro about his business, his clothes put on all askew, his mouth grim and his eye distraught—doing it all just the way it shouldn't be done. And we watched him and laughed. We'd grown so used to his nightly remarks in the squad room after taps that we had ceased to jeer—all of us except Frawley. "If you fellows were officers and gentlemen, you'd stop talking and let a fellow sleep."

It is astonishing how horribly alone a man can live in a crowd.

If any one spoke of Hopkins at all, it was with a careless—"Oh, he won't last long, poor old nut." And it began to look that way. He was at the tail of every hike, puffing and straining fearsomely. He drew his maps in startling but untrustworthy designs. He muddled the commands. He fell over the hurdles on the bayonet run and nearly stabbed himself and his neighbors. He got lumbago digging trenches. And he had a score of 40 out of a possible 250 on the rifle-range. No, it was evident old Squads Right wouldn't do. And nobody cared—not a soul in the camp.

One afternoon it all ended. We were cleaning up for retreat—faces and boots and guns. The top-sergeant bawled through the room: "Mr. Hopkins to report to the captain at once."

Squads Right clumped out grimly.

"He's got his," giggled the Witherspoon boy, repulsively. "I heard 'em talkin' last night in the officers' room."

Later, in the street, as the company stood at rest waiting for the colors to come up, a donkey trotted by. Frawley said stupidly: "There goes Squads Right." It was so stupid that only one or two of the weakest-minded laughed. Hopkins looked steadily ahead. We came to attention the next moment and marched off.

When we were back again in the barracks an hour later I saw Squads Right come up to Frawley, as he stood by his bunk, say a word or two tensely and then without any more parley strike him calmly and majestically straight on the nose. Frawley went down with a thud between the bunks, got up and thrust out blindly and bloodily with a good deal of "let-me-at-'im." We gathered around and separated the combatants. That sort of thing couldn't be allowed in barracks between candidate officers. Little Fitch confided afterward to me—"Fraw didn't struggle half so hard to get at him as he could have. I held him."

Sellers cocked his head and remarked in his whimsical fashion—"Perfect—quite perfect, by Jove!"

And just because a crowd is always a crowd and can be banked on for any extraordinary weathercock turning at the most unexpected moments, old Squads Right had us with him almost to a man—the whole company. It seemed high justice from Heaven meted out to Frawley. We had all suffered at his hands and we all felt a profound satisfaction to see the job done. Squads was a hero. We patted him on the back while Frawley was out mopping off his nose.

"Good boy!"

"Anything you want in the company is yours."

"Hurray for old Squads!" etc., *ad lib.*

But that by no means is the point of this account: how Squads thus easily became our hero. Something happened then which lifted him out of the prize-ring and put him into another class, one nobler and finer, it seems to me, than we ourselves, the rest of us, may ever get into.

Mr. Hopkins stood impressively by the scene of combat. He was very self-possessed. His eyes wandered wearily over our faces and on beyond to the rows and rows of bunks and their festoons of equipment. Little by little our laughter and joking faded out. We eyed Squads questioningly, as if he were about to speak to us—say something unusual. He did.

"Mr. Frawley got what he deserved," he said, by way of casual explanation. "He is a very rude young man. That is of no consequence." He paused a moment and his eyes mellowed pathetically. "I wish I had not hit him," he went on laboriously. "Not because I regret the blow, but—well—well—because for the first time since I've been in this camp, you fellows have—patted me on the back. I'm a cross-grained old chap. It's my fault. I don't blame any one but myself. Only you see—they've canned me. To-day. And just your saying 'Good for you—'" I think he tried to say "Squads Right," but couldn't wrench it out—"er—'Hopkins,' makes it harder to go."

We were all very silent—shamefaced—and uneasy.

"I ought to go. I'm no good. I don't kick. But, men, I hate to go. You don't know what it means to me, this. I want to tell you. Just to make it a little clearer." He became, somehow, just then, the leader of the lot. I can't quite say why. Something in his face, his voice.

"I've got two boys—just under the draft age. I've sacrificed a good deal for them—for education and all that. And when this thing came—this war—they've got Revolutionary blood in them, too—I waited for them to come up and say, 'Father, we're going!' And I waited—and waited. They didn't speak. I tell you I'll never have to bear a thing so hard again. And then I spoke. I asked them: 'What are you going to do?' And they couldn't answer. My boys! My own boys! And they took refuge with their mother—think of it! She protected them. Told them they needn't go. That it would break her heart. And—and—they let her persuade them. *My* boys! 'Well,' I said, 'if you won't fight, you'll work, damn you!' And I've ceased to do a thing more for them. This war—why, it means everything to me. I'd give—" his voice broke painfully. I detected tears in the eyes of little Fitch—"I'd give anything to—I said, 'By God, then I'll go!' I left my business—a good one—and came down here to learn how to fight. It seemed to me I *had* to. And—well, you've seen me. I'm too old. Too clumsy. Too thick-headed. And yet, I've got a fighting heart that will lick the lot of you. Now I'm canned—I've told this—I wanted you to know that—inside I'm not so rotten as I seem outside—gentlemen. Fight! For God's sake, *fight!* And fight for me, too!"

Mr. Hopkins ceased and with a gasp recalled himself to the situation. I think he was dreadfully dismayed over what he had done. At any rate, he pulled himself together with a great effort and said primly: "Gentlemen, I'm glad to have made your acquaintance. I wish you all good-by. I'm going to try to get a job driving an ambulance over there. Good evening."

Harkson, who has the biggest heart in the world, got his hand first. And then every man of us filed by and gave him a grip that had in it a little of what our hearts were full of. The last of us was Frawley—with a swelled nose and bruised lip.

"God bless you, Mr. Hopkins! Some of us may meet you over there—in your ambulance. Shall you mind if we call you Squads Right, then, when you shove us in?"

PLEASE, READERS.

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HEROES *and* RUNAWAYS

By Herbert Corey

Illustrated by Charles B. Falls

IGNORANCE brought about the Italian smash-up in October, 1917. Just plain ignorance—ignorance of the Three R's. Other things helped; but bone-felon ignorance—the sort that aches—made it possible.

That Italian smash, coming on the heels of the Russian collapse, was a damaging blow to the Allies. Military critics spoke of it as a debacle. Lloyd George called it a disaster. Perhaps it deferred the final victory for a year.

Yet in one aspect that failure was a triumph for democracy. The Italians ran away because, primarily, they had not known what they were fighting for. Invasion created a national spirit. A week later they were fighting valiantly as ever, because a new nationalism had been born.

What's Happened to Italy

ITALY has stepped square out of the feudal system and into the twentieth century, no matter what the immediate outcome may be. Her statesmen had regarded themselves as guardians for a child that had not grown up. Maybe that child has not yet reached its political majority, but after this it will be listened to. To make it worth listening to it will be educated. Yesterday Italy's soldiers were peasant conscripts. To-day they are citizens.

Rather a flattering conclusion to be drawn from an absolute rout, isn't it? But let us see what happened.

For two years the Italian armies fought magnificently. Neither the Allies nor the United States have quite realized this. It has been the fashion to talk the Italians down. Too many folks on our side of the fence have spoken of them tolerantly. Road-builders, we've called them, and macaroni-crackers An Austrian early in the war spoke of the Italian army of opera singers and mandolin players. That line should be included in the list of things better left unsaid. The Italians have made the Austrians pay for it.

Only the comparative few who have been permitted to visit the Italian front have known what the Italians have been doing in the past two years. Their communiqués told nothing. General Cadorna was a master of verbal fireworks, but he avoided detail. It seems to me every photo I have seen from the Italian front showed soldiers on a glacier, or painfully standing on each other's shoulders in order to climb jagged rocks. Their publicity was bad. The world "sold" Italy.

Yet they were winning ground over the most abominable terrain of the war. The Austrians always had the high ground. They always fought from selected positions. For some reason of European politics the Allied press has treated the Austrian as an almost negligible foe, just as it has always assumed that Austria-Hungary was tied up with Germany into this war by a wicked partner. Yet men who will take a fifty per cent. loss time after time—and come back for more—are not contemptible enemies. Austrian generals may be poor things, but Austrian cannons are better than Krupp's. The world has forgotten these things in refusing credit to the Italians.

In October the Italian armies were resting securely in strong positions at the end of a victorious campaign. In May they had started in to take the Bainsizza plateau. In August the job was finished. The Italian army had that confidence and punch the top dog always has—or it was supposed to have. Back home, Italy was glorifying itself. Every one was playing that favorite European game of cut-up-the-continent. An egg or two had been laid, but chickens were being counted by yardfuls.

A Year Ago

FRANCE was thrusting in through Saloniki, was she not? Very well, then. Italy should first complete her hold upon Albania and then trade Albania to France for Tunis in order to "set a bar across the Mediterranean." Trieste and that hinterland of Trieste which is populated entirely by Slavs

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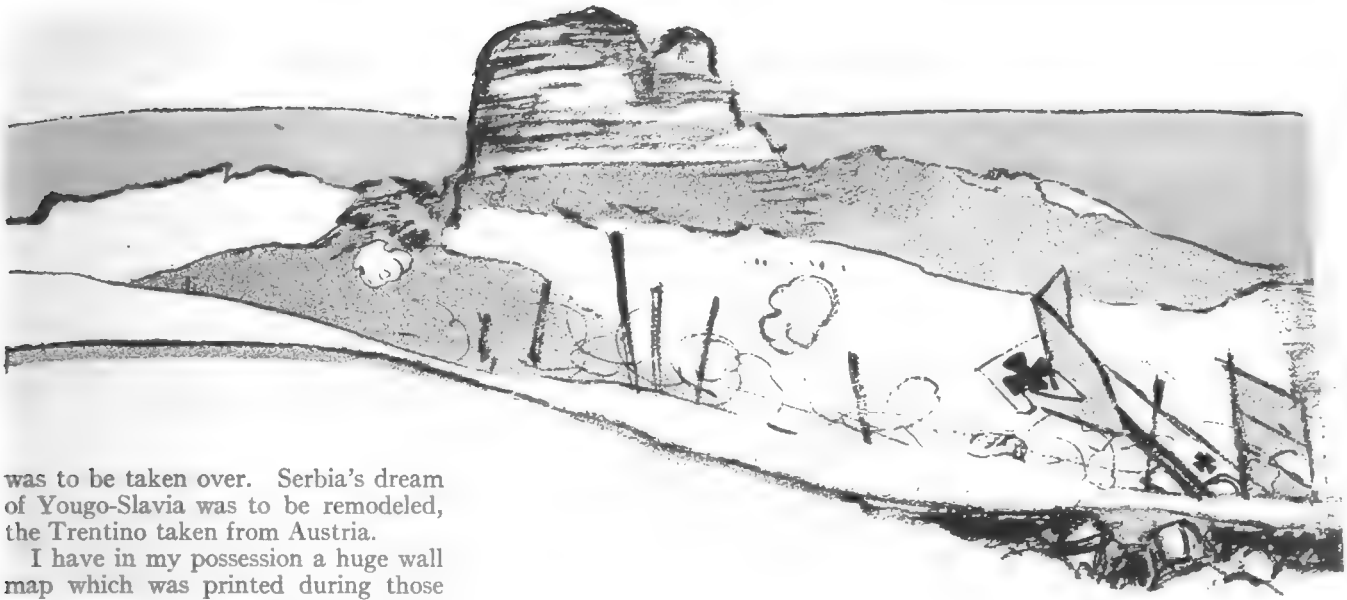

was to be taken over. Serbia's dream of Yougo-Slavia was to be remodeled, the Trentino taken from Austria.

I have in my possession a huge wall map which was printed during those glowing days of hope. It had a tremendous sale to the eager Greater Italists. It shows "The natural frontier of Italy" running along the very top of all the Alps. In order to get in plenty of defensible positions the mapmakers had not only colored a good part of Austria, but had nipped off the lower corner of Switzerland. Even the casinos and rose-gardens of Monte Carlo were included. To-day that map is interesting—and tragic.

The Collapse

IN ONE brief day all those plans were knocked galley west. This victorious army retreated—no, retreated is not the word; it ran—as far as it could; and then it got up early the next day and ran again. Soldiers by the thousands threw their rifles in the mud. The wounded were deserted. Officers were murdered and towns looted and civilians violated. Headquarters was evacuated so hurriedly that maps and letters and officers' clothes were left behind.

The Italian line was driven back an average of seventy-five kilometers. The Italian losses are estimated at two hundred and eighty thousand, of which two hundred and fifty thousand were taken prisoners. Only three thousand were killed in the fighting, the Italians say. The winter's supply of food and blankets and shells and mules was seized. A single item of the enemy loot was ninety thousand hospital beds. Not less than two thousand five hundred guns were lost, and it is likely the loss ran to three thousand.

Nor were these light guns, as is the case in France when the capture of guns is announced by either side. There the line bends back or forward no more than a mile or so at a time, and the guns caught in the bend are naturally the lesser field pieces which must be set close to the enemy. In the Italian collapse the loss was of the big guns. They were too heavy to be moved. The enemy came too fast to permit their salvage. For the last three days of the gallopade the only guns the Austrians used were the Italians' own.

Then the Italians turned around, and for two months on end fought like men possessed. There has been no finer exhibition of sheer courage in the war, unless, perhaps, the stand the French army made at Verdun and the Marne. The Italians had few big guns, except some antiquated old bellowers which had not been in the first line at all. They had to be "set" after each shot. The Austro-German forces had easily ten guns to one for the Italians and each gun was a fast-firing, easy-running, automatic piece of ordnance.

The Heroic Stand

"WE WERE shelled rather heavily this morning," I was told in a trench on the Alto Piano of Asiago. "Almost drum-fire."

"Did you hold up your end?" I asked, rather idly.

"Oh," said the captain commanding. "We have no guns here."

There were guns—a few—scattered along the tops of the hills. Broadly speaking, the hill-tops were held by rifles and bayonets against cannon. The Austrians would industriously shell a hill until they were sure that hill had ceased to be a source of danger and then charge it, and then the Italians would come out of the frozen holes in the ground in which they had been hiding and repel them by savage force of arms. The trenches they blasted in the rock were mere twisted slits, so that a direct hit was needed to do any great damage. They lacked food and blankets and fire.

One detachment of Bersaglieri marched by goat tracks over a mountain at night and bombed an Austrian company out of its strong places and took the Austrians' food and marched back again. They needed that food. They had not eaten for three days. Some advanced posts could only be provisioned by aeroplane. The Lower Piave runs waist deep in icy water. There is a no-man's-land between two branches of the Piave perhaps a mile wide, spotted with pools and underbrush, stagnant with marshes. Every night Italian patrol parties used to search that barren ground for the enemy. I shivered at the thought of wading, half-swimming, through that swift and freezing current, to spend a winter night looking in the darkness for men to kill.

"How do you select your patrols?" I asked.

"Volunteers, of course," said the officer who replied. "But we never let a man go twice in succession. It would not be fair."

What's the answer, anyhow—one day heroes, the next day runaways, the third day heroes again?

The Reason

THERE are half a dozen answers. Treachery is one of them. There are pro-peace Italians in the army just as there are pro-peace Italians in Rome. There are men in the army who are Austrian by blood and only Italian by political accident. There is a pro-peace propaganda conducted by Germans and theorists and politicians.

But I think the underlying reason for these inconsistencies is that Italy is in spirit a democracy that has been playing at being an autocracy. Her men were sent out to fight precisely as Russia's peasants were sent out to fight. No one bothered to tell them why. When one speaks of public opinion in

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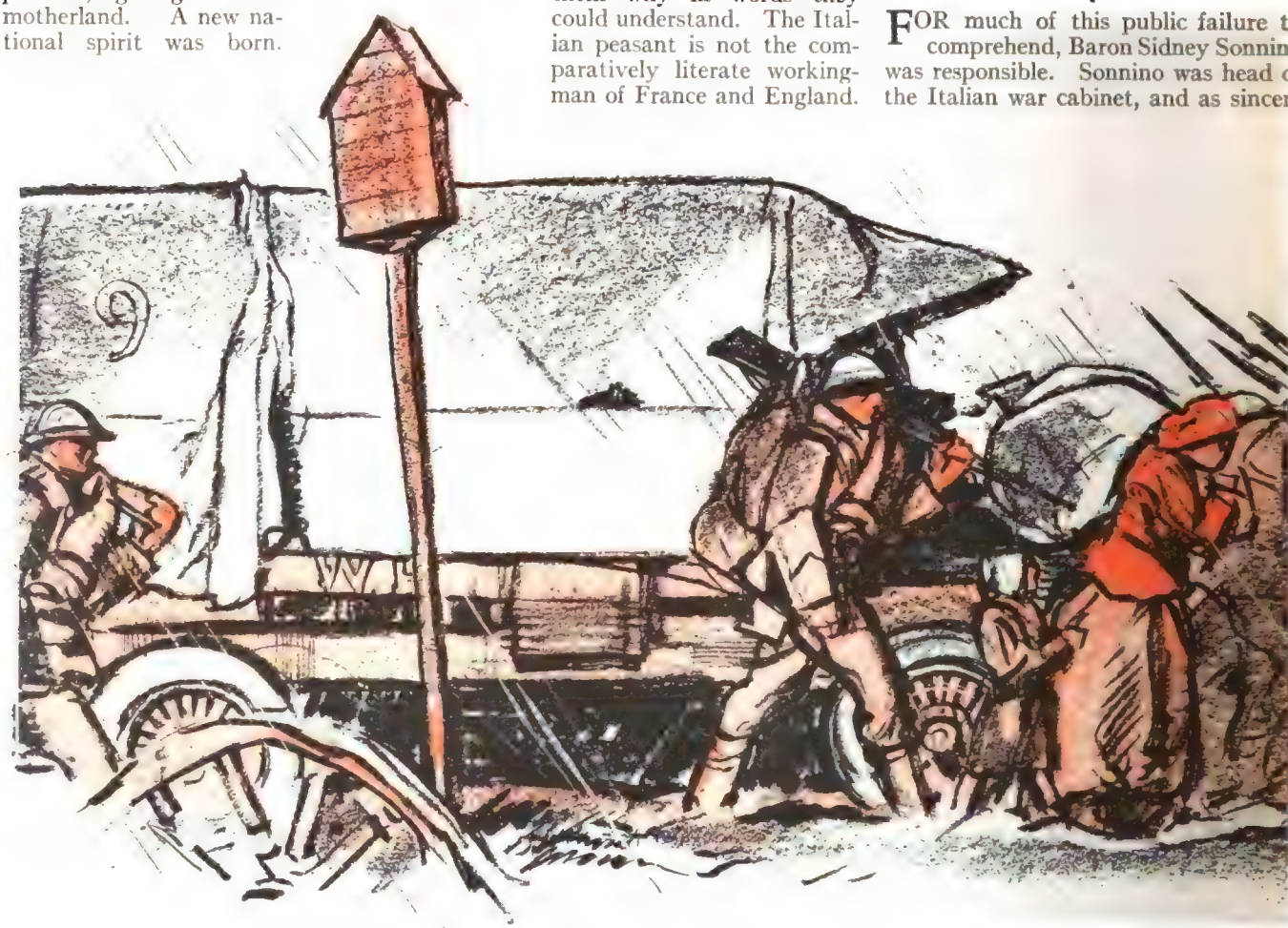
Italy, one does not mean peasant opinion. There was no weight of patriotism to keep them in line, because they did not know.

"What do the men think of the war?" I asked.

"They call it 'the Government's war,'" was the reply. "They talk of 'the blood tax.'"

Then Italy was invaded, and the men who had conspired against 'the Government's war' and had run away from 'a blood tax' suddenly became patriots, fighting for their motherland. A new national spirit was born.



Italy has been a state but forty-six years. More time is needed to grow to the stature of a nation, and more trouble. The Libyan war had helped Italy to realize her nationality, but the realization was not complete. Spelling books would have helped more.

Ignorant Fighters

ITALIAN history runs true to pattern. It has always been city against city and state against state and almost hilltop against hilltop. Her soldiers have felt allegiance to a town rather than to a state and to a state rather than to Italy. "I am a Roman," one is told to-day. "I am no Italian." It took the actuality of invasion and rapine to make these Sicilians and Piedmontese over into Italians. The story of that exhibition in Berlin of the works of art looted from Northern Italy was worth ten years' propaganda in binding Italians together as never before.

"We did not know," said one man to me. "We did not understand. Why were we not told?"

I confess to a complete sympathy for the runaways. They had been taken from their homes and set down at the hungriest, coldest, wettest, muddiest job mortal ingenuity has yet devised, not to speak of the chances of bone-break and death. And no one had told them why—or at least no one had told them why in words they could understand. The Italian peasant is not the comparatively literate workingman of France and England.

"I know of one village," a friend told me, "to which no newspaper comes. The one bit of modern printed matter is a history of Cook County, Illinois."

Read the Italian war literature of the nineteen hundred and fifteen period and you will be reminded of the output that is injuriously referred to in Kansas as "blue sky." There is a tear and a thrill in every line. After a time you feel as though you had been reading pinwheels. You are dazzled and excited and ready to sell a horse and go to war, but you don't know why. There are no specifications. There are no explanations. There are only vows and whirlwind and passion.

The same thing holds good to-day. The Italian publicist runs to the cream puff of eloquence rather than to the simple fact that the practical-minded peasant can set his teeth in. After the October smash the walls of Rome were plastered with appeals couched in professionally "literary" language. The maid of a friend of mine read them conscientiously and then asked her mistress for guidance. She had asked her friends what they were all about, but none of them knew. They were beautiful, she said, but what did they mean?

"Now I understand," said the maid, when the mistress put the case in words of one syllable. "I shall buy a bond."

Secretive Goverment

FOR much of this public failure to comprehend, Baron Sidney Sonnino was responsible. Sonnino was head of the Italian war cabinet, and as sincere and conscientious and noiseless a statesman as ever lived. He is so secretive that he is morbid about it. He never trusts any one. He never tells the public anything. When he can, he escapes to his country house where he can be absolutely alone and be ideally silent. By comparison with Sonnino, Machiavelli was a gabby old chatterbox.

"I know Sonnino well," said a diplomat in Rome. "But when I enter his room I have the feeling that Sonnino has just thrust an important document into a secret drawer and turned the key."

Sincere, mind you. Sincere to a fault. And conscientious. If he were not sincere and conscientious—if he did not have his job on his mind to the exclusion of all other things—he would not do as he does. He tries with all the strength and fervor in him to guide Italy aright. He weighs every man

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he meets in a pair of honest scales. But it never occurs to him to ask advice. Still less did it occur to him to tell the country what were the questions that confronted him—why Italy could not remain neutral—why she could only fight upon the Allied side.

For two years the men fought well. But during this time both the men and the Government persisted in their wrong comprehension of certain essentials. The Government believed it to be its duty to govern for Italy and not with Italy. The men regarded the war as an enterprise of the Government's. They thought that when the Government got ready they would be permitted to go home. The Government did not try to enlighten them.

"Anything to keep the men contented," it seems to have reasoned. "Jolly them along."

Discontent

SO THESE patient, submissive fighters were assured that if they fought through the winter of nineteen hundred and sixteen they would be permitted to go home. Mind you, no general orders were issued. It is only that an understanding was permitted to grow through the entire army. When spring came it appeared that the Government thought the plateau of Bainsizza should be taken before they could go home. They growled, but they took the plateau of Bainsizza. Still they did not go home, and now a feeling of very genuine discontent made its appearance. They were not interested in this 'Government war.' They would have organized, but they did not know how to organize. They lacked leaders. So the Government sent them some.

Now a new color begins to glow in the Italian kaleidoscope. For various reasons a large part of the Italian public has been violently opposed to the war. One of these elements has been the Official Socialists, of the same poisonous breed which has so well played the German hand through the war. The Official Socialists—there are three sorts of Socialists in Italy and the other two are loyal—claim three hundred of the two-thousand-odd mayors of Italy and have a string of more than one hundred papers. Ever since the collapse in October they have refused to be patriotic.

"Our program is unchanged," they resolved at a meeting at Florence. "Peace or revolution—or both."

The Official Socialists were particularly strong in Turin, which has become one of the great manufacturing centers of Italy. It is a coincidence that there is a large German-born population in Turin, and that a great deal of German money is invested there. Last summer there was rioting among the laboring population. It seems to have been half directed against the Government and half against the Church.

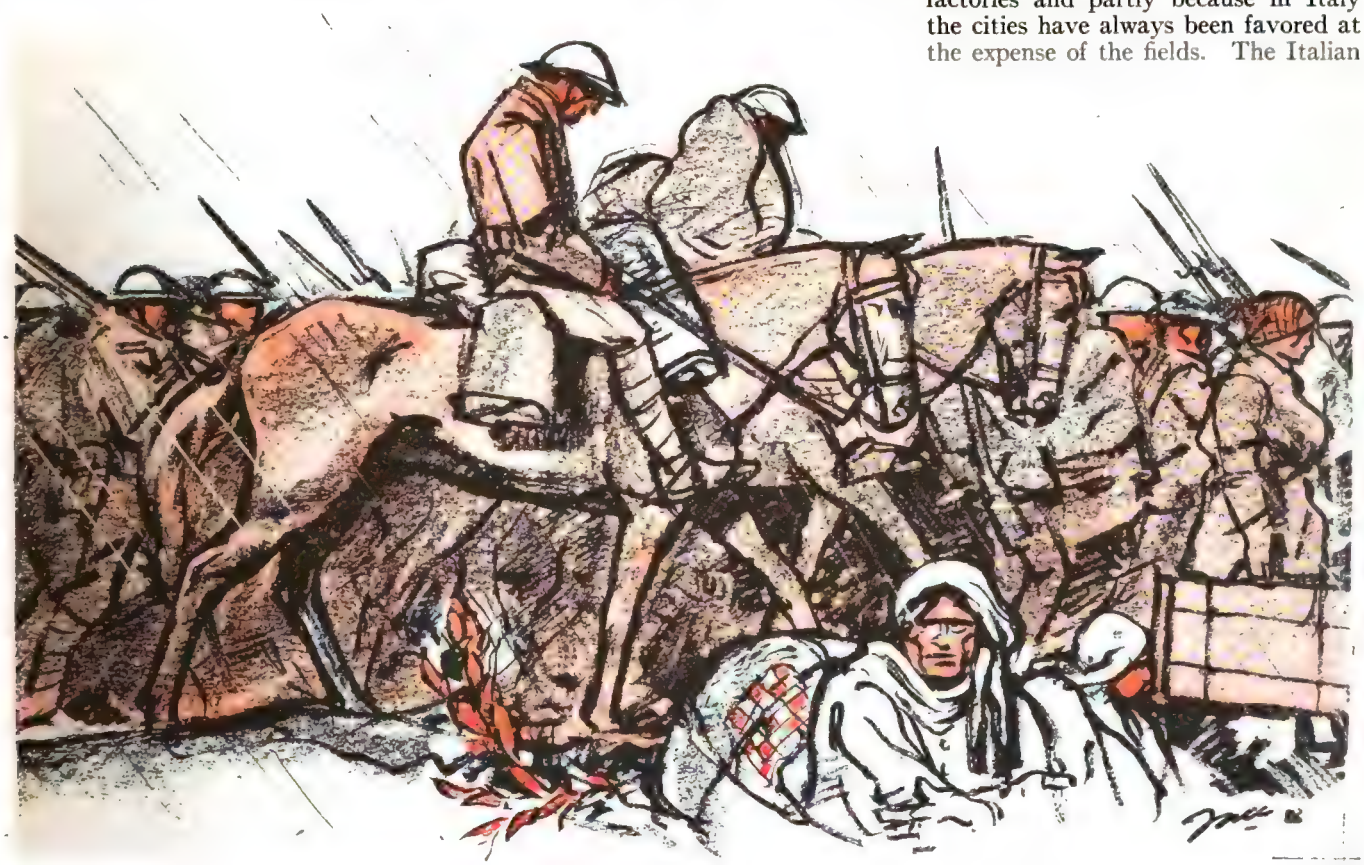
The Turin regiment was ordered out of barracks to put an end to the disorders, but the soldiers blankly refused to fire on the rioters. Then Calabrians were sent to Turin—Italy has always been addicted to compartments in her political life; a Calabrian feels himself of quite a different nation from the Turinese—and armored cars rumbled and blazed through the streets.

And Trouble

NO ONE outside of government circles knows what the death list really was. One hears that as many as five hundred were killed outright, and the casualties are vaguely numbered "by the hundred." Whatever may have been the total, the city was sobered by it. Many ringleaders of the rioting were imprisoned as a result of the inquiry that followed. Some were workmen who had escaped mobilization partly because they were needed in the munition factories and partly because in Italy the cities have always been favored at the expense of the fields. The Italian Government had precisely that conception of military duty that is occasionally displayed by American police-court judges:

"You shall go to the army," says the Government. "We shall not shoot many of you, but the rest must go to the army."

As if that were not enough, to send to an army which was vaguely asking itself "Why?" the very men who had the wrong answer to give, the Italian Government sent the rioters to the Second Army, in which disaffection ruled strongest. There were other reasons, one hears, in the Second Army. General Capella had been a rival of General Cadorna for the post of commander-in-chief, and had not hesitated to oppose him personally throughout the war. Perhaps this feud led to a practical marooning of the Second



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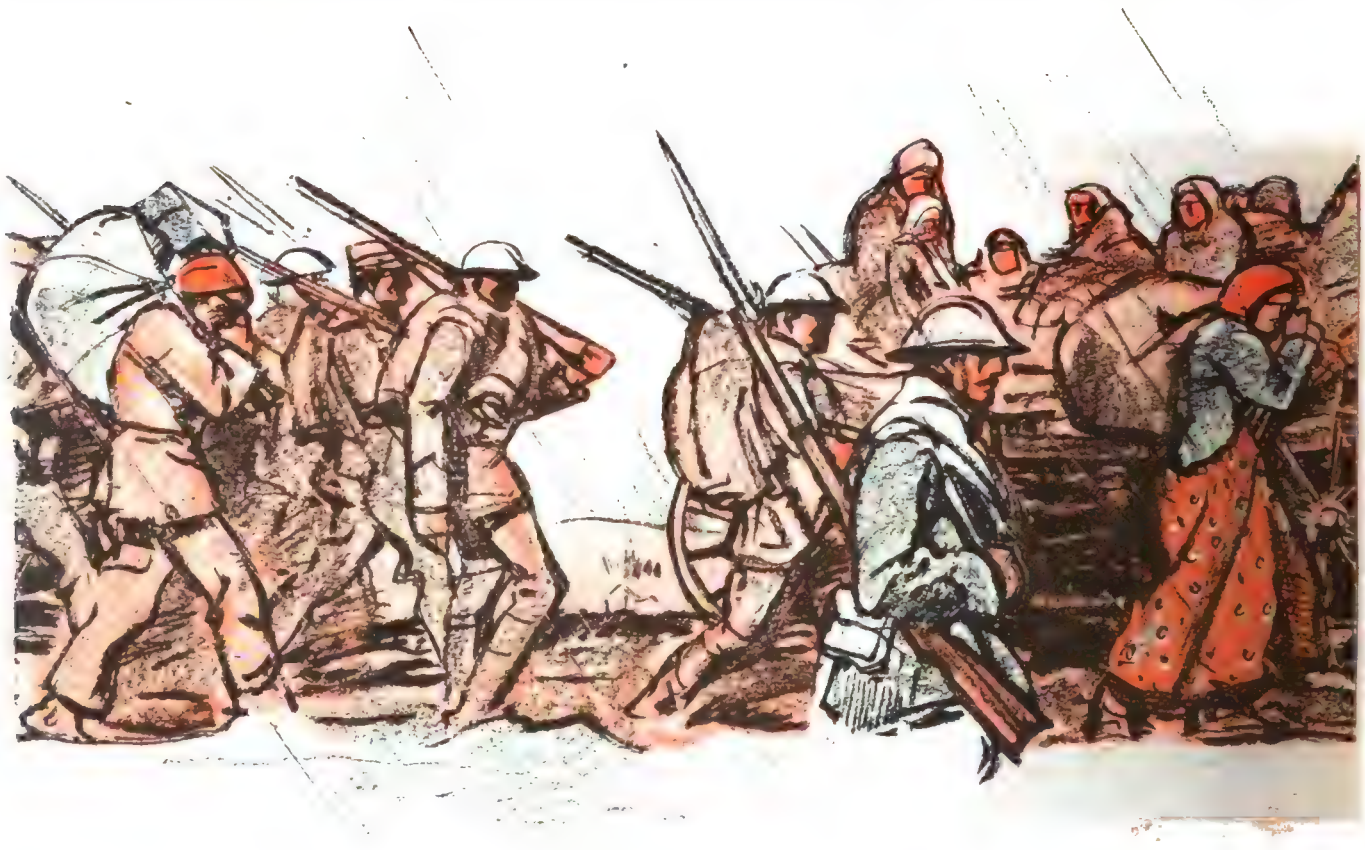
Army. For two years it sat in its trenches and moldered, while other armies worked.

"I am sick," said General Capella to General Cadorna, the day before the collapse came. "I must have a rest." The records show that he was given a rest, but the unofficial report in circulation is that Capella came to Cadorna that day to tell him that his army was out of hand:

"They have gone mad," he told the commander-in-chief. "I can not control them. Do you try."

After the juncture of the Socialists and the Second Army came the Soviet.



It was a warm welcome the Soviet delegates got from their comrades of the Italian army. Perhaps there were those in the Government who were not pleased to see these firebrands of insurrection scattered through an army already on the verge of revolt, but they seem to have been unable to help themselves. The Soviet delegates were adept at fair talk. They made speeches to the men and to Parliament and to the Italian public that were models of what loyal, earnest, brothers-all speeches should be.

"Let's Go Home"

NOT until after the Soviet delegates were safely out of the way was it learned that some of them spoke out of the sides of their mouths to the soldiers they met around the camp-fires. Oddly enough, too, it developed that the delegates of the Soviet had been forethoughtful enough to bring with them tracts of various sorts, all urging resistance to authority to the end that peace might soon be made. They were slipped out carefully, finger on lip, to those who might be trusted. So the poison spread. One day negotiations were opened with the Austrian regiment opposite:

"We'll go home if you will," said the Italians.

"Go on," said the Austrians. "You're fooling."

"Honest"— said the Italians.

They were honest, too, so nearly as I can discover. Honest and misled.

There were plenty of traitors about, but perhaps not nearly so many as one hears. Apart from the Socialists, the leaders in this project to go on strike seem to have been ignorant, stupid heart-sore peasants who had been fooled so long that they were ready for any crack-brained scheme. Bear in mind that they had never been told why Italy had gone to war—what were the compelling reasons which forced her to go to war—or that she could not help herself. It seemed to them they had been ordered, first into a uniform and then into a trench.

Perhaps the Austrians were honest, too. One wonders. Many of the Italians seem convinced that they were. It seemed so clear to these puzzle-witted little men that if every one, on both sides of the line, agreed to lay down his rifle and go home on a certain day the war must come to an end. How could there be war if there were no one to fight? They talked, Russian fashion, in No Man's Land at night. Every one was agreed. On October twenty-third, then, at dawn, every one would get out of his filthy, indecent, wretched burrow for the last time. He would set fire to the stinking, crawling straw. He would throw down his rifle and take the road over the hills.

Officers, Too

SOME of the officers—a vile fraternity of officers—were in the plot. Else it could not have been successful, and it was successful so far as the Second Army was concerned. This army surrendered or ran away almost to the last man. A few officers fought and held their position while they could. But for the most part the Second Army betrayed Italy in a fashion that bespeaks a complete understanding with the enemy. Some thousands of the men escaped, to boast in some cases of having shot their officers.

"They betrayed us," they said. "They taught us to be cowards. We did not run away until they did."

Italian headquarters had known for some time that a great offensive was being prepared by the enemy. There was even fear that the Austrians had given way rather easily, in order to draw the Italians into a trap. But General Cadorna seems to have been convinced this was not true. For a time he even contemplated making a drive for the Danubian plain, and to this end both the French and the English concentrated men and guns. Then Cadorna began to fear the temper of his men.

"I will not ask my men to go forward again at this time," said he.

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Weeks before the collapse, French fliers returning from Italy brought the story to France that the Italian army had leagued itself in a determination not to spend another winter in the trenches. But these danger signals were unheeded. The French and English leaders did ask Cadorna if he felt himself secure. To which the Italian leader replied that "what we have taken we can keep." The Austrian offensive began. The English and French had withdrawn some of their guns.

Big Austrian cannon began to bang away at the Italian trenches. Coincidentally the peace propagandists in the rear redoubled their efforts. Men who rarely received letters from their wives—for in many cases neither man nor wife could read or write—came to their officers to have letters read. Some one had been telling these poor wives that peace was to be made in a few days. Some had heard that peace had already been made. It might be announced at any time. Even before the letter reached the line the happy soldier might be on his way home:

"So do take care of yourself," the writers begged. There was a unanimity about this. Every anxious wife prayed her husband not to expose himself unnecessarily, now that the war had ended and he was so soon to be on his way home. It would be too pitiful if, in the very last hours of the struggle, he were to be killed.

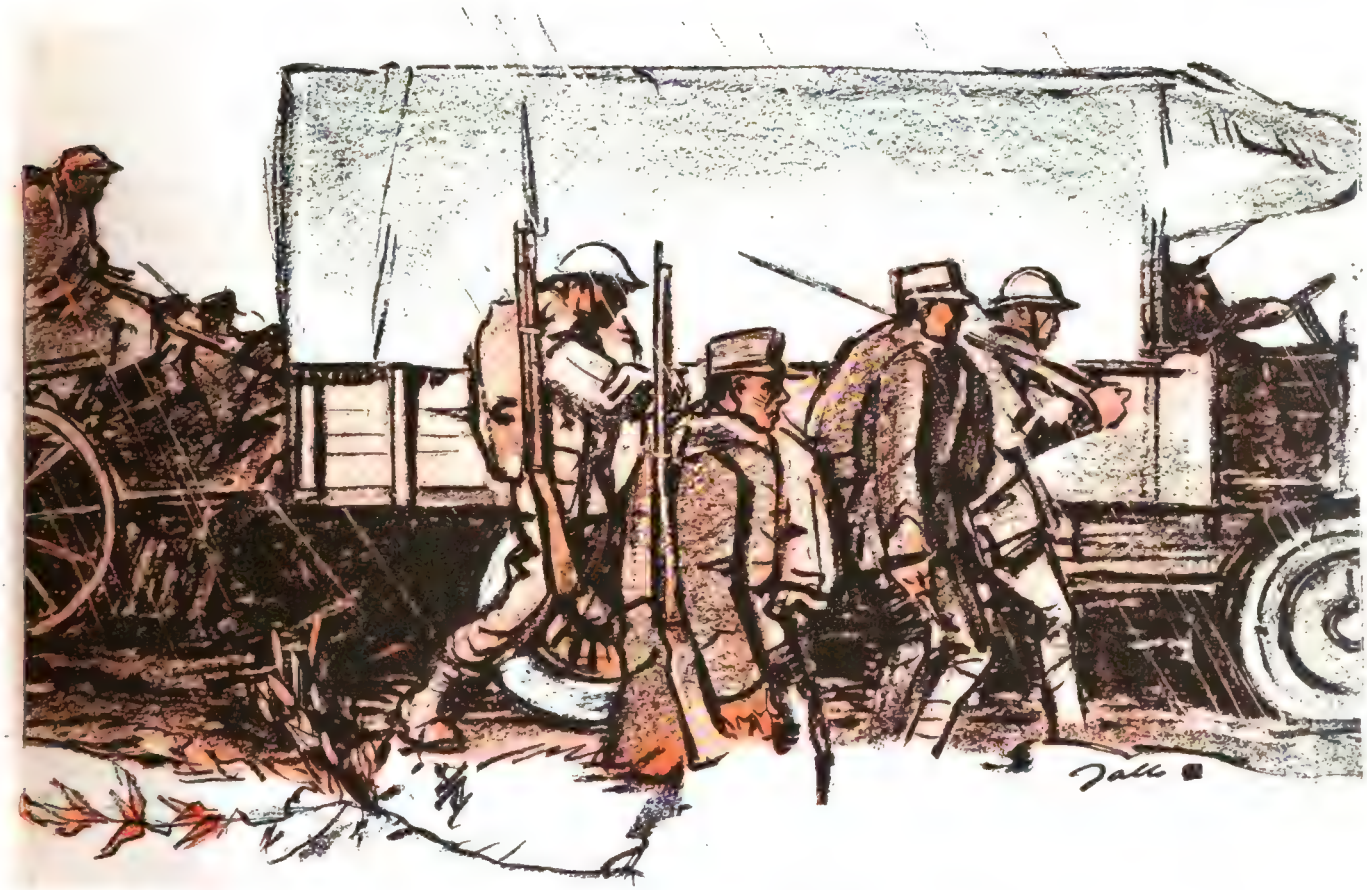
"For I need you so greatly," the wives wrote. "The farm needs a man's hand and the children lack a master."

They felt these things tragically, these little brown men. Not many had been permitted to go home on permission and see the wife and the *bambini*. The Government seems to have had a theory that they could be kept at the front indefinitely, fighting and working, quite happy and loyal. Too many men of position and fortune in Italy are inclined to regard the peasant as just a peasant—an uncultured person who must necessarily feel less keenly than his social superior. The Government seems to have known that these little fighters wanted to go home so greatly that they were fairly sick with desire, but in its aloof sincerity the Government felt that it would not be good for them to go.

The Government thought to keep its soldiers unspotted from this contagion. It dreaded, too, the influence of the wives upon the husbands. It knew the women would do their best to hold them, for they know no more of the reasons for the war than the men. The Government remembered that in some towns in Italy the women had linked arms and stood before the engines that were to haul their men away, and dared the engineers to turn on the steam.

So the peasant soldiers were not permitted to go home. But because it is not possible to keep a man in the front rank indefinitely, for he would eventually go mad, the soldiers were given periods of change in the rear. In the other armies—the French and English and German—every effort is made to get the soldier's mind off what he has seen at the front. His tattered nerves are given a chance to heal. If it is at all possible, he is taken where he can see women and children and cows and the homely things of every-day life.

There was little of that for the Italian soldier. There were roads to build in the rear—those thousands of miles of magnificent thoroughfares zig-zagging up the hills and running perilously along the edge of precipices. Italy had little choice. Before the war Austria had built strategic roads, but had given Italy to understand that similar activity would be considered as good reason for war. When war came, those roads were needed. So the little men alternated from the front and fighting to the rear and pick-and-shovel work. That did not make for contentment. Any army in the world would have grown stale and sour.



They felt they were not being fairly treated, too. In the years before the war the Italian Government drew the greater part of the year's draft from the country districts. The peasant lads were hardy, patient, obedient. They know nothing of Socialism or rebellion and little of discontent. Army service was rather welcome to most of them. It gave them a glimpse of the world. When war came, these partially trained men were the first to be called on.

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Because the opposition to the war was violent in the cities the Government continued to follow the line of least resistance. The new recruits were largely taken from the hills and farms.

So that when the soldiers marched through the Italian towns, grunting under their heavy packs, they saw the streets filled with well-dressed young men, going to cinemas, flirting, eating *gelati* in the sun. The peasants began to feel they were being discriminated against. The political unrest led the Government to keep the older classes in harness, instead of releasing them and calling in new men. The Italian army is a young army as compared with any other army in the field, for its oldest class at the front is but thirty-six years old. But thirty-six years is middle age for an Italian of the farm. Long before he has reached this age he has established a home and is on his way to slippers and the chimney corner.

A Restive Army

AS IF these were not enough items of discontent, the soldiers feared the folks at home might be going hungry. Even the army had been forced to economize, and in war an army feeds high, no matter how the civilians are shortened. The bread ration had been cut down, and there was less cheese and sometimes no wine at all. Italy had kept out of the war to the last possible moment, and had only gone in when keeping out longer had become impossible. It was thought the war would end in six or eight months, but more than two years had gone by. Economy had been forced upon the state. The soldiers' clothes were not what they should have been for the winter in Northern Italy, and the blankets were thin and the supper pot none too well filled.

"I brought some macaroni down from Milan," an Italian officer said, "and showed it to my men;

"See how unreasonable you are," I said. "This is the stuff the civilians eat. The Government feeds you much better."

It did not occur to him that a cold fear must have struck at the heart of the men who listened to him. The allocation to the dependent wife and mother in Italy is pitifully small, and it would be difficult for the one who had no other resource to buy more than a handful of this dirty, broken macaroni the officer showed in proof of the Government's great kindness. The men had been homesick. In the last few days before the break the pro-German, pro-peace propagandists made them sick with fear for their wives and children.

"The English are shooting down men and women in the streets of Milan," they read in the columns of what seemed to be the *Corriere della Sera* and the *Giornale d'Italia*. "The French are burning Naples and have sacked Rimini."

It was a sullen and discontented army, then, that sat down toward the middle of October to feel the pulse rising in the Austrian bombardment. The enemy fire rolled along the front day after day, leaping from point to point, breaking out at unexpected hours, in a fashion most injurious to overstrung nerves. Then came this journalistic climax of the scheme for upsetting an army.

One day great bundles of what seemed to be the principal newspapers of Italy were deposited in the trenches. They seemed real. The letterpress was exactly imitated, and their news columns were filled with dispatches that seemed authentic. To the unlettered men who read them to the illiterate around the camp-fires they were perfectly genuine. No doubt seems to have arisen. The stories of riots in the cities "back home" were taken without question.

A Journalistic Bombshell

THESE were sufficiently horrifying. Opposition to the war had taken form, according to these forged stories, and the people were fighting in the streets. Here a priest headed the rioters and there a mayor and here the big man of the town. The people had stormed through the streets, shouting "down with the war—down with the Government." Always the papers which reached a trench brought news from the particular town from which the soldiers

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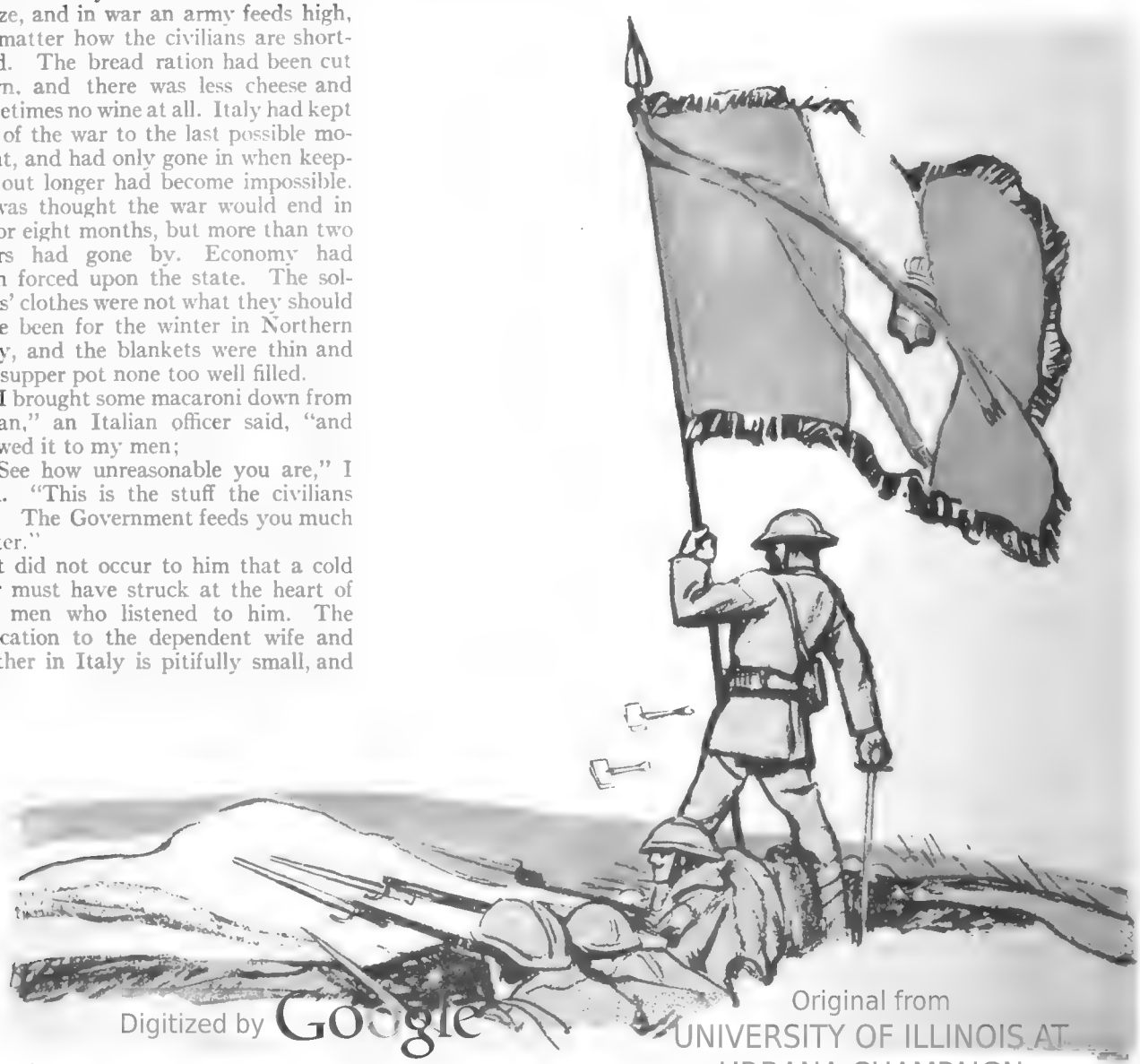

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"NOW GO SEE ELLIS!"

By William Almon Wolff

Photograph by Harris & Ewing.

IT GREW monotonous to be told, every few minutes: "Well—that's about all we can tell you. Now go and see Ellis! He knows everything!"

I was in Washington, gathering material for articles about Herbert Hoover and his job of administering food. It made no difference what division I was investigating. I might be finding out about wheat, or sugar, or about the drought in Texas last year, or the connection between the scarcity of flax and the high cost of fish. Heads of divisions, their assistants and their secretaries were uniformly helpful. They all told me, without reserve, what they knew. But they all wound up with the refrain: "Now go see Ellis! *He* knows everything!"

Finally, in self-defense, I did go to see Ellis. I didn't believe in him at all. I felt about him the way I used to feel, when I was a small boy, about the small son of a friend of my mother's, who never had to be told to wash his hands and never stayed out too late. I was always hopeful of getting something on that kid. And I felt about Ellis. I wanted to show him up. I wanted to fire a lot of questions at him that he couldn't answer.

I wish to testify, publicly, that it can't be done. The man does know everything — everything about food, that is. That's his job. He takes figures and statistics, studies them, turns them inside out, and penetrates all their secret meanings. And then he produces tables that show exactly how much of a given food we may use here in America and still have enough for our Allies in Europe.

You feel that Ellis's extraordinary knowledge of facts grows out of a sheer passion for knowing things. He impresses you, as you talk to him, as a man with a background of many years of slow, quiet, unhurried acquisition of knowledge. And it turned out, when I delved a bit into his history, that he had just that sort of background.

When a baby he was taken on the old Santa Fé trail from Illinois to Burlingame, in Kansas. And he has the same feeling about Kansas that William Allen White, who is one of his great friends, gets into the things he writes about the state.

He had extraordinary advantages as a small boy. Jesse James used to "hide out" right in Burlingame, as the local idiom had it, when things were slack in the trade of banditry. Tom Ellis and the other boys of the town could study him to their hearts' content. Ellis expected to be a bandit himself, of course, when he grew up. But circumstance ruled otherwise. He went into Kansas politics and ran a newspaper.

He must have spent about all his surplus money in buying books. When he got hold of a book he particularly liked, one copy wasn't enough for him. He would order three or four, because the neighbors used to drop in to borrow a book pretty often, and when there was one that he thought ought to be widely read he didn't like to keep people waiting.

That informal circulating library was one of the features of Burlingame until, two years ago, Senator Curtis of Kansas took Ellis to Washington as his private secretary. Then the war came, and Ellis was drafted for the big food job.

He began as an assistant to Ben Allen, who is at the head of Hoover's publicity work. But his job has grown a little every day. Now he is the unseen force behind an enormous number of orders; great buying campaigns, intended to make a limited supply go as far as possible, are begun when he has shown them to be needful. A good many of the restrictions on exports to the northern European neutrals could be traced to suggestions made by him. He analyzes the figures of fat imports into Denmark, for example, and compares them with pre-war statistics, and makes up a report. And a little later Denmark discovers that certain of her supplies have been cut off. And a little later still Germany finds that Denmark is sorry that she must keep for herself certain fats she has hitherto been selling to her hungry neighbor; and the German belt has to be tightened a little more.

He didn't tell me the things I have set down about him. They were wormed from him by stealth and subterfuge. And as for the picture of him! He said he hadn't had a picture taken for years. What was more, he wasn't going to have one taken now. He was too busy.

He respects authority, though. And he admitted that a written order from the Chief, to wit, Herbert Hoover, would make a difference.

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Grimes bounced up, a lanky tight-lipped farmer in tow. "What do you mean by insulting one of my oldest friends?"

The BUFFER

By R. N. Wall

Illustrated by Crawford Young

THE star salesman of the Mears Plow Works, brisk and insistent, thrust his fountain pen at the buyer for Henry Grimes, the local implement dealer.

"This is the best contract you ever closed, Keys," he assured the thin-faced, tired-looking young man who was studying the unsigned order.

"Mr. Grimes will have to see this, Calhoun."

"Why, you always do the buying!" Surprise shaded the salesman's alert face.

"The usual stuff, yes. But Mr. Grimes would wish to be consulted about a new line."

"You certainly stand a lot from the old crank, Joe," declared Calhoun impatiently.

"Don't talk like that, Tim. Wait a moment—I'll call him."

As the thin-faced buyer rose from the battered table that served him for a desk, the door of the dingy office opened and a big, untidy, red-faced old man with tousled gray hair stormed in.

"Joe!" he barked at Keys, "what are you wasting time in here with a drummer for? Don't you know there's customers outside? I can't wait on 'em all!"

"Just glance at this contract, will you, sir?" Keys asked gently. "Mr. Calhoun wants us to take the county agency for the new line the Mears people are building——"

"A new line!" yelled the old man irascibly, his face as red as a ripe tomato. "I don't want no new line. I got lines enough. What's the matter with the old one, Calhoun?"

"The sale of cast plows is falling off, Mr. Grimes," Calhoun explained. "We are forced to build chilled plows and, as you've always had the old line, we want you to have the first chance at the new one."

"You know Stark is pushing another make of chilled plows and taking away our customers," Keys reminded.

"Then you ought to show more salesmanship, Joe," grumbled Grimes, grabbing at his hair. "What do I pay you for? Come out and see Williams about a wagon. Every blame' farmer wants to see Joe," he complained querulously to Calhoun. "They think nobody else around here knows anything. You might just as well run along—I ain't going to put in any more new-fangled goods."

"I'm sorry you feel that way, Mr. Grimes," Calhoun urged, "but if you won't handle them, I'll have to sell to Stark. He wants them."

"Let him take your truck and welcome!" bellowed Grimes, his double chin quivering. "Don't you try to club me into buying something I don't want! Don't come here no more, either! If we want any of your stuff we'll order it by mail."

Calhoun, hot and angry, slammed his

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catalogs and lists into his satchel and stalked out. Keys caught up with him at the front door.

"Don't get mad at the old man, Tim," he pleaded, an earnest look on his fatigued, homely face. "You know his ways. I want the goods—don't go to Stark yet."

"Darn his mean old carcass!" Calhoun spat out, his keen features twisted with rage. "If it weren't for you, Joe, I'd never sell him a plow-point again."

"You come and take supper with me," Keys proposed. "I'll get a chance to talk to the old man presently, and perhaps I can make him see light."

"You'll have to use an ax to get any sense in his fat head," Calhoun sneered. "I don't see why you stay with him."

"He's been mighty good to me," Keys answered loyally. "He's getting old, and he's half crippled with rheumatism, and it makes him fussy. Come to supper and I'll see what I can do meanwhile. Wait at the hotel—I'll stop by for you."

"I'll be glad to come, Joe, of course," Calhoun consented; "but Grimes makes me so cussed sore I don't care a continental whether he takes the goods or not."

Keys turned back into the store, but before he could more than greet the man who wanted a wagon, Grimes bounced up, a lanky, tight-lipped farmer in tow.

"Joe," Grimes bawled, his eyes glaring in his red face, "did you write Mr. Harmon to pay up at once?"

"Yes," Keys acknowledged pleasantly. "How are you, Mr. Harmon?"

"What do you mean by insulting one of my oldest friends?" Grimes demanded, the corners of his ugly mouth turned grimly down.

"Surely, I didn't," smiled Keys. "I wrote him that manufacturers were shortening our terms, and that we had to ask our customers for cash or bankable notes to pay our own bills."

"That's all right in principle," scoffed Grimes, "but you ought to use some judgment. I ain't going to have my old friends bothered. You pay when it suits you, Harmon."

Keys was patient, but he was human. As Harmon went his grinning way, Keys shot at his employer: "How are we going to discount our own bills?"

"Borrow the money at the bank—that's what the banks is for," the old man dismissed the matter as a trifle, "or let 'em run—the discount don't amount to nothing."

Keys gave a sigh of resignation, and turned to the waiting customer, only to be interrupted again by the stenographer, a slip of a girl with a scared manner.

"You're wanted on the phone, Mr. Keys," she informed him.

"Who is it? What does he want?" interposed Grimes, so roughly that the girl cowered.

"It's Mr. Dover, about a spreader; he said he wanted to talk to Mr. Keys."

"Oh, he did, hey? You go on with your wagon business, Joe. I'll answer the phone."

"Better let me talk to him, sir," Keys suggested. "I've discussed the matter with him and I think I can close it."

"And you think I can't, hey?" roared the old man, the veins in his temples swelling. "I'll tend to Dover!"

He bustled off. Keys looked dubiously after him, and then gave renewed attention to the wagon prospect. A few moments served to close the deal. As he was entering the order, Grimes burst out of the office, redder and angrier than ever.

"That fellow Dover is a fool!" he shouted. "No more sense than a potato-bug!"

"Didn't you land him?" Keys asked anxiously.

"Land nothing. He don't know what he wants. He don't need no spreader on his little farm, and I told him so—told him to spit on his hands and use his fork."

"Why will you offend people, sir?" Keys groaned.

"Offend people! Who offended Harmon?"

"A very different matter. Harmon has to be handled sharply to make him pay, while Dover is prompt."

"I s'pose you sold Williams the wagon," sneered Grimes, "seeing you're such a fine salesman."

Keys nodded, amused at the old man's jealousy.

"What kind of terms did you give him?"

"Three months. I couldn't do better after what he heard you tell Harmon."

"You couldn't? Well, sonny, he'll put down the cash before he hitches to that wagon."

"Do you want him to go to Stark's, where you have probably driven Dover? Stark has half our best trade now."

"That ain't so!" snorted Grimes. His red face suddenly twisted as if with bitter pain, and he stooped to rub his leg.

"What's the matter?" asked Keys with instant sympathy. "Your rheumatism bothering you again?"

"Rheumatism!" screamed the indignant Grimes. "I ain't got no more rheumatism than you have. I guess I can rub my own leg. Don't know as I got a right to, though, the way you boss me around."

"I'm not trying to boss you, Mr. Grimes," said Keys wearily, "but we're not making much profit the way things are going."

"Can't expect to, with the mail-order houses, and the trusts, and the whole country going to the dogs," grumbled the red-faced one, "but we're making a living, ain't we?"

"A slim one."

"So you ain't satisfied, hey? Where'd you be now if I hadn't took you in, a ragged country boy, ten years ago, and

"Who is it? What does he want?" interposed Grimes.

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"Rheumatism!" screamed the indignant Grimes . . .
"I guess I can rub my own leg."

learned you the business and pushed you up until you're just the same as a partner?"

"I know, sir, and I'm immensely grateful. I owe you a great deal, and I try to pay in every possible way. I'm paying you now by telling you this business isn't run right."

"Well, I'll be split, tarred, and feathered!" howled Grimes. "This is a pretty how-de-do! All you are I made you, and now you're so swelled up you think you know more about the business than the man that learned it to you!"

"I've got to tell you the plain truth, sir," Keys insisted, his rugged face grave, his voice gentle. "Take this new line of plows Calhoun is offering us. We could job enough through the country to pay for those we would retail. If we don't do it, Stark will."

"Stark! Stark!" the name made the irate man boil over. "I don't hear nothing but Stark this and Stark that! If you like Stark so much I wish you'd hook up with him. I run this business afore you I didn't like the shape twenty years afore I ever heard of you and I can do it again. You ain't got a mite of gratitude."

The scared-looking stenographer interrupted again.

"What do you want now?" Grimes grated.

"Mr. Harrison, from the bank, wants to see you."

"You see him, Joey," the old man ordered.

His tone changed, and he patted Keys's shabby sleeve with his dirty hand.

"Talk nice to him," he instructed, and, dismissing the subject as he dismissed everything he wished to dodge, he waddled off to interfere in a sale that Henry, one of the clerks, was making.

Keys shrugged his shoulders, took a deep breath, and strode off to tackle the new job.

The bank cashier was a stubby little man with a quick eye and a determined manner.

"Keys, I thought you were coming to see me about your account. I it's in.

"I know," Keys sparred. "I did intend to, but I've been so busy. What's the matter?"

"You aren't carrying enough balance. You don't take care of your paper when it's due. You've been running along, renewing notes, curtailing notes, never getting square. You've got to straighten things out right away."

"We'll try to do better, Mr. Harrison," Keys promised.

"If you don't we'll have to decline the account."

"Have you told Mr. Grimes that?"

"Tried to, last time I saw him; but he told me to talk with you, as he never bothered with the office end."

Tired and vexed as he was, Keys had to grin at that.

"I know you try, Joe," said Harrison kindly, "but the old man doesn't treat us right. He doesn't treat you right, either," he added, his keen eyes upon the other's face.

"Don't try to fool me," he went on, as Keys made a gesture of dissent. "He puts the whole business on you while he shoulders around and bluffs. He's the bluffer and you're the buffer. He ought to make you a partner and let you run things."

"He'd never think of that," said Keys, with a look half wistful, half amused.

"No, I reckon not," agreed Harrison. "That would never occur to his mightiness. The thing for you to do is to get away from him. Come in and see me some time—perhaps I can put you on to something."

Keys smiled, and thanked him, and the cashier marched out. From somewhere around the corner of the office, Grimes came puffing up, such a curious look on his face that Keys wondered for an instant if he had heard the conversation. If he had, Grimes gave no sign.

"What did he want?" he fumed.

"To tell us that he didn't care for our account if we didn't take better care of our paper and keep a bigger balance."

"We'll take it to the other bank," Grimes threatened.

"I'm afraid they wouldn't welcome it, either," said Keys wearily. "Our affairs are getting worse every day. You won't restrict credits to slow customers, nor grant them to honest young fellows just starting. You won't put in lines we lack, nor advertise those we have. You won't give me time to attend to the office, but you want me to look after a thousand details in which you interfere before I can settle them. You abuse Henry and you scare Miss Evans. You're going to lose them both."

"You better step along with them," bellowed Grimes, who had vainly tried to stop Keys's calm charge with oaths. "Whose business is this? Who took you in, a raggedy boy? Can't remember when you was a barefooted brat, can you?"

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"Vividly, sir. That's why I'm working tooth and nail to save you from ruin."

"Ruin, your eye," gibed Grimes. "If we're cramped, it's because of your poor buying; and now you want to load me with another line, and threaten me with Stark."

"He's getting the trade."

"Then it's your fault. He didn't use to have it when I kept full charge of things. Since I've let you have your way so much the business has gone back."

"My way?" Keys stared at the old man's purple face. "When do I have my way?"

"All the time. Don't you deny it," Grimes whined. "Ain't I done everything for you? Ain't I treated you like a son? Ain't I give you all kinds of authority?"

"Never any unrestricted authority. You nullify every improvement I try to make."

"Ain't I raised your wages time and again?"

"I'm not talking about that," snapped Keys, nettled into departing from his quiet tone. "If I were, I might say they were small enough."

"So that's the nub of your talk, hey?" screamed Grimes, his face vicious. "With everything going to pot the way it is, you try to hold me up for more money."

"Don't try to twist things so, sir," begged Keys, striving to keep his temper. "Won't you let me lay out a plan and help me stick to it? If you'll let me collect what is due us, we can satisfy the bank. If we put in proper lines, we can increase our trade. If we treat our employees fairly, we can keep them. Just let me have a free hand, won't you, sir?"

"Doggone your impudence, you got too free a hand now! I won't have my old friends dunned. I don't want no new lines. And if our people don't like the way I treat 'em, they can get out, and you with 'em, you darn, swell-headed, unreasonable, ungrateful young pup!"

Grimes closed the argument by jamming his greasy felt hat over his tousled gray head and stamping out of the store.

It was late and Keys turned doggedly to the final details of the day's work. He sighed a little when at last, after every one else had gone, he looked around the shabby store to make sure that the implements had been brought in from the sidewalk and the shutters fastened. Harrison's advice to strike out for himself fluttered through his mind, but he shook his head. Dingy and small and mean as the place was, he loved it. If he could only have a free hand!

On the opposite side of the street, in one of the sidewalk chairs of the Palace Hotel, Calhoun awaited him.

"Well, Joe," Calhoun began, rising with his usual alacrity, "bring the old man around?"

"No," said Keys shortly.

"I didn't think you could," Calhoun twitted him. "I don't see how you stand the old grouch. Half the boys on the road won't call on him any more. Every one knows he'd have been bankrupt long ago if it hadn't been for you. What trade the old fool has, comes on your account——"

"That's enough, Tim," snapped Keys. "I've heard about all the talk I can stand for one day."

"I'm telling you for your own good. You owe it to yourself to quit the damned old——"

"Stop it!" Keys's raw nerves shouted. "Grimes is peculiar, but he's been mighty good to me. I'm in just the frame of mind when I'd love to let loose a haymaker at some one's jaw—a nice, fat jaw like yours would do fine," he meditated, regarding Calhoun with a fierce look that gradually changed into a sheepish grin.

"You're the biggest idiot I ever saw," Calhoun charged.

"I guess I am," Keys confessed. "It's getting to be pure hell at the store. I bottle up my feelings until I leave and then I'm ready to explode."

"Why don't you quit, you chump? Grimes wouldn't last six months without you."

"That's just why, Tim. I'm not conceited. I don't often admit it to myself. But the joke of it is," he smiled painfully, "that Grimes doesn't believe it. Every time I kick he tells me to get out."

"He must see the truth, if he has a grain of sense."

"I wonder," Keys reflected aloud, "if he does, down underneath, realize that he is getting old, and feeble, and cranky, and the knowledge of it is what makes him so ugly? Whatever the reason, I sometimes feel that I can't stand it any longer."

"How hard do you feel that?" demanded Calhoun, stopping short.

"Why?" Keys stared at the salesman's vehemence.

"Oh, nothing," said Calhoun vaguely, and went on.

What's the matter with you two?" she cried at last. "You're as gay as owls."

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They came to a small frame house, well back in a neat lawn. A row of red geraniums bordered the porch, which, shaded with green-and-white awnings and set with wicker chairs, helped to give the modest dwelling the cozy air of a home.

As they started up the walk, Keys resolutely cleared his face and tried to shake off his fatigue. Two white-clad children rushed out upon him, and a young woman rose from one of the rockers.

"Caroline," Keys apologized, "I'll be blessed if I didn't forget to 'phone that I was bringing Timmy Calhoun out to supper. Got anything to eat?"

"We did the last time you brought him, didn't we?" smiled the young woman, who was plump, rosy and competent-looking. "Mr. Calhoun is always welcome."

She gave the guest her hand and turned to her husband. Her clear, dark eyes questioned him as she offered her lips.

"What makes you so late, Joe?"

"Oh, sort of busy," he smiled. "Come in, Tim."

The meal passed pleasantly. Mrs. Keys was charming, as she always was, and Keys did his brave best to be entertaining. Calhoun, though he responded politely, seemed preoccupied. His abstraction continued, when, after the table had been cleared and the children put to bed, the men settled down to smoke.

Mrs. Keys, with a bit of linen through which she was drawing scarlet threads, sat down with them.

"What's the matter with you two?" she cried out at last. "You're gay as owls. Mr. Calhoun, of what *are* you thinking?"

Calhoun had been leaning back in his chair, absently watching the deft fingers of his hostess. At this challenge he brought down the front legs of his chair with a crash, and answered:

"I'm thinking that I'm sick and tired of the road. I was thinking it this afternoon, loafing at the hotel. I'm sick of hotel cooking, and hotel beds, and making connections in the middle of the night, and mean buyers, and the infernal waiting around—the meanest thing of all.

"For a long time I've wanted to quit, and start an implement business in a live town, where I could settle down and have a home and a pretty wife—" he looked so meaningly at Mrs. Keys that she blushed. "I've got enough money to start, if I could find the place and a good partner. Joe, this is the place and you're the man!"

Keys stared, then laughed.

"I've got job enough now, Tim."

"A swell job you've got, with Grimes going fluey sooner or later! Sooner, perhaps, if you leave him; later, if you work yourself to death to stave it off. Stark is the only other dealer here, and he's not popular. There are plenty of good lines we could get, besides the Mears. Joe, let's do it!"

Mrs. Keys sprang to her feet, her pretty face alight, tangling her work into a hopeless mass.

"We will do it!" she declared.

Keys gazed at her in amazement; shook his head.

"I haven't the money," he objected. 'All I've saved is in this house."

"But I have!" flashed Mrs. Keys, her dark eyes sparkling. "Father left me ten thousand."

"Caroline," said Keys, "that's mighty white of you, but even if I could take your money, I couldn't leave Grimes."

"Why not?" Calhoun challenged. "You admit he's always telling you to quit. You're overworked—underpaid, abused——"

"I know," Keys agreed. "It's true; partly, anyway. But he took me in when I was a friendless kid and he's been just like a father to me. He was different, then. Now, he's old and sick, and for all his abuse, I'm the only living creature he cares about or who cares for him. It would break his heart if I left him, and I owe him too much."

"Don't you owe me anything, Joe?" his wife pleaded, her dark eyes luminous and sweet. "Who has worked and scrimped that we might have this home? You would never let me use father's money. And the children—don't you owe them something?"

"Your wife is right, Keys," Calhoun supported her in his forceful way. "Your first duty is to her. You could make twice as much in business with me as you're making now. Think what it would mean to your family. Have you a right to sacrifice their future?"

"Yes, and what about yourself, Joe?" charged Mrs. Keys. "You're thirty, and you look thirty-five. Mr. Grimes works you to death, pays you hardly enough to live on, and nags you so you don't sleep nights. You're getting nervous and irritable. Oh, you try to hide the strain and keep sweet, but it shows."

"Nonsense," scoffed Keys, but, in the back of his head, he knew it was all true.

He was tired all the time. He was tired now. He wished they would stop arguing. He wanted to go away somewhere and sleep for a long time; where there was no mail, no telephone, no customers, no employer; where nothing could touch him, not even the loving hands of his wife. It is this deadly weariness that drives some men to drink, but Keys was of sterner stuff.

Yet, as Calhoun and Mrs. Keys talked on, tossing back and forth their hopes and plans, Keys found himself visioning a properly conducted business of peace and order, where each had his own part, nor interfered, where there would be freedom and happiness.

"Caroline," he appealed, "do you think I could honestly and decently quit Grimes?"

(*Continued on page 82*)

He took me in when I was a friendless kid—he was different then.

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PEN *and* INKLINGS

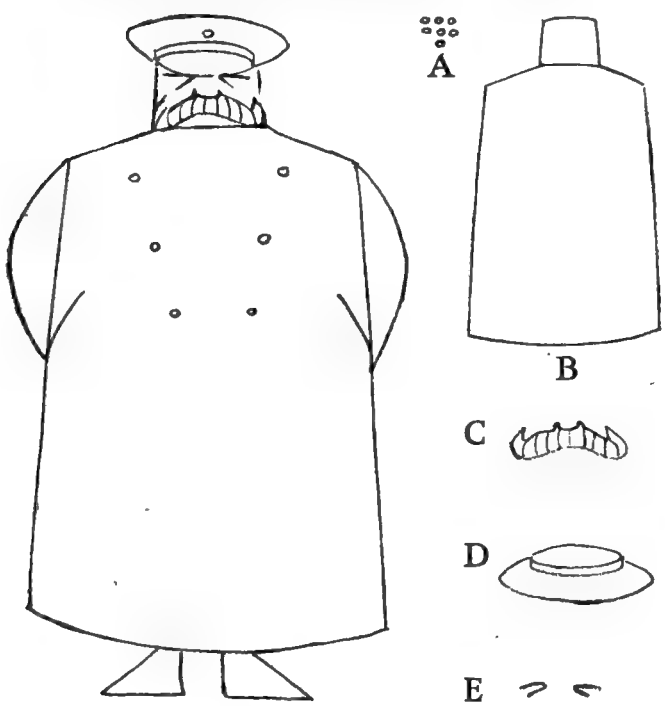
By Oliver Herford

Oyster's Night Thought

IN AUTUMN, when the leaves are dead,
They take us from our Oyster-bed,
And all the winter long they keep
Us up, without a wink of sleep—

And doesn't it seem hard to you
When spring is here, and skies are blue,
And we should like so much to stay,
We have to be in bed by MAY?
—From the "Oyster's Garden of Verses."

Hindenburg Made Easy



HOW to make a perfect picture of Hindenburg with a whisky-flask, seven Beecham's pills, one dead caterpillar, two typhoid-fever germs, and a cuspidor.

A—Seven Beecham's pills. B—Flask. C—Dead caterpillar. D—Cuspidor. E—Typhoid-fever germs.

Directions

Place the cuspidor in an inverted position on the top of the flask. Lay the dead caterpillar upon the line which divides the neck from the body of the flask.

Insert the typhoid germs (tails outward) against the lower rim of the cuspidor, as in diagram.

Set one of the pills between the rim and the base of the cuspidor, and the other six (as indicated in picture) on the body of the flask.

Add arms and feet according to taste.

The Old, Old Scandal

A Shontsonnette

"TAKE this seat, my dear,"
Winter bowed politely;
"I get off just here."
Spring accepted brightly.

With a jolt, ear-splitting,
Stopped the car—and bing!
There was Winter sitting
In the lap of Spring!

The Wisdom of Hafiz

(The Persian Kitten)

IN THE woman's heaven there must be no mice. . . . In the mouse's heaven, no cats. . . . In the cat's heaven, no men. . . . In the man's heaven, no women.

* * * * * * *

The leopard must wear spotted stuff.
The tiger stripes the lion buff.
They have no choice, but who can swear
What the next kitten-cat will wear?

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"I didn't do it to try to cash in on—being a little tin hero."

The WHITE ARC

By

Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "THE REAL ADVENTURE"

Illustrated by W. E. Hill

JEAN GILBERT has grown up in one Army post after another, where she has gathered a fortuitous education and learned her father's code, "to ride straight and speak the truth." At sixteen she is sent for a long stay with her uncle in Chicago, whose wife's family, the Corbetts, are in the midst of the wedding festivities of the youngest daughter, Anne. Jean is accepted by the entire Corbett family, especially by Hugh, who treats her like an equal, and for whom she develops a protecting admiration, since the rest of the family do not understand him.

Soon after this, Hugh is allowed to see what he can do to improve conditions at his grandfather's factory. He goes to work, conscientiously, to test out a scheme. But about a year after the inauguration of his welfare department, the most destructive strike in the history of the Corbett works breaks out.

In his efforts to break up the strike Hugh meets Helena Galicz, who is said to be responsible for the trouble. They fall in love with each other, and when Helena runs away to New York, Hugh follows, and they are married. Later, they return to Chicago and Hugh becomes a partner in the Corbett firm.

Helena fits easily into her place in the Corbett family. She and Hugh set up housekeeping in a dignified old house, accessible to Hugh's friends as well as hers. In working out a practical plan of settlement for the strike, Hugh finds himself a go-between Helena's friends and his brother Greg, understood by neither side. A fire destroys a great part of the Corbett plant on the very night that Hugh makes the last of a series of speeches to the strikers. From this night Hugh's estrangement from Helena begins, along with a growing away from his former interest in the factory. He returns to his interest in metallurgy, and starts a research laboratory of his own.

Here he invents a metal which he calls Corbettite. In spite of having kept this a secret from every one, he shows a piece of it to Jean Gilbert, and tells her of what advantage it would be to airplane service. Jean has been in Europe for three years, where she and her mother have been nursing in a military hospital. The first boat on which they attempt to return to America is torpedoed, and they spend one night on the open sea. Her experiences have made her intensely pro-Ally, and she is amazed at the apparent lack of concern shown toward the war in America. She goes to Hugh for an explanation of this. Their talk cements the old friendship between them. At Helena's suggestion they ride together in the mornings, to the consternation of the rest of the Corbett family, especially Carter, who has fallen wholeheartedly in love with Jean.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Carter Goes to War

IT WAS Carter who brought home the war to the Corbetts. He went to New York in January, to be best man at a classmate's wedding; made a trip to Washington the day after the ceremony, came home with his passports to France, and informed his family that he was going to enlist—in the air service, if they would take him.

This was a bomb for the family. Carter was their baby, you see, and it had never been their habit to take him seriously. They had always petted him. He had "gone to work," of course, according to the family tradition, at the end of the traditional year abroad that followed his graduation in nineteen-twelve; but even Gregory, though he grumbled over the kid's outrageous hours and the negligible value of his labors out at the office, did so merely as a matter of form, and not in the expectation that the remonstrances would effect the slightest improvement.

To Greg, as to the rest of them, Carter's pyrotechnic social success and his insouciant way of dealing with it, was a matter of undisguised amusement and hidden pride. The elder Corbetts, barring Bob (whose derelictions they had taken somewhat too seriously, perhaps), had run rather solid and stiff for ornamental purposes, and a bit of pure decoration, like Carter, finished them off rather well—showed what they could do in that line as well as in others, when they tried.

It was taken as an amusing piece of retributive justice that to Carter, after when three seasons of débutantes had sighed—No, I'll admit they don't sigh

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these days—had toiled in vain, should have befallen, at the last, the magnet's experience of falling in love with a silver churn.

The family's amusement would have been less genuine but for their unanimous affection for Jean. But they were fond of her, and they remembered Carter's lordly ways with her, back in the summer of Anne's wedding; and they agreed that it was a good thing for him to get a little of his own back.

The progress of the affair had been visible enough to all intimately placed observers, though nobody was in possession of any authoritative confidences. It needed only half an eye to see that he had asked and been rejected that Sunday morning when they went out for a drive in his car.

It was really rather touching—even while one smiled—to note the way they treated each other and spoke of each other afterward; the "cousinly" good-will and affection (they weren't cousins, of course, in any degree) which they so scrupulously and delicately stressed. She'd come round in time—though the boy couldn't be expected to see that. He had no rival in the field.

Unless one wanted to apply that term to poor old Hugh.

SO THE boy's studiously casual announcement that he was sailing within a fortnight to enlist in the French army was a thunderbolt. He deprecated their astonishment. It was a notion he had had in mind for ever so long, but his visit to New York clinched the thing.

"They know there's a war going on, better, down there, than we do, somehow," he explained. "People talk about it more. It seems closer. Burge Smith is over there already, and Carrol Wayne says he's going. Before long I'd have to begin explaining why I didn't go. It's a great chance, of course, to learn something about airplanes; might come in handy if *we* ever get into anything."

It was not Carter's habitual way to explain the things he did. But this explanation or minor variants of it, he was a little unnaturally ready with. It couldn't be said that he recited it, still less that he launched it defiantly at people's heads, though each of these exaggerations contained a grain of truth. At all events, if anybody entertained in the inner recesses of his or her mind, any other explanation of Carter's going for a soldier, it was not going to be Carter's fault.

Whatever explanation one chose to assign, there was a sort of splendor about the boy during those days that put an end to the possibility of maintaining the old smiling attitude. If he was going because, loving Jean, she didn't love him back, then his love for her was a bigger and deeper thing than they had supposed. He got a new heroic stature in their eyes.

And then, before they could readjust themselves to it—believe it, fairly—he was gone. There were a number of projects for giving him an appropriate farewell—dinners and such—but he frustrated these by leaving a week ahead of his announced time.

At a dance that he and Jean attended, he carried her off into a corner and told her.

"I'm off in the morning," he said, "so this is good-by. Nobody else knows. Oh, it's been my date all the while. I told 'em an extra week to save fuss—all the sob stuff. It'll be easier—for everybody. Don't you think?"

"I suppose so," she managed to answer. There followed a long silence. She leaned back against the pillows in the cushioned recess he had found for her; not voluntarily; all her body had suddenly relaxed—gone limp. She wondered fleetingly whether it would be in her power to shut one of her half-open hands—or lift it.

He was leaning forward, elbows on knees, hands clasped. He was as taut as the strings across a violin bridge, and trembling. They hadn't been alone together, like this, since that Sunday morning in the car. They *were* alone. Other couples, coming hopefully to the doorway, would see the white of her frock and of his shirt, and go away—enviously.

"I'm glad you've told me, though," she added, after a while.

"I had a reason," he said. "Not what I'm afraid you'll think. I—I didn't do it to try to cash in on—being a little tin hero." He heard her gasp of protest and added, quickly: "Oh, I know that isn't what you think. I oughtn't to have been afraid. It would be such a cheap, second-rate thing to do, and you don't suspect people of doing cheap things. I suppose what I really was afraid of was that I might do it. It wouldn't be the first time that I'd done a thing as cheap as that."

There came no reply from Jean. Her gaze was fixed on his clasped hands and his wrists. They were so slim and fine and strong. Carter was the "little" Corbett; not more than five feet nine inches tall and weighing, at this time, around a hundred and fifty pounds. A watch, some one had called him once, in a family of eight-day clocks. The yearning in the girl's heart was to mother those hands of his in her own, until they stopped trembling. But, of course, that wouldn't be fair.

"It's one of those cheap things," he went on at last, "that I want to talk about. I brought you here so that I could take it back. I wish I could really take it back—unsay it—undo it, so that there wouldn't be a memory of it in your mind at all. You know what I mean, don't you? The things I said about Hugh, that last time we were together. I was jealous of him. I've always been jealous of him, I guess, ever since that night you caught the burglar. I didn't know I was in love with you then, but of course I was. That was why I tried so hard to—show off; why it was such a grind on me that you never were impressed. It made me sore that you took to Hugh. I wouldn't have felt that way if it had been Greg. It always seemed to me that everybody ought to admire him.

"Well, and when you came back and I knew I was in love with you—which I did the minute I saw you, there at the party Frank and Constance had for the Aldriches—then the jealousy was all the worse. I remember when I came up for a dance with you after you'd been sitting out all that while with Lester Vernon. I didn't mind being cut out by him, for the time being. I was all set for that. But you began right away asking me about Hugh: why he wasn't at the party, and—how he looked and what he was doing. I don't know exactly why it made me so sore, but it did.

"Well, and after that, the only time I ever saw you angry, was once when I said something, in a half-joking way, about his being the family failure. Of course, it was a rotten thing to say. I knew he was—cleverer than Greg, or

"I was to ask for Mr. Galicz," she said.

any of us; and had a great deal more advanced ideas and all that, so it was a kind of natural spitefulness to try to say: 'What's all that got him, after all?'"

"But you didn't say anything like that," Jean reminded him, "the time you're talking about—that day in the car. You said you'd come to see what a—what a wonder he was. You warned me that I'd fallen in love with him

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without knowing it. And that, with him married, especially, you said, to Helena, that was thin ice. There wasn't anything cheap about doing that, if you thought that was what I'd done. It was brotherly of you to warn me. It was just about the kindest, finest—hardest thing you could do."

He made a little grunt of dissent. "I was jealous," he said, "furious. I wanted to hurt—him or you—both of you. Well, that's what I want to take back. This is what I want to say."

It took him a minute or two, though, to articulate it.

"You know, Greg," he said at last, "has always been, ever since I can remember, a kind of ideal of mine. He is yet, I suppose. If he did a thing, it was right. All along, through school and college, when things came up—and they do come up, all right, even when you're just a kid—I don't suppose a girl can understand that, really—I used to try to think what Greg would have done about them. How he'd look and feel about them, if he knew I'd done them—or hadn't done them. If he did them, they were right. That was enough for me. Now, I guess I can make you understand.

"You're like Greg to me—in a different way, of course. Anything you do—whatever you do—anything you could possibly do, is right; is what I'd want you to do, if I were here to—talk to you about it. That's all I want you to remember about me."

It would have been possible to smile over that, of course, but Jean couldn't. "That's—terrifying," she said, very gravely. There was a note almost of awe in her voice. "You mustn't think of me like that."

"Must or mustn't has nothing to do with it," he insisted. "It's a simple fact that I do. But it's got nothing to do with you. You're my—well, my ideal, just because you happen to be yourself. So all you have to do to—live up to it, is just to go on being yourself." He added, in a deliberate effort to get away from heroics, "You should worry!"

"All the same, . . ." she protested; then let the sentence die away. "I've thought a lot, since," she went on presently, on a different theme, "about what you said that day. Not wondering if I was in love with him, because I knew I wasn't. But wondering how it was I knew. He's—in a way—the same sort of—ideal to me that Gregory is to you. I mean—there's nothing I couldn't tell him, nor that I couldn't imagine his telling me; nothing, on either side, that the other wouldn't be sure to understand. And there's something so safe and secure about that feeling that of course I love to be with him, and have him talk with me. Well, I know now how it is that in spite of all that, I know I'm not in love with him. Carter, you can't be in love with any one, can you—" it was one of those downward-inflected questions that demands a corroborative answer—"*in* love, you know, that way—without being jealous of them?"

"Search me!" he answered restlessly. "I couldn't. That's sure enough."

"Nobody could," she asserted, "at least a little. Some way. And I'm

Guaranteed, it appeared, as a sure cure for deafness.

not. I mean more than that, really. There's nothing about him that I want, or wish I might have had, for *mine*. I'd be glad if everybody he knew felt about him the way I do. I was glad when he married Helena—though, of course, I was too young then, I suppose, for what I felt to count. But when I came back, I was glad, completely glad, to find that his marriage had been happy. Because it has been. You're all wrong about that. I don't think you understand him very well—any of you."

"Maybe not," he said vaguely. Then he roused himself and said it again. "He gave me a surprise, the other day, anyhow; the first time he saw me after he knew I was going to France. I've always thought of him as a cold, unemotional sort—nothing in his mind but ideas. Well, I was wrong about that."

"What did he say?"

"Oh, I don't know. You can't repeat things like that. When I started telling him why I was going, he said the rest of them—of 'us,' he said—might have some explaining to do, but that I hadn't. It was mostly the way he looked at me. And took hold! He had me by the shoulders. I'd no idea he was as strong as that. He's stronger than Greg, I think. I felt like a baby."

"I'm glad that happened," Jean said. After a little silence she went on: "And I'm glad you've given me a chance to tell you—about things. So that I can be sure you understand. You do, don't you?"

"Sure, I do. You needn't worry about that."

They sat there a little while longer without saying anything. Then, suddenly he sprang to his feet and stood before her, with something soldierly in his attitude, new in him though long familiar to her. She rose too and faced him, standing as straight as he.

"Well, it's good-by, then," he said. "I'm going home now. Packing to do."

She was trembling now, and when she saw the quiver of his compressed lips, her eyes filled with tears. The appeal in his eyes was as easy to understand as it was impossible to resist. She swayed toward him.

But he held her off. "Not unless you want to," he said.

She took him by the shoulders and held on while she got the better of a sob. "But I *do!* It was only that it seemed—not fair. Like meaning something that—that I wish it did—but it doesn't."

He smiled a little wryly, but on the whole a very presentable smile. "I sha'n't misunderstand—now," he said.

So she kissed him, and for a moment, afterward, clung to him and put her head down on his shoulder while she drew in a steadying breath or two.

"I wish you'd make me a promise," he said. "When I come back, whatever may have happened in the meantime—whoever you may be married to—will you let me have another time like this? And kiss me again, like that?"

She nodded.

Her handkerchief had disappeared somewhere, so he let her have his to dry her eyes with. "You look all right," he then assured her.

The music of a new dance came faintly to them from the ballroom. "That's a peach of a fox-trot," he said. "Shall we dance it?"

They did dance it through. "Tip me off," he had said, in his old authoritative way, "if you see any of these birds trying to cut in on me," and with her cooperation this tragedy was avoided. He left her with her grandmother at the end, with a nod and an unceremonious little gesture of farewell. "Till next time," he said.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

A Voice from Helena's Past

THERE were two messages on Helena's telephone pad when she came home about six o'clock one sharp February evening. One was from Hugh, to the effect that he would be home for dinner at seven. She shrugged over that. He had some plan evidently, the mood having taken him, for a domestic evening.

The other message, beneath which the maid who had taken it had written and underscored the word "Immediate," was simply that she should call a certain number and ask for Mr. ——, the

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maid having so completely failed to understand the name as to be unable to write down even an approximation of it. But for one fact, Helena would have dismissed this with the simple decision that the mysterious Mr. —— who wanted her so urgently, could try again.

The one fact that prevented this summary treatment of the matter, was the name of the telephone exchange—Canal. That took her back five years or more; back to the days when the name Corbett meant nothing to her; back to a different and painfully incredible Helena—a figure of half-forgotten romance. She had called Canal often enough in those days. It meant a poor district far down on the southwest side. Blue Island Avenue is the backbone of it. It was strange that a voice from there should have attempted to speak to her to-night, of all nights.

She rang for the maid. "What was the name of the man I was to call at this number?" she demanded. "Why didn't you put it down?"

"It was a foreign-sounding name," the maid said. "I couldn't understand it. I asked him to spell it, and he started to, then hung up."

"What did it sound like?" Helena persisted.

The maid was reluctant even to attempt it. But the flattening of her mistress's brows and the darkening of her eyes—sure warnings of a storm—led her at last to venture desperately: "It was Cal-something. Or Gal-Galley."

"Not Galicz!"

It was no wonder that the intensity of the exclamation (it was not loud, but it hissed from Helena's lips like a rocket) startled the maid. But she assented to it unequivocally.

"Yes, ma'am. That was the name."

"That's impossible!" Helena said, as the maid flinched under her stare. "Impossible nonsense! Why did you say it?"

"It was madam who said it," the girl retorted. "I may be mistaken, but I think the name was that."

"Very well," Helena said. "You may go."

IT WAS all but downright impossible that any one genuinely entitled to that name should be trying to get in communication with her. Her father had been dead five years, and he had never, in all the period of her most intimate association with him, had any communication with his family in Poland.

It was in the highest degree unlikely that it was one of them who had got track of her now. Still, she didn't doubt that her maid had identified the name correctly. Some one in desperate need of help, and knowing that it was a name to conjure with, had used it—some one from the other side of the abyss that her marriage had cloven across her life.

It was strange that it should have happened to-night, falling in with the current of her mood like that.

One of the numerous "circles" she belonged to had met that afternoon in a studio on Chestnut Street. It was an anti-militarist group, organized to combat the propaganda of the muni-

He was a brisk, bearded, and spectacled gentleman in a frock coat and skull cap.

tion-makers and their bellicose dupes who were shouting for preparedness. They circulated anti-enlistment blanks and read each other papers urging disarmament, the embargo, the abandonment of nationalistic emblems, the rewriting of school histories, non-warlike toys for children, and so on. Like all such gatherings, they were a heterogeneous lot: a few genuine non-resisters, a considerable number of pro-Germans and other Anglophobes, a lot of thoroughly good-hearted people, who thought that war was horrible and ought to be stopped, and a sprinkling of genuine dyed-in-the-wool radicals who interpreted the whole world disaster in terms of the capitalist conspiracy.

Helena was under a promise to read them a paper that afternoon. She had put off writing it until the last moment—as she always did—and had been dismayed to find, when finally she sat down to it, that she couldn't get herself started. An impish mood of derision of her prospective audience was upon her and would not be shaken off. Before a big audience in a hall, especially an audience with any fight in it, she could have trusted to the spur of the moment; but she had found out, from experience, that a little group of forty or so, most of whom she knew, sitting on little folding-chairs and expecting tea afterward, could not be dealt with that way.

So, as a last resort, she had rummaged through an old trunk of hers in the attic and found a paper on "Patriotism," that she vaguely remembered having written—oh, ages ago; back in the days before the Riverdale strike.

It was part of her perverse mood that, beyond making sure that the thing was all there, and that it was legible, she did not read it before she set out for the meeting. She had thought it was good when she wrote it, she knew, and it would be amusing to see what came of it now; what sort of impression a little real, undiluted radicalism would make on this kid-glove, well-fed studio tea.

Its effect on them was about what she had, somewhat derisively, expected. They were nearly all shocked—all but the few radicals, who enjoyed the spectacle. But almost all of them, all but a few evangelical pacifists (who loved the flag but wanted it to float as a symbol of peace), swiftly concealed their dismay with understanding nods and little ruffles of self-conscious applause. The chairman expressed the sense of the meeting admirably when she spoke of it as a very bold paper, startling, no doubt, to many of them, and containing some statements to which they could not all agree, but, in its uncompromising and courageous honesty, sounding a note which merited their deepest thought.

What Helena had not foreseen was the effect the reading of it had upon herself. It shook her as she had not been shaken in years. It brought back, with a flaming vividness that scorched, the living presence of the girl who had written it; who had so fierily meant it with all the red hatred that was in her heart. Hatred of the state that had oppressed and tyrannized over her, that had martyred her unforgotten father. Hatred of all its manifestations; contempt of all its lying symbols.

To Helena, the present Helena, Mrs. Hugh Corbett, who sat there before them so secure, so "prominent," so smartly clad—whose chauffeur already waited in the wintry street below to convey her, when she wished, the thousand yards or so she was from home, or wherever else her fancy might direct—the reading came, more and more, to seem a betrayal, a profanation, a casting of pearls to swine. She longed to crumple those faded sheets into her bosom, where their heat could burn; to stand up and tell these piffling fools what they really were, and then rush away, by herself, where she could breathe.

Of course she did nothing of the sort. She read the paper through. She acknowledged, suitably, the chairman's thanks. She even managed to talk a little, though absently, with some of her friends who came crowding up afterward to tell her how wonderfully glaring and "thrilling" and "basic" it all was; before declining tea, she escaped and went home—in her car.

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But the mood she was in was her blackest; a smoldering, absent revery which her servants knew and walked warily to avoid waking her out of. No wonder she shrugged, impatiently, over Hugh's message that he was coming home to dinner.

But this other thing! This name, Galicz, coming up so mysteriously out of nowhere, on this very night when she was more nearly Anton Galicz's daughter than she had been in years before! It couldn't be made to seem like an ordinary, every-day coincidence. It had the feeling in it of a touch of the finger of Fate. For a matter of minutes after her maid had left her alone, she sat, staring at the telephone on her desk as if it had been an unfamiliar instrument of magic. Then, impatiently, she snatched it up and repeated into the transmitter the number on the pad. And, on getting her connection, "I was to ask for Mr. Galicz," she said.

There was a moment of hesitation from the other end. Then, "This is the Popular drug-store," a voice said, and went on to give her the address of it. "In the matter of your account with us, we'd like you to see us about it, personally, to-night, before nine o'clock."

She exclaimed "What!" in perfectly blank amazement, whereupon the voice repeated this utterly preposterous message, word for word.

So repeated, however, it took on another color altogether; made her heart leap to a quicker rhythm and tightened her throat. Again it took her back over a span of years. It was long since she had experienced the necessity, in talking over a telephone, of guarding against hidden listeners, but she had done it many a time.

She checked herself on the verge of a protest that she owed no account at any "Popular" drug-store, and asked, instead, for the address again. It was characteristic of the old, almost forgotten phase it had evoked in her, that she memorized it without writing it down.

But the next moment, her every-day, present self getting the upper hand, she cried impatiently, "Oh, it's absurd! I must know more about it than that. Who is it that wants to see me? What does he want to see me for?"

"I can not discuss it," the other said. "It is a question simply whether you will come or not. Before nine o'clock."

Helena said: "I don't know whether I will come or not. I don't know whether I can."

Whereupon the man said, "Good-by," and hung up, thus cutting off a question she meant to ask—whether on coming to a decision, she should call up again?

During the half hour that elapsed before Hugh came in, she prowled about her room in restless agitation, dropping into chairs and getting out of them again, starting to change her dress, and then giving over the idea, not knowing what she was going to dress for. It was not that her mind hung balanced between two decisions. She was always, at any given moment, decided. But two contrary decisions alternately had possession of her.

To Hugh's wife, to whom he was presently coming home for dinner with a notion of taking her somewhere—to a musical show, perhaps—for the evening, the idea of carrying out that mysterious rendezvous at a little West Side drug-store, was absolutely fantastic; a hoax almost too stupid to be offered for his amusement at dinner; the baldest sort of popular magazine melodrama.

But the other Helena, who had written the paper she had read this afternoon, was fighting for—and occasionally winning—full possession of her.

She looked at him thoughtfully for perhaps a dozen seconds before she answered. "Yes, I'm Helena," she said.

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When she was in possession, the supreme, fantastic, mad unreality was not the cry for help that had come to her ears with such carefully guarded mystery over the telephone. It was the rich husband who was presently coming home to dine with her and take her to the theatre afterward. It was this pretty room of hers; the maid who would come in answer to her ring to help her dress in an evening frock. It was the bare momentary consideration on her part—on the part of Helena Galicz, of letting that cry for help in her father's name, go unanswered.

If you doubt the power of it to take hold like that, remember what she was. You have known her not quite four years; only since that May morning in nineteen twelve, when she came into Bailey's office at the head of that little committee of core-makers. When she was upon the point, that is to say, of her great departure into Hugh's world. She was then twenty-four years old. She had lived the whole of her life, since the beginning of her consecutive memories, in a world of violence and intrigue, in a guerrilla war upon organized society. She knew, at first hand, police courts and jails. She knew what it was to be shadowed, spied upon, kidnaped. Her friends—most of them—up to the time when Hugh transplanted her, were enlisted in the same cause and fared as she—or worse. To the Helena who, in the limousine, that night at Riverdale, had mangled Hugh's left hand with her teeth, there would have been nothing romantic or improbable about a cryptic telephone message from a drug-store, from a friend "in trouble." It would all have been as natural, as much a part of the day's work, as it was preposterous and fantastic to Hugh Corbett's wife.

The struggle between these two utterly irreconcilable personalities for the possession of her, was still undecided when he knocked at her door and, upon her invitation, came amiably in, helped himself to one of her cigarets, and stretched out at ease in her long chair. Ordinarily, she liked him to do this. Her commonest grievance against him was that he didn't do it often enough. To-night, this comfortable, domestic complacency of his irritated her.

"You telephoned," she said. "Anything special?"

"Not very," he told her. "I thought if you hadn't anything else to-night, we'd drop in on Father and Mother. They're starting off for California early next week. And they're missing Carter like the devil, of course. So I thought it would be a good thing if we could try to cheer them up a bit."

"You can go if you like," she said. "I don't believe I will."

Hugh looked deliberately round at her. "Special reason?" he inquired. "Or a general one?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "I'm not much in the mood—to-night, anyway—for sitting around in a family party, rhapsodizing about Carter; what a wonder he's suddenly got to be now that he's gone to war!"

He didn't lash out at that as she more than half wanted him to; quietly took it to ruminate on, instead. "It does make a difference, though—a thing like that," he said at last. "You've got to revise all your estimates by it. It's one of those touchstone things. We all get tried by 'em once or twice in a lifetime and show whether we're true metal or not. He was all right. Not only what he did but the way he did it. First water, absolutely. One of those blessed—straight things that there's no doubt about."

Jean would be among them with snow in her tumbled hair.

At a sound she made then, not classifiable, but clearly indicative of dissent, he looked sharply round at her. "Or do you mean that you are in doubt about it?" he concluded.

"Not in doubt, a bit," she said. "It's plain enough to me. He's going off to wear a pretty uniform and learn to run an airplane. When he can fly pretty well he'll go out, some night, and drop a lot of bombs on some innocent men and women working in a factory, that happens to be in Germany, and then come back and get a medal for it, instead of getting hanged for murder. He has nothing against them. They've done nothing to him. He's doing it for fun. Or, if you like, for spite; because a girl he'd taken a fancy to wouldn't marry him."

Still he didn't get up from his chair. "That's a pose," he said. "It's like a little girl making faces. You don't mean it." Then he looked round at her again. "Come!" he urged. "Be human! You can be when you like."

His invincible good humor infuriated her, naturally enough, considering what it meant—how little she mattered to him if she could hurt no more than that.

"You've been getting human, lately, if that's your word for it. Sentimental would be mine. You're sentimental about Carter because your Jean wouldn't marry him. Of course, you knew she wouldn't. She'd rather go on holding hands with you. A platonic flirtation. No chance of her getting—the real thing offered to her."

Before she had got as far as that he was on his feet, staring down at her, his look black with sudden rage. But she went on.

"Oh, I know, I started it. I thought it would be amusing to see you two—the pair of you—together. The sort of imitation affair you'd have. The only sort either of you is good for. Well, I've had enough. I'm sick of it. I'd like the real thing better. Go and make love to her . . ." With a grossness not to be reported, she went on to make her meaning clear.

Once more, as in that other crisis in the relations of these two, his inhibitions interfered. Long before she had done speaking, the terrible desire of every fiber in him was to wreak his rage upon her bodily; to clench that bare throat of hers in the grip of one of his hands; to beat her; to trample upon her. How near he had come actually to doing it, became the theme of a sort of nightmare wonder with him occasionally thereafter. Possibly the fear of his own strength had something to do with holding him back—the thought that if he touched her he would not stop until he had killed her.

And then, there was the stupefying suddenness of the thing. The cigaret he had lighted before he dropped into her long chair, wasn't half burnt yet.

But, more than either of these, the thing that held him helpless, speechless,

(Continued on page 92)

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TAM o' the SCOOTS

A Question of Rank

By Edgar Wallace

He met a girl—he met her violently.

Illustrated by L. A. Shafer

TAM stood in the doorway of Squadron Headquarters and saluted.

"Come in, Sergeant Mactavish," said Blackie, and Tam's heart went down into his boots.

To be called by his surname was a happening which had only one significance. There was trouble of sorts, and Tam hated trouble.

"There are some facts which General Headquarters have asked me to verify—your age is twenty-seven?"

"Yes, sir."

"You hold the military medal, the French *Médaille Militaire*, the Russian medal of St. George and the French *Croix de Guerre?*"

"Oh, aye, Captain Blackie, sir, but A've no worn 'em yet."

"You were created King's Corporal for an act of valor on January 17, 1915?" Blackie went on, consulting a paper.

"Yes, sir."

Blackie nodded. "That's all, Sergeant," he said, and as Tam saluted and turned, "oh, by-the-way, Sergeant—we had a brass ha—I mean a staff officer here the other day and he reported rather unfavorably upon a practise of yours—er—ours. It was a question of discipline—you know it is not usual for a non-commissioned officer to be on such friendly terms with—er—officers. And I think he saw you in the anteroom of the mess. So I told him something which was not at the time exactly true."

Tam nodded gravely.

For the first time since he had been a soldier he had a horrid feeling of chagrin, of disappointment, of something that rebuffed and hurt.

"A see, sir," he said, "'tis no' ma' wish to put mesel' forward, an' if A've been a wee bit free wi' the young laddies there was no disrespect in it. A know ma place an' A'm no' ashamed o' it. There's a shipyard on the Clyde that's got ma name on its books as a fitter—that's ma job an' A'm proud of it. If ye're thinkin', Captain Blackie, sir, that ma heid got big——"

"No, no, Tam," said Blackie hastily, "I'm just telling you—so that you'll understand things when they happen."

Tam saluted and walked away.

He passed Brandspeth and Walker-Giddons and responded to their flippant greetings with as stiff a salute as he was capable of offering. They stared after him in amazement.

"What's the matter with Tam?" they demanded simultaneousiy, one of the other.

Tam reached his room, closed and locked the door and sat down to unravel a confused situation.

He had grown up with the squadron and had insensibly drifted into a relationship which had no counterpart in any other branch of the service. He was "Tam," unique and indefinable. He had few intimates of his own rank, and little association with his juniors. The mechanics treated him as being in a class apart and respected him since the day when, to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, he had followed a homesick boy who had deserted, found him and hammered him until nostalgia would have been a welcome relief. All deserters are shot, and the youth having at first decided that death was preferable to a repetition of the thrashing he had received, changed his mind and was tearfully grateful.

Sitting on his bed, his head between his hands, pondering this remarkable change which had come to the attitude of his officers and friends, Tam was sensible (to his astonishment) of the

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extraordinary development his mentality had undergone. He had come to the army resentfully, a rabid socialist with a keen contempt for "the upper classes" which he had never concealed. The upper classes were people who wore high white collars, turned up the ends of their trousers and affected a monocle. They spoke a kind of drawling English and said, "By gad, dear old top—what perfectly beastly weathah!"

They did no work and lived on the sweat of labor. They patronized the workman or ignored his existence, and only came to Scotland to shoot and fish —whereon they assumed (with gillies and keepers of all kinds) the national dress which Scotsmen never wear.

That was the old conception, and Tam almost gasped as he realized how far he had traveled from his ancient faith. For all these boys he knew were of that class—most of them had an exaggerated accent and said "By gad!"—but somehow he understood them and could see, beneath the externals, the fine and lovable qualities that were theirs. He had been taken into this strange and pleasant community and had felt—he did not exactly know what he had felt. All he did know was that a brass-hatted angel with red tabs on its collar stood at the gate of a little paradise of comradeship, and forbade further knowledge of its pleasant places.

He pursed his lips and got to his feet, sick with a sense of his loss. He was of the people, apart. He was a Clydeside worker and they were the quality. He told himself this and knew that he lied—he and they stood on grounds of equality; they were men doing men's work and risking their lives one for the other.

Tam whistled a dreary little tune, took down his cap and walked over to the workshops. There was a motorcycle which Brandspeth told him he could use, and after a moment's hesitation, Tam wheeled the machine to the yard. Then he remembered that he was in his working tunic, and since it was his intention to utilize this day's leave in visiting a town at the rear of the lines, he decided to return to his bunk and change into his "best."

He opened his box—but his best tunic was missing.

"Weel, weel!" said Tam, puzzled, and summoned his batman with a shrill whistle.

"To tell you the truth, Sergeant," said the man, "Mr. Walker-Giddons and the other young officers came over for it three days ago. They got me to give it to 'em and made me promise I wouldn't say anything about it."

Tam smiled quietly.

"All right, Angus," he nodded and went back to his cycle. He did not know the joke, but it was one which would probably come to an untimely end, in view of the disciplinary measures which headquarters were taking. This incident meant another little pang, but the freshness of the morning and the exhilaration of the ride—for motor-cycling has thrills which aviation does not know—helped banish all thoughts of an unpleasant morning.

He reached his destination, made a few purchases, drank an agreeable cup of coffee and discovered that he had exhausted all the joys which the town held. He had intended amusing himself through the day and returning at night, but, even before the restaurants began to fill for lunch he was bored and irritable, and strapping his purchases to the back of the cycle he mounted the machine and began his homeward journey.

It was in the little village St. Anton (in reality a suburb of the town) that he met Adventure — Adventure so novel, so bewildering, that he felt that he had been singled out by fate for such an experience as had never before fallen to mortal man.

He met a girl. He met her vio-

The squadron went up in twos, the fighting machine first.

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lently, for she was speeding along a road behind the wheel of a small motor ambulance and it happened that the road in question ran at right angles to that which Tam was following.

Both saw the danger a few seconds before the collision occurred; both applied fierce brakes, but, nevertheless, Tam found himself on his hands and knees at the feet of the lady-driver, having taken a purler almost into her lap, despite the printed warning attached to this portion of the ambulance:

DRIVER AND ORDERLIES ONLY

"Oh, I do hope you aren't hurt," said the girl anxiously.

Tam picked himself up, dusted his hands and his knees and surveyed her severely.

She was rather small of stature and very pretty. A shrapnel helmet was set at a rakish angle over her golden-brown hair, and she wore the uniform of a Red Cross driver.

"It was my fault," she went on. "This is only a secondary road and yours is the main—I should have slowed but I guess I was thinking of things. I often do that."

She was obviously American and Tam's slow smile was free of malice.

"It's fine to think of things," he said, "especially when y're drivin' an ambulance—but it's a hairse ye ought to be drivin', Mistress, if ye want to gie yeer thochts a good airin'."

"I'm really sorry," said the girl penitently. "I'm afraid your cycle is smashed."

"Don't let it worry ye," said Tam calmly. "It's no' ma bike anyway; it belangs to one of the hateful governin' classes, an' A've nothin' to do but mak' guid the damage."

"Oh," said the girl blankly, then she suddenly went red.

"Of course," she began awkwardly, "as I was responsible—I can well afford——"

She halted lamely and Tam's eyes twinkled. "Maybe ye're the niece of Andrew Carnegie a' ye've had yeer monthly library allowance," he said gravely, "an' maybe ye could spare a few thousand dollars or cents—A've no' got the exact coinage in ma mind—to help a wee feller buy a new whizzer-wheel. A take it kindly, but guid money makes bad frien's."

"I didn't intend offering you money," she said hurriedly, flushing deeper than ever, "let me pull the car up to the side of the road."

Tam examined his own battered machine in the meantime. The front wheel had buckled, but this was easily remedied, and by the time the girl had brought her car to rest in a field he had repaired all the important damage.

"I was going to stop somewhere about here for lunch," she said producing a basket from under the seat, "in fact, I was thinking of lunch when —when——"

"A nose-dived on to ye," said Tam preparing to depart. "Weel, A'll be gettin' along. There's nothing A can do for ye?"

"You can stay and lunch with me."

"A've haid ma dinner," said Tam hastily.

"What did you have?" she demanded.

"Roast beef an' rice pudding," said Tam glibly.

"I don't believe you—anyway I guess it won't hurt you to watch me eat."

Tam noticed that she took it for granted that he was lying, for she served him with a portion of her simple meal, and he accepted the situation without protest.

"I'm an American, you know," she said as they sat cross-legged on the grass. "I come from Jackson, Connecticut—you've heard of Jackson?"

"Oh, aye," he replied. "A'm frae Glascae."

"That's Scotland—I like the Scotch."

Tam blushed and choked.

"I came over last year to drive an ambulance in the American Ambulance Section, but they wouldn't have me, so I just went into the English Red Cross."

"British," corrected Tam.

"I shall say English if I like," she defied him.

"Weel," said Tam, "it's no' for me to check ye if ye won't be edicated."

She stared at him, then burst into a ringing laugh. "My! the Scotch people are funny—tell me about Scotland. Is it a wonderful country? Do you know about Bruce and Wallace and Rob Roy and all those people?"

"Oh, aye," said Tam cautiously, "by what A read in the paper it's a gay fine country."

"And the red deer and glens and things—it must be lovely."

"A've seen graund pictures of a glen," admitted Tam, "but the red deer in Glascae air no' sae plentiful as they used to be—A'm thinkin' the ship-yard bummer hae scairt 'em away."

She shot a sharp glance at him, then, it seemed for the first time, noticed his stripes.

"Oh, you're a sergeant," she said. "I thought—I thought by your 'wings' you were an officer. I didn't know that sergeants——"

Tam smiled at her confusion and when he smiled there was an infinite sweetness in the action.

"Ye're right, Mistress. A'm a sairgeant, an' A thocht a' the time ye were mistakin' me for an officer, an' A'd no' the heart to stop ye, for it's a verra lang time since A spoke wi' a lady, an' it was verra, verra fine."

He rose slowly and walked to his cycle —she ran after him and laid her hand on his arm.

"I've been a low snob," she said frankly. "I beg your pardon—and you're not to go, because I wanted to ask you about a sergeant of your corps —you know the man that everybody is talking about. He bombed the Kaiser's staff the other day."

Tam kept his eyes on the distant horizon.

"Oh, he's no sae much o' a fellow—a wee chap wi' an' awfu' conceit o' himsel'."

"Nonsense!" she scoffed, "why, Captain Blackie told me——"

Suddenly, she stepped back and gazed at him wide-eyed. "Why! You're Tam!"

Tam went red.

"Of course you're Tam—you never wear your medal ribbons, do you? You're called——"

"Mistress," said Tam as he saluted awkwardly and started to push his machine, "they ca' me 'sairgeant', an' it's no' such a bad rank."

He left her standing with heightened color blaming herself bitterly for her *gaucherie*.

So it made that difference, too!

For some reason he did not feel hurt or unhappy. He was in his most philosophical mood when he reached his aerodrome. He had a cause for gratification in that she knew his name. Evidently, it was something to be a sergeant if by so being you stand out from the ruck of men. As to her name he had neither thought it opportune nor proper to advance inquiries.

He smiled as he changed into his working clothes and wondered why.

A DOZEN girl drivers were waiting on the broad road before the 131st General Hospital the next morning, exchanging views on the big things which were happening in their little world, when one spied an airplane.

"Gracious—isn't it high! I wonder if it's a German—they're bombing hospitals—it's British, silly—no, it's a German, I saw one just like that over Poperinghe—it's coming right over."

"Stand by your cars, ladies, please."

The tall "chief's" sharp voice scattered the groups.

"He's dropping something—it's a bomb—no, it's a message bag. Look at the streamers!"

A bag it was and when they raced to the field in which it fell they discovered that it was improvised, roughly sewn and weighted with sand.

The superintendent read the label and frowned.

" 'To the Driver of Ambulance B. T. 9743, 131st General Hospital'—this is evidently for you, Miss Laramore."

"For me, Mrs. Crane?"

Vera Laramore came forward, a picture of astonishment and took the bag.

"Oh, what fun—who is it, Vera? Open it quickly."

The girl pulled open the bag and took

(Continued on page 73)

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The German dropped straight for the earth

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UNDER *the* SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

Drawings by Ralph Barton

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

A MINISTER from the trenches was recounting some of his experiences to a party of friends a short time ago and told of a wounded Irishman whom he found in a deep state of dejection. Upon being asked if he would like to dictate a letter home, his face brightened somewhat and he assented. Immediately the minister brought writing materials to his bedside and signified his intention to take down the letter. He waited a few moments, but Tim appeared incapable of speech, so the minister said: "Come, come, my good man; I haven't very much time. We must make a start. What shall I say?"

But Tim remained tongue-tied.

"Shall I begin—'My dear wife'?"

"Yis," assented Tim, grimly, "put that down. That'll amuse her."

WHEN Mike Flaherty abandoned South Boston for Lynn, and hired a cottage with a bit of a back yard, the first thing he did was to hurry back to the Hub of the Universe and purchase a monkey. "Divil a wurrd" of his scheme would he disclose to his old cronies in Boston. But afterward he let out:

"'Twas like this: I chained the monk to a shtick in me yair-rd, and the coal thrains do be passin' all day foreninst, and on iv'ry cairr do be a brakeman. In one waik, begorra, I had two tons of coal in me cellar, and the monk never wanst hit."

DOCTOR—"Your throat is in a very bad state. Have you ever tried gargling with salt water?"

Skipper—"Yes, I've been torpedoed six times."

"MOTHER, did God make you?"

"Yes, dear."

"Did He make me, too?"

"Of course, darling."

"Did He make the flies?"

"Certainly, He made everything."

The child bent over his toys, muttering, "Dreadful fussy work—making flies."

UNITED STATES SENATOR HOWARD SUTHERLAND of West Virginia, tells a story about a mountain youth who visited a recruiting-office in the senator's state for the purpose of enlisting in the Regular Army. The examining physician found the young man sound as a dollar, but that he had flat feet.

"I'm sorry," said the physician, "but I'll have to turn you down. You've got flat feet."

The mountaineer looked sorrowful. "No way for me to git in it, then?" he inquired.

"I guess not. With those flat feet of yours, you wouldn't be able to march even five miles."

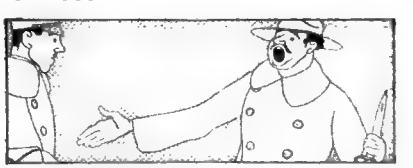
The youth from the mountains studied a moment. Finally he said: "I'll tell you why I hate this so darned bad. You see, I walked nigh on to one hundred and fifteen miles over the mountains to git here, and gosh, how I hate to walk back!"

A NEWLY commissioned ensign ordered a jackie to salute him fifty times, because he had neglected to salute in passing. While the performance was in progress an Old Navy Officer noticed it and inquired the meaning. The ensign explained.

"Just one minute, lad," the Old Navy Officer said when the jackie had completed the task, "the ensign is going to return the salutes now."

WHAT constitutes recreation depends, of course, on the point of view. Here is that of a certain small citizen in a school for dependent children. He wrote to his father thus:

"We are having a good time here now. Mr. Jones broke his leg and can't work. We went on a picnic and it rained and we all got wet. Many children here are sick with mumps. Mr. Smith fell off of the wagon and broke his rib, but he can work a little. The man that is digging the deep well whipped us boys with a buggy-whip because we threw sand in his machine, and made black and blue marks on it. Harry cut his finger badly. We are all very happy."



ANTONIO was overawed by his surroundings when the first draft sent him to the cantonment. And he continued to live in awe, particularly of all officers, during the early days of his training. While standing guard one night he was in such a flutter when the corporal of the guard approached, that he made his challenge in a low voice which the non-com. could not hear.

"You'll have to speak up, my man," said the corporal, "or you'll get into trouble. I'll take your word for it that you challenged me, but when the officer of the day comes around, you'll have to sing it out or you'll get a trip to the guardhouse. Remember, sing it out and sing it out loud."

Antonio vowed that he would make no mistake that would get him in the guardhouse, and when the officer of the day appeared a half hour later he was greeted with

"Tra-la-la-la-la-la-dere?"

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JUDITH of BLUE LAKE RANCH

By Jackson Gregory

Author of UNDER HANDICAP, THE OUTLAW, *etc.*

Illustrated by W. Herbert Dunton

AFTER her father's death, Judith Sanford takes over the management of Blue Lake Ranch, and with it "a peck of trouble." Bayne Trevors, who has been running it for the part owners, is working deliberately to ruin the ranch so that the Western Lumber Company, a neighbor, may get it cheaply.

Judith dismisses him; but he continues his plots from the neighboring ranch, with all the powerful backing of the Lumber Company. Disease is spread among the stock, spies are planted among the ranchmen, many of them are bribed away, and suspicion is sown among the loyal old employees of Sanford. The outlook is black.

On her side Judith has only her courage, the understanding and loyalty of Bud Lee, her young horse-foreman, and two older men, Carson and Doc Tripp, who worked under Sanford. Her difficulties are increased by the other part owner, Pollock Hampton, a young man about town, who with his guests—the Langworthys, and their daughter, Marcia, and two artists, Farris and Rogers—comes to settle at the ranch to escape his city embarrassments. Hampton, who is well-meaning but "soft," is inclined to trust Trevors, and continues to be friendly with him.

Trevors's plots grow more violent. A messenger returning from Rocky Bend, with the ranch salaries on pay-day, is waylaid and robbed. Lee makes a second trip to Rocky Bend for the gold. On his return his horse is killed under him by a shot from the cliffs; but he arrives in time to save the confidence of the men in Judith.

Bud Lee and Judith are ambushed and attacked while on a tour of inspection in the hills. They take refuge in a cabin retreat, besieged by Trevors's henchmen, among whom is a rascal named Quinnion, who, Judith believes, murdered her father. After hours they are rescued by Hampton.

The cabin, with its books and furnishings, built by Lee as a retreat, gives Judith a first glimpse of another, mysterious side of the young foreman's life. Lee, also, who had been somewhat smitten by Marcia Langworthy, finds himself increasingly attracted to Judith.

At a party given for Marcia, Lee is recognized by Farris as an old chum, once wealthy, but ruined by the treachery of friends and forced to drop out of sight. Farris pleads with him to return to his old life, but Lee refuses.

That night Lee is overwhelmed by the spell of Judith's charm, and in an impetuous moment kisses her. In a remorseful mood he learns that Quinnion has been defaming Judith's character because of the siege in the cabin. He rides with Carson to Rocky Bend, traces Quinnion to a dangerous dive, and after a gun duel in the dark makes Quinnion retract. Quinnion vows revenge.

The atmosphere of treachery about the ranch thickens. Lee and Carson are suddenly ordered by Hampton to prepare the ranch stock for immediate sale to a firm known to be friendly with Trevors. Judith is missing. The orders, Lee finds, apparently come from her in San Francisco. But Lee suspects foul play, and takes a determined stand before Hampton.

He compels Hampton to accompany him and Carson on a search of Judith's room. They find a decoy letter, supposedly from Doc Tripp, asking her to come to the Lower End. Lee verifies the falsity of the letter, and convinced of treachery, rouses the men. Hampton, still recalcitrant, is ridden away into the hills beyond the reach of Trevors, under guard. The stock is also herded in the back hills, under guard, and Lee sets out to find Judith.

She had been gagged, siezed that night and brought on horseback and on foot many miles from the ranch, blindfolded by day so that she might not know her whereabouts, nor her captors. She finally discovers them to be Trevors and another man whom she suspects is Quinnion. She is confined in a cave on a mountain side under guard of a mad woman, who proves to be the mother of Quinnion.

The mad woman guards her fanatically, under the delusion that Judith is the daughter she lost years before. Judith in silence lays her plans for escape. Quinnion appears and in defending herself against him, she manages to get out of the cave and escape down the rocks, pursued by Quinnion and the mad woman. She finally eludes them, and wanders lost and without food, among the mountains.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE
(Continued)

SO GREAT was the weariness of her tired body that as she lay still, watching the stars come out one by one, she was half resigned to lie so and let death come to find her. It seemed to her that here in the rude arms of Mother Earth a human life was a matter of no greater consequence than the down upon a moth's wing.

But she rested a little and this mood, strange to her intrepid heart, passed, and she sat up, again resolute, again ready to make her fight as long as life beat through her blood. At last she took the one match from her pocket. She scarcely dared breathe when, with dry grass and twigs piled against a rock, her dress shielding them from the wind, she rubbed the match softly against her body. A sputtering flame, making the blue light of burning sulfur, died down, creating panic in her breast, then flared, crackled, licked at the grass. She had a fire and she knew how to use it!

When a log was blazing, assuring her that her fire was safe, she rose swiftly and went in search of the tree she meant to burn. She found a giant pine, pitch-oozing, standing in a rocky open space where there was little danger of the fire spreading. Fagged out and eager as she was, she had not come to the point of forgetting what a great forest fire meant.

She went back to her burning log, took up a blazing dry branch, carried it swiftly to the tree. Then she piled dry grass and dead twigs, logs as heavy as she could carry, bits of brush. The flames licked at the tree, ran up it, seemed to fall away, sprang at it again hungering. Now and then a long tongue of fire went crackling high up along the side of the tree. Judith went back to a spot where, in a nest of boulders, there was another grassy plot, threw herself down and lay staring at the tongues of fire which were climbing higher and higher.

Some one would see her beacon. A forest ranger, perhaps, whose duty it was to ride fast and far to battle with the first spark threatening the wooded solitudes; perhaps some crew in a logging-camp, than whom none knew better the danger of spreading fires; perhaps some cowboy, even one of her own men—perhaps Quinnion and Ruth? She then would hide among the rocks until they had come and gone. Even now, against the sleep falling upon her, she drew farther back through the tumbled boulders. Perhaps, Bud Lee.

She went to sleep beyond the circle of bright light, tired and hungry and striving against a returning hopelessness, her young body curled up in the nest she had found, a cheek cuddled against her arm, wondering vaguely if

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Few words were said, as the miles were flung between them; few were needed.

some one would see her fire and come—if that some one might be Bud Lee.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

A Wilderness Feast

THROUGHOUT the night the tree blazed, unseen. Judith's eyes were closed in the heavy sleep of exhaustion. The flames roared and leapt high skyward, burning branches fell crashingly to lie smoldering on the rocky soil, the upstanding trunk glowed, vivid against the sky-line.

In the early morning at least two pairs of eyes found the plume of smoke from the still burning giant pine. A man named Greene, one of the Government forest rangers, blazing a new trail over Devil's Ridge, came out upon a height, saw it and watched it frowning across the miles. It called him to a hard ride, perhaps to a difficult journey on foot after he must leave his horse. He turned promptly from the work in hand, ran to his horse, swung up and sped back to his cabin, to telephone to the nearest station to his, passing the word. Then with ax and shovel, he began his slow way toward the beacon.

Bud Lee, from the mountain-top where he and Burkitt had taken Hampton, saw it. Lee judged roughly that it was separated from him by four or five miles of broken country, impassable to a man on horseback, to be covered laboriously on foot in a matter of weary hours.

Lee and Greene approached the signal smoke from different quarters, Lee from the west, Greene from the northeast. They fought their way on toward it with far different emotions in their breasts. Greene with the desire to do a day's work and kill a forest fire in its beginning, Lee with the passionate hope of finding Judith. Lee reached his journey's end first.

As he came pantingly up the last climb he discharged his rifle again and again into the ground, into some big-boled tree, to tell her that he was coming, to put hope into her. And, because he was a lover and a lover must be filled with dread when She is out of his sight, he felt a growing anxiety. She had lighted the fire last night; what might have happened to her since then? Had she been wandering, lost all these days? If nothing else, then had she waited here half the night and in the end had she gone on plunging deep into some cañon hidden to him? Would he find her well? Would he find her at all?

Suddenly he called out, shouting mightily, and began running, though the way was steep. He had seen Judith, he had found her. She was standing among the scattered boulders, her back to a great rock. She was waving to him. Her lips were moving, though he could not see that yet, could not hear her tremulous—

"Oh, thank God, thank God!"

"Judith," he called, "Judith!"

Now, near enough to see her distinctly, he saw that her face was white, that she was shaking, that her clothes were torn, that she

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looked pitifully in need of him. But at last, when he stood at her side, one of the old rare smiles came into Judith's tired eyes, her lips curved, and she said quietly:

"Good morning, Bud Lee. You were very good—to come to me."

"Oh, Judith," he cried sharply. But no other word came to his lips then. The brave little smile had gone, the whiteness of her face smote him to the heart. And now, the terror and hopelessness of the last few days gone so suddenly, she was shaking from head to foot, and he knew why she had not stepped out to meet him, why she had kept her back to the rock. He thought that she was going to fall, he saw two big tears start from the suddenly closed eyelids, and with a little inarticulate cry he took her gravely into his arms.

"If you had not come, Bud Lee," she whispered faintly, "I should have died, I think."

Very tenderly he gathered her up so that her little boots were swung clear of the flinty ground and she lay quiet in his arms. He stood a moment holding her thus, looking with eyes alternately hard and tender into her face. He wanted to hold her thus always, to watch the glad color come back into her cheeks, to carry her, like a baby, back across the weary miles and home. And, oddly, perhaps, the thought came back to him and hurt him as it had never hurt him before, that he had once been brutal with her, that he had crushed her in his arms and forced upon her lips his kiss. He had been brutal with Judith, when now he could kill a man for laying a little finger on her.

"I have been a brute with you, a brute," he muttered to himself. But Judith heard him, her eyes fluttered open and into them came again her glorious smile.

"Because you kissed me that night, Bud Lee?" she asked him.

"Don't!" he cried sharply. "Don't even remember it, Judith."

"Do you know so little of a girl, Bud Lee," she went on slowly, "to think that a man can so easily—find her lips with his unless—she wants to be kissed?"

He almost doubted his ears; he could hardly believe that he had seen what he had seen in Judith's eyes. They were closed now, she lay quiet in his arms, it seemed that she had fainted, or was asleep, so very white and still was she. He had forgotten that he must carry her to where he could lay her down and bring water to her, give her something to eat. He just stood motionless, holding her to him, staring hungrily down at her.

"Are you going to play—I'm your baby—all day, Bud Lee?" she asked softly.

He carried her swiftly away from the ring of boulders and to a little grassy, level spot, putting her down with lingering tenderness. Judith had not been angry with him all these months. Judith had let him kiss her because she wanted to be kissed—by him.

He raked some coals out of the ashes, hastily set some slices of bacon to fry, cursed himself for not having brought coffee and milk and sugar and a steak and a flask of whisky and enough other articles to load a mule. He ran down into the cañon and brought water in his hat, swearing at himself all the way up that he had not brought a cup. He put his arm about her while she drank; kept his arm about her, kneeling at her side, while he gave her a little, crisp slice of bacon, held his arm there when she had finished, watching her solicitously.

"The two nicest things in the world, Bud Lee," she said, with a second attempt at the old Judith brightness, "are half burned bacon and Bud Lee!"

Then, because, though he had been slow to believe, he was not a fool, and now did believe, he kissed her. And Judith's lips met his lingeringly. Judith's two arms rose, slipped about his neck, holding him tight to her.

The faintest of flushes had come at last into her cheeks. He saw it and grew glad as he held her so that he could look into her face. But now she laid a hand against his breast,

Both [illegible] from the impact

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holding him back from her.

"That's all now," she told him, her eyes soft upon him. "Just one kiss for each slice of bacon, Mr. Lee. But—I'm so hungry!"

For a little there was nothing to do but for Judith to rest and get some of her strength back. Lee made of his coat and vest a seat for her against a rock, sat at her side, his arm about her, made her lean against him and just be happy. Not yet would he let her tell him of the horrors through which she had gone. And he saw the need of telling her nothing immediately of conditions as he had left them at the ranch. Time enough for that when she was stronger, when they were near Blue Lake.

Greene, the forester, came at last up the mountain. He noted the isolated tree, nodded at it approvingly, made a brief tour around the charred circle, extinguishing a burning brand here and there.

"What sort of a fool would want to climb way up here to start a fire, anyway?" he grumbled.

Then, unexpectedly, he came upon the happiest-looking man he had ever seen, with his arms about an amazingly pretty girl. Not just the sort of thing a lone forest ranger counts upon stumbling upon on the top of a mountain. Greene stared in bewilderment, Bud Lee turning a flaming red. Judith smiled.

"Good morning, stranger," said Lee. "Fine day, isn't it?"

Judith laughed. Greene stared some more. Lee went a trifle redder.

"If you two folks just started that fire for fun," grunted Greene finally, "why, then, all I've got to say is you've got a blamed queer idea of fun. Here I've been busting myself wide open to get to it."

Then, suddenly, her arms went about his neck.

"Haven't got a flask of brandy on you, have you?" asked Lee.

"Yes, I have. And what's more I'm going to take a shot at it right now. If nobody asks you, I need it!"

Now Lee heard for the first time something of Judith's adventure. For, recognizing the ranger in Greene, she told him swiftly why she had started the fire, of her trouble with Quinnion, of the cave where Quinnion had attacked her, of Mad Ruth. Greene's eyes lighted with interest. He swept off his hat and came forward suddenly apologetic and very human, proffering his brandy, insisting with Lee upon her taking a sip of it.

Yes, he knew Mad Ruth, he knew where her cabin was. He could find the cave from Judith's description. Also, he knew of Quinnion and would be delighted to break a record getting back to his station and to White Rock. White Rock was in the next county, but so, for that, matter was the cave. He'd get the sheriff and would lose no time cornering Quinnion if the man had not already slipped away.

"I don't know you two real well," said Greene with a quick smile at the end, "but if you don't mind, pardner," and he put out his hand to Lee, "I'd like to congratulate you! I don't know a man that's quite as lucky this morning as you are!"

"Thank you," laughed Judith. She rose and shook hands too. "We're at Blue Lake Ranch for the present. Come and see us."

"Then you're Miss Sanford?" said Greene. He laughed. "I've heard of you more than once. Greene's my name."

"Lee's mine," offered Lee.

"Bud Lee, eh? Oh, you two will do! So long, friends. I'm off to look up Quinnion."

And, swinging his ax blithely, Greene took his departure, forgetting them and Quinnion as he went, planning how, with another room added to his own little cabin, there was no adequate reason why he should not start in on his own long-delayed happiness.

"THERE *are* other things in the world besides just cliffs to stare at," said Judith. "And I would like a bath and a change of clothes and a chance to brush my hair. And the bacon doesn't taste so good as it did and I want an apple and a glass of milk."

So at last they left the mountain top and made their slow way down.

As they went Lee told her something of what had happened at the ranch, how Carson would hold off the buyers, how Tommy Burkitt was assuming charge of Pollock Hampton. And when they came near enough to Burkitt's and Hampton's hiding place, Lee fired a rifle several times to get Burkitt's attention. Finally they saw the boy, standing against the sky upon a big rock, waving to them. From Lee's shouts, from his gestures, chiefly from the fact that Judith was there, Burkitt understood and freed Hampton, the two of them coming swiftly down to Judith and Lee.

Hampton's face was hot with the anger which had grown overnight. He came on stiffly, chafing his wrists.

"These two fools," he snapped to Judith, "have made an awful mess of things. They've queered the deal with Doan, Rockwell & Haight, they've made themselves liable to prosecution for holding me against my will, they've——"

"Wait a minute, Pollock," said Judith, quietly. "It's you who have made a mistake."

(Continued on page 64)

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Smooth-Rolling Studs A Sure Non-Skid

The Staggard Studs on Republic Tires are not put on the tread for ornament.

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Briefly, she told him what had happened. As word after word of her account fell upon Hampton's ears, his eyes widened, the stiffness of his bearing fell away, the glint of anger went out of his eyes, a look of wonder came into them. And when she had finished, Hampton did not hesitate. He turned quickly and put out his two hands, one to Lee, one to Burkitt.

"I was a chump, same as usual," he grunted. "Forget it if you can. I can't."

They went on more swiftly now, the four of them together, Judith insisting that that last sip of brandy had put new life into her. In a little, seeing that Judith did in fact have herself in hand, Bud Lee, with a hidden pressure of her hand, left them, hurrying on ahead, trying to reach Carson or some of the men in Pocket Valley and to get horses.

AS HE drew nearer the ranch Lee saw smoke rising from the north ridge. Again he could turn his thoughts a little to what lay in front of him, wondering what luck Carson had had in his double task of fighting fire and holding off the buyers.

At any rate, the Blue Lake stock had not been driven off. The bawling of the big herds told him that before his eyes caught a glimpse of the countless tossing horns. Then, dropping down into Pocket Valley from above, he found his own string of horses feeding quietly. Beyond, the cattle. At first he thought that the animals had been left to their own devices. He saw no rider anywhere.

Hurrying on, he shouted loudly. After he had called repeatedly, there floated to him from somewhere down on the lower flat an answering yell. And presently Carson himself came riding to meet him.

Carson's face was smeared with blood; he had one bruised, battered, discolored eye, swelling shut; but in his uninjured eye there was a triumphant gladness.

"We got the son-o'-guns on the run, Bud," he announced from afar. "Killed their pesky fires out before they got a good start, crippled a couple of 'em, countin' Benny, the cook, in on the deal, chased their deputy sheriff off with a flea in his ear, an' set tight, holdin' our own."

"Where'd you get the eye, Carson?" demanded Lee.

Carson grinned broadly, an evil grin of a distorted, battered face.

"You want to take a good look at ol' Poker Face," he chuckled. "He won't cheat no more games of crib for a coon's age. I jus' nacherally beat him all to hell, Bud."

"Where are the rest of the men?" Lee asked.

"Watchin' the fires an' seein' no more don't get started."

Then Lee told him of Judith. Carson's eye, the good eye, opened wide with interest. Carson's bruised lips sought to form for a whistle and managed to give them the air of a maidenly pout.

"He had the nerve!" he muttered. "Trevors had the nerve! Bud, we ought to make a little call on that gent."

Then, seeing Lee's face, Carson realized that anything he might have to remark on this score was superfluous. Lee had already thought of that.

They roped a couple of the wandering horses, improvised hackamores from the rope cut in two, and went to meet Judith.

Carson snatched eagerly at her hand and squeezed it and looked inexpressible things from his one useful eye. He gave his saddled horse to her, watched her and Lee ride on to the ranch, and sent Tommy to the old cabin for another rope, while he rounded up some more horses in a narrow cañon, horses for Burkitt and Hampton.

"You damn' fool," he said, growlingly, to Hampton, "look what you've done."

"Of course I'm a damn fool," replied Hampton, by now his old cheerful self. "I've apologized to Lee and Burkitt. I apologize to you. I'll tell you confidentially that I'm a sucker and a Come-on Charlie. I haven't got the brains of a jack-rabbit."

Carson went away grumbling. But for the first time he felt a vague respect for Pollock Hampton.

"He'll be a real man some day," thought Carson, "if the fool-killer don't pick him off first."

"You may come and see me this evening," Judith told Bud Lee as he left her to Marcia's arms. "I'll be eating and sleeping and taking baths until then. Thank you for the bacon—and the water—and——"

She smiled at him from Marcia's excited embrace. Bud Lee, the blood tingling through him, left her.

"Before I come to you, Judith Girl," he whispered to himself as he went, "I'll have to have a little talk with Bayne Trevors."

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE
Tells Why Trevors Left the Country

BUD LEE, riding alone toward the Western Lumber Camp, turned in his saddle to glance back as he heard hoof-beats behind him. It was Carson, and the old cattleman was riding hard. Lee frowned. Then for an instant a smile softened his stern eyes.

"Good little old Carson," he muttered.

Carson came to his side, saying merely in his dry voice:

"Mind if I come along, Bud? You an' me have rid into one thing an' another more'n jus' once."

"This is my fight," said Lee coolly.

"Who said it wasn't?" demanded the other querulously. "Only you ain't got any call to be a hawg, Bud. Besides, I got a right to see if there's a fair break, ain't I? Say, look at them cow brutes back yonder! Don't it beat all how silage, when you use it right, shapes 'em up?"

Few enough words were said as the miles were flung behind them; few were needed. A swift glance showed Carson that Lee carried a revolver in his shirt; his own gun rode plainly in evidence in front of his hip. What little conversation rose between them was concerned with ranch matters. They spoke of success now with confidence. These two foremen alone could see the money in late winter and early spring from their cattle and horses to carry the Blue Lake venture over the rapids. Then there were the other resources of the diversified undertaking, the hogs, the prize stock, the olives, poultry, dairy products. And soon or late Western Lumber would pay the price for the timber tract, soon, if they saw that they had to pay it or lose the forests which they had so long counted upon. Lumber values were mounting every day.

Neither man, when it chanced that Bayne Trevors's name was casually mentioned, suggested: "Why not go to the law?" For to them it was very clear that, once in the courts, the man who had played safe would laugh at them. Against Judith's oath that he had kidnaped her would stand Trevors's word that he had done nothing of the kind, coupled with his carefully established perjured alibi and the lying testimony of the physician who had visited Judith in the cave. This man and that might be rounded up, Shorty and Benny and Poker Face, and if any of them talked—which perhaps none of them would—at most they would say that they had no orders from anybody but Quinnion. And where was Quinnion, who stood as a buckler between Trevors and prosecution? And what buckler in all the world can ever stand between one man and another?

Now and then Carson sent a quick questioning glance toward Lee's inscrutable face; now and then he sighed, his thoughts his own. Bud Lee, knowing his companion as he did, shrewdly guessed that Carson was hoping that events might so befall that there would be an open, free-for-all fight and that he might not be forced to play the restless part of a mere onlooker. Bud Lee hoped otherwise.

"There's two ways to get a man," said Carson, meditatively, out of a long silence. "An' both is good ways: with a gun or with your hands."

"Yes," agreed Bud quietly, looking

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briefly to Carson for what might lie under the words.

"If it works out gun way," continued Carson, still with that thoughtful, half abstracted look in his eyes, "it don't hurt to remember, Bud, that he shoots left-handed an' from the hip."

Lee merely nodded. Carson did not look up from the bobbing ears of his horse as he continued:

"If it works out the other way an' it's just fists, it don't hurt to remember how Trevors put out Blackie Webb last year in Rocky Bend. Four-footed style, strikin' with his boot square in Blackie's belly."

TREVORS'S name was not again referred to even in the vaguest terms. The road in front of them, at last dropping down into the valley in which the lumber camp was, straightened out into a lane between stumps that ran to the clutter of frame buildings.

"Something doin' at the office," offered Carson, as they drew near. "Directors' meetin', likely."

Two automobiles stood in the road ten steps from the closed door of the unpretentious shack which bore the printed legend, "Office, Western Lumber Company." The big red touring-car certainly belonged to Melvin, the company's president. Carson looked curiously at Lee.

Bud dismounted, dropped his horse's reins, shifted the revolver from his shirt to his belt, where it was at once unhidden and loosely held, ready for a quick draw. Then he went up the three steps, Carson at his heels, his gun also unhidden and ready. From within came voices, a voice in protest, Bayne Trevors's voice ringing out, filled with mastery, a laugh. Lee set his hand to the door. Then, only because it was locked from within, did he knock sharply.

"Who is it?" came the sharp inquiry. But the man who made it and who was standing by the door, threw it open.

"What do you want?" he demanded again. "We're busy."

"I want to see Trevors," said Lee coolly.

"You can't. He——"

Lee shoved the man aside and strode through the door without hearing the astonished ejaculation which followed him. Carson, close at Lee's heels, his eyes glittering, stepped a little aside when once he was within the room and took his place with his back against the wall close to the door.

It was a big, bare, barn-like room, furnished simply with one long table and half a dozen chairs. Here were five men, all bearing the stamp of the city upon them, and Bayne Trevors. All except Trevors and the man who had opened the door were seated; Trevors, at the far end of the room, was standing, an arm flung out but now slowly dropping to his side.

His eyes met Lee's, ran quickly to Carson's, came back to Lee's and rested there steadily. Beyond the slow falling of his extended arm he did not move. The muscles of his face hardened, the look of triumph which just now had stood in his eyes changed slowly—as gradually as his hand came down to his side—and in its place came an expression that was twin to that in Bud Lee's eyes, just a look of inscrutability with a hint of watchfulness under it, and the hardness of agate. While a man might have drawn a deep breath into his lungs and expelled it neither Lee nor Trevors stirred.

"What the devil is this?" demanded Melvin from across the table. "Hold-up or what?" He rapped the table resoundingly.

"Shut up!" snapped Carson. "It's just a two-man play, Melvin: Lee an' Trevors."

"Oh," said Melvin, and sank back, making no further protest. He was no stranger to Carson or to Bud Lee, and he sensed what might lie between Lee and a man like Trevors. Then, shrugging his shoulders, he said carelessly, "I'm not the man to get in other men's way, and you know it, Carson. But you might tell your friend Bud Lee that Bayne Trevors is rather a big man influentially to mix things with. I've just resigned this morning and Trevors is our new president."

"Thanks," returned Carson dryly. "I don't think that'll make much difference though, Melvin. Mos' likely you'll have two presidents resignin' the same day."

Still Lee had taken no step forward. Trevors had not moved save that now he tossed away the cigar burning in his hand. At last Lee spoke.

"Trevors," he said, quietly, "maybe the law can't get you. But I can. For reasons which both you and I understand you are going to clear out of this part of the country."

"Am I?" asked Trevors without a jeer, without a hint of bravado, without a sign of fear or hatred or any emotion whatever. The look of his eyes did not alter, the poise of his big body did not shift, his hands, both at his sides again, might have been carved in bronze.

Then suddenly he laughed and threw out his arms in a wide gesture and again dropped them, saying shortly:

"You're playing the game the way I thought you would. You've got a gun. I am unarmed—begin your shooting and be damned to you!"

He even stepped forward, his eyes fearlessly upon Lee's, and settled his big frame comfortably in a chair by the table.

"Go ahead," he concluded. "I'm ready."

"That's as it should be!" Lee's voice was lower still, for the first time vibrant. His hard eyes brightened. With a quick jerk he had drawn the revolver from his belt and dropped it to the floor at Carson's feet.

But Carson, though he stooped for it quickly, did not shift his watchful eyes from Trevors. For Carson had known more fights in his life than he had years; he knew men, and looked to Trevors for just the sort of thing Trevors did.

As Lee stepped forward, Trevors snatched open the drawer of the table at his side, quick as light, and whipped out the weapon which lay there.

"Go slow, Trevors!" came old Carson's dry voice. "I've got you covered already, two-gun style."

Trevors, even with his grip frozen to his revolver, paused, and looking across the table saw the two guns in Carson's brown hands trained unwaveringly upon him, saw the deadly determination in Carson's eyes. Again he laughed, drawing back his empty hand.

"You yellow dog!" grunted Bud Lee, his tone one of supreme disgust. "You damned yellow dog!"

Trevors shrugged.

"You see, gentlemen—two to one, and odds all theirs."

"You lie!" spat out Carson. "It's one to one an' I see the game goes square." He stepped forward, removed the weapon from the table under Trevors's now suddenly changeful eyes, and went back to his place with his back to the wall.

"For God's sake!" cried the one nervous man there, the man who had opened the door. "This is murder! It must go no further."

Melvin smiled, a smile as cheerless as the gleam of wintry starlight on a bit of glass.

"Will you fight him, Trevors?" he asked. "With your hands?"

"Yes," answered Trevors. "Yes."

"Move back the table," commanded Melvin, on his feet in an instant. "And the chairs. Get them back."

THE table was dragged to the far end of the room; the chairs were piled upon it.

"Now," and Melvin's watch was in his hand, his voice coming with metallic coldness, "it's to a finish, is it? Three-minute rounds, fair fighting, no——"

But now at last Bayne Trevors's blood was up, his slow anger had kindled, he was moving his feet restlessly.

"Damn it," he shouted, "whose fight is this but mine and Lee's? If he wants a fight, let him come and get it; a man's fight and rules and rounds and time be damned! Am I to dance around here and sidestep and fence just for you to look on? Carson!"

"Well?" said Carson.

"Lee challenges me, doesn't he? Then I'm the man to name the sort of fight, am I not? Is that fair?"

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"Meanin' jus' what?" asked Carson.

"Meaning that I am going to get him, get him any way I can! You let us fight this out our way, any way, and no interference!"

"Talk to Bud there," rejoined the old cattleman calmly. "It ain't my scrap."

"Then, Lee," snapped Trevors, "come on if you want such a fight as you'd get if you and I were alone in the mountains, with no man to watch, a fight where a man can use what weapons God gave him, any weapon he can lay his mind to, his eye to, his hand to! Or," and at last the sneer came, "do you want a pair of gloves and somebody to fan you?"

Carson shifted his glance to Bud Lee's face. Lee merely nodded.

"Then," cried Carson sternly, "go to it! No man steps in, an' you can fight it out like coyotes or mountain lions for all of me."

"Your word there will be no interference?" asked Trevors. "For you're just a fool and not a liar, Carson."

"My word," was the answer.

BAYNE TREVORS slipped out of his coat and vest, tossing them to the pile of chairs on the table. He loosened his soft collar about his throat and was ready. All of Bud Lee's simple preparations had been made when he threw his broad hat aside.

Then came the little pause which is forerunner to the first blow, when two men confront each other, measure each other, seek to read each other's purpose.

"It ought to be a pretty even break," muttered Melvin, his interest obvious, the interest of a sporting man who would travel a thousand miles to see a fight for a champion's belt. "Trevors has the weight by forty pounds; Lee has the reach by a hair; both quick footed; both hard; Lee, maybe, a little harder. Don't know. Even break. The sand will do it—sand or luck."

With ten feet between them they drew slowly together. Their hands came up, their fists showed glistening knuckles, jaws were set, feet moving cautiously. Then suddenly Bud Lee sprang in and struck.

Struck tentatively with his left hand that grazed Trevors's cheek and did no harm; struck terribly with his right hand that drove through the other man's guard and landed with the little sound of flesh on flesh on Trevors's chest. Trevors's grunt and his return blow came together; both men reeled back a half pace from the impact, both hung an instant upon an unsteady balance, both sprang forward. And as they met the second time, they battled furiously, clinging together, striking mercilessly, giving and taking with only the sound of scuffing boot-heels and soft thuds and little coughing grunts breaking the silence. Now it was Bayne Trevors who gave back a

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stubborn step, striking right and left as he did so, now it was Bud Lee who was borne backward by the sheer weight of his opponent. Already, with not ten seconds gone, there was a gash on Lee's temple from which a thin stream of blood trickled; already Trevors's mouth was bleeding.

"Under his guard, Trevors!" shouted Melvin, on the table now, his face red, his eyes shining. "Under, under!"

"Remember, Bud! Remember!" cried Carson.

For men will cry out at such times though they know that those who struggle before them fight on with deaf ears.

"That's it, that's it!" Melvin clapped his two big hands and came perilously near falling from his point of vantage as Trevors's fists drove into Lee's body and Lee went reeling back. "Give him hell! A hundred dollars on Trevors!"

"Take you!" called Carson without withdrawing his eyes from the two forms reeling up and down, back and forth across the room.

"Done!" cried Melvin. "Trevors, a hundred dollars——"

He broke off, forgetful of his own words. The two men had met again, had clung to each other in a ludicrous embrace, had broken asunder, and Lee had struck so that his fist landing fair upon Trevors's chin had hurled the bigger man back and back, stumbling, falling—

But not fallen. For his back had found the wall, he had poised a moment, then as Lee came on, rushing at him like a man gone mad, Trevors had slipped aside and had struck back, for the critical moment gaining time to breathe. He spat, wiped his bloody mouth with the back of his hand, again eluded a rushing attack by ducking and stepping to one side. And ever, when he sought to save his own body, he struck back, grunting audibly with the effort.

THEY fought everywhere, up and down, back and forth, until every foot of the floor felt their heavy boots, until each of them was fighting, fighting with all of the force that lay in him, fighting with that swelling anger which grows at leaps and bounds when two men strive body to body, when the hot breath of one mingles with the hot breath of the other, when red rage looking out of one pair of eyes sees its reflection in the other. And again and again Melvin muttered, "An even break! By God, an even break!" And over and over did Carson's heart rise in his breast as he saw Bud Lee drive Trevors, and over and over did his heart sink when he saw Lee sway and reel under the sledge-hammer blows beating at face and body.

In Bud Lee's mind there had been but the one thought: This man had laid his hands upon Judith; this man must be punished and punished by none other in God's wide world than Bud Lee. Now there was no clear thought there, just the hot desire to beat at that which beat at him, to strike down that which strove to strike him down, to master his enemy, to see the great powerful body prone at his feet. Now he was fighting for that simplest, most potent reason in the world, just because he was fighting. And, though he knew that he had found a man as quick and hard and strong as himself, still he told himself that he must fight a winning fight—there was some good reason why he must fight a winning fight.

HIS whole body was bruised, battered, sore. A glancing blow now shot him through with pain. Trevors knew how to put his weight behind his blows too, and his weight was well over two hundred pounds. It was like being hammered with a two-hundred-pound sledge.

Give and take it was from the first blow, with none of the finesse of a boxers' match, with less thought of escaping punishment than of inflicting it. More than once had Bud Lee felt that he was falling only to catch his balance and come back at Trevors; more than once had Trevors gone reeling backward, smashing into the wall. Many a time did Melvin count his money won and lost. And Carson, crouching now, tense, eager, a little fearful, muttered to himself.

"They've both got the sand!" grunted Melvin. "Which one draws the luck?"

But luck stood by and did not enter into the battle that grew ever hotter as Bud Lee's and Trevors's gorge rose higher at every blow. It was to be simply the best man wins, and none of the six men who watched knew from the beginning until the end who the best man was. What tricks Trevors knew, he used, and they were met by what cunning lay in Bud Lee; what strength, what resistance, what power to endure was in each panting body was called upon to the last reserve.

Already the spring had gone out of their steps, they came at each other for the most part more slowly, more cautiously, but more determined not to give over. Faces glistening with sweat, grimy with the dust their pounding feet beat up from the floor, the roots of Lee's hair red where with a bloody hand he had pushed it back, Trevors's lips swollen and ugly, they fought on until the men who looked at them wondered just where lay the limits upon which each depended.

"Lee's tough," Carson whispered to himself. "Ridin' every day an' workin' . . . Trevors has been settin' in a chair. Bud'll wear him out. . . . My God! Bud, look out! Foot work."

Yes, foot work, but not as Carson

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expected it, not the thing Bud Lee looked for when he sensed rather than read in Trevors's eyes that a fresh trick was coming. He was ready for a lifted boot, and, instead, Trevors, rushing down upon him, had thrown grappling arms about him, heedless of the fist smashing again into his cut lips. Trevors had doubled and twisted and got a grip about Lee's middle, was heaving at him, seeking to throw him. And then, as sudden about it as a flash of lightning, Trevors had thrown himself to one side, dragging at him, the two men had gone down; Trevors had seen the chance he sought and mightily, brutally, cursing as he jumped up for it, he drove the heel of his boot crushing down upon Lee's hand upon the floor.

From Lee's white lips burst an involuntary groan as it seemed to him that every bone in his hand had been crushed, from Carson a choking cry of rage, from Trevors a short laugh as he called out sharply:

"Hands off, Carson! Our fight—any way——"

Again they were on their feet, Trevors a second first, again rushing Lee, seeking to finish what he had begun. And Bud Lee, his face white and drawn, looking ghastly with the blood smears across it, moving swiftly but not swiftly enough, went down, Trevors's weight against him, Trevors's fist beating into his side just below the shoulder.

"Five hundred on Trevors!" shouted Melvin, rather through force of habit than because he expected a taker. Carson did not hear him.

"At him, Bud, go at it!" he was crying over and over. "That's the las' dirty trick he's got. Get him, Buddie. Oh, for Gawd's sake, Buddie, go get him!"

Trevors was upon him again, but Lee had slipped aside, had even rolled over, was on his feet. Again Trevors bore down upon him, a new leaping fire in his eyes. Again, though barely in time, Bud Lee slipped away from him. He drew Trevors's harsh laugh after him and Trevors's questing, eager fists. Lee put up his arm, his right arm, guarding his face, and drew away, back and back. Carson was almost whimpering, calling whiningly:

"Stand up to him, Bud! Oh, go get him, Buddie!"

Still up and down the room they went, Trevors rushing at Lee, Lee taking what blows he must, striking out but little, seeking now only to pull himself together, to get his head clear of daze and dizziness. Stepping backward, he again got the wall at his shoulders, slipped to one side, strove only to get the empty room behind him, succeeded and let Trevors drive him, drive until again his back was to a wall.

"Run away, will you?" panted Trevors. "I've got you, now you Got you right."

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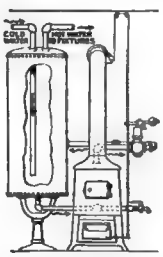

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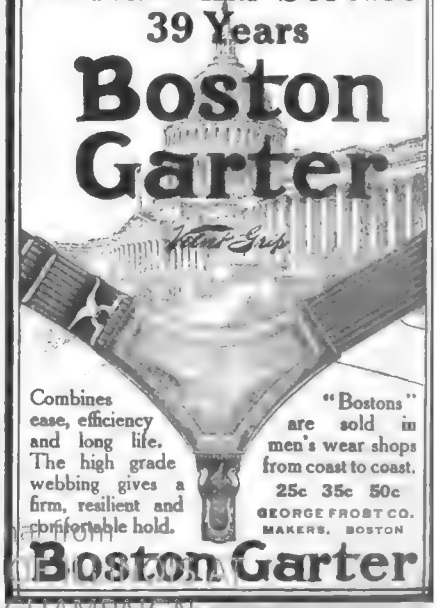

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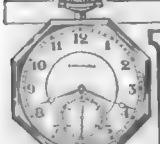

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Lee didn't answer. He was thinking dully that Bayne Trevors was near telling the truth, that Bud Lee was almost beaten—almost. That was as far as a gentleman ever went—just to that desperate "almost beaten." Not quite. No! not quite. Never that.

BOTH men were nearly spent; Carson saw that while he cursed softly in his corner; Melvin saw it and watched for the end, wondering just how it would come. Trevors should swing for the point of the jaw, put all that was in him into a final, smashing blow, beat through an insufficient guard, do it now, quickly. For both Carson and Melvin saw another thing, a thing which both had sensed at the outset: Bud Lee was harder than Bayne Trevors. Lee, slipping away at every step was getting something back which had nearly gone from him; Trevors was breathing in noisy jerks; save for the vital fact that he now had two hands to Bud Lee's one, Trevors was showing more signs of weariness than Lee.

"Bud'll get him—somehow," whispered Carson. "Good ol' Bud. Somehow."

What Carson and Melvin sensed Trevors knew. He saw that Lee was having less trouble in eluding him now, that Lee's feet were quicker, lighter than his, that Lee was beginning to strike back viciously at him, and when the blow landed, Trevors's big body rocked, shot through with pain. There came to him the thought which was Melvin's, but it came in Trevors's way: Now, quickly, before Lee was ready for it, must come the end. So, for the third time that day Bayne Trevors, with much at stake, resorted to "what weapons God gave him, what weapons he could lay his mind to, his eyes to, his hands to—his feet to." Resorting to the old trick which came up from South American ports in disreputable windjammers, which is known to the San Francisco waterfront, he raised a heavy boot, striking for Lee's stomach, seeking with one low, horrible blow to double up his already handicapped antagonist in writhing pain on the floor.

"An' I gave my word!" bellowed Carson, the sweat on his own tortured brow. "Oh, my Gawd."

But just that one brief instant pregnant with fate did Bayne Trevors lift his foot too late. For Bud Lee had expected this, never had forgotten it, had prayed within his soul that the man he fought would use it. Just by that fraction of time which has no name was he quicker than Trevors, and he knew it. Now, as he read the sinister purpose in Trevors's glaring eyes, as he glimpsed the raised boot as it left the floor, he lowered his own head, averted it ever so little, stooped—and his hand closed like locked iron about the calf of Trevors's leg. A stifled cry from the bulkier man, a little grunt of effort from Lee, Lee straining, heaving mightily, and Trevors went back, toppled, fought for his slipping balance and fell. As he went down Lee was upon him.

Lee's arm about his neck, Lee's weight flung upon him, Lee holding his body prone between a powerful pair of knees which rode him as they rode daily some struggling Blue Lake colt.

Now Bud's left arm, defying the agony of a broken hand, was around him, Lee's legs were about the frantically fighting body, and at last Lee's right hand went its sure way to the thick, bared, pulsing throat. Trevors's right arm was caught at his side, held there by the body upon his. His left hand beat at Lee's face, struck and battered again only to come back like a steam-driven piston to hammer again. But Bud Lee's pain-racked body clung on, his thumb and fingers sank and sank deeper into the corded muscles of the heaving throat, crooked like talons, white and hard and relentless.

Trevors's eyes were terrible, filled with hatred, red-flecked with rage. He sought, with a great sudden heave, to roll over. But he could not shake off the legs which were like stubborn tentacles wrapped about him, could not free his throat of the tensing clutch. He tore at the wrist, smote again at Lee's head, set his own hand to Lee's throat. But in an instant his hand was back at the hand worrying him, but he was unable to drag it away.

HIS face went white, flamed red, grew purplish. His eyes were bulging up at Lee's, his deep chest contracted spasmodically. Lee, summoning all of the force within him, drove thumb and fingers deeper.

"Got enough?" he panted.

For the last time Trevors strained with him and they rolled like death-locked mountain lions. But still Lee's left arm was about Trevors's neck, his legs about the tossing body, his hand at Trevors's throat. Trevors's breath caught, failed him.

Then and then only did a new look come into the bulging eyes. A look of more than fear, of utter, desperate terror. Trevors threw up his hand weakly, then let it fall so that it struck the floor heavily, a dead weight.

Lee's grip at the strangling throat relaxed. But he did not move his hand.

"Got enough?" he panted again.

The answer came brokenly, weakly, almost inarticulate. But then it did come and the men drawn close heard it:

"Yes."

"Sand did it!" grunted Melvin.

"Just sand," Carson.

"You'll get out of the country?"

"Yes."

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Bud Lee drew back and rose, going to the door swiftly, stooping for his hat, passing out. And as Bayne Trevors got unsteadily to his feet and sank slumping into the chair offered him, two big tears formed in his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. The first tears in many a year, the tears of a strong man broken for the first time in his life.

"I'll stick aroun' an' see he moves on, Bud," Carson followed Lee to say. "Oh, he'll go. But I'll jus' tell him how the boys is headed this way by now an' it's tar an' feathers for him if he don't mosey right along. That's somethin' he couldn't stand right now. An', Bud——"

He put out his hand and locked Lee's in a grip that made the sore fingers wince. Then, swinging upon the heel of his boot, he went back to collect a hundred dollars from Melvin and help Bayne Trevors shape his plans.

But Bud Lee did not wait. He was on his horse, swaying a little, an arm caught in a rude sling, glad to be out in the late sunlight.

"Fog along, little horse," he was saying dully. "Fog right along. She's waiting, little horse. Judith is waiting! Think of that. That's right—fog right along."

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

Bud Lee—General Manager

AT THE old cabin above the lake Bud Lee dismounted. His hand in its rude sling was paining him terribly, demanding some sort of first-aid treatment. To-morrow he could take it to a doctor; perhaps in an hour or so he could get Tripp to look to it; just now he must do what he could for it himself with hot water and strips torn from an old shirt.

The hand treated first, it was slow, tedious business seeking to remove the traces of his recent encounter with Trevors; and, though he could wash his face and manage a change of clothes, there was nothing dapper about the result. But at length, shaking his head at the bruised face looking out at him from his bit of mirror, he went out to his horse and rode down the trail that led to the ranch headquarters. Judith was waiting for him—that was vastly more important than the fact that he had a crippled hand and a cut or so upon his face.

Night had descended, serene with stars. He wondered if the boys were back yet from the lumber camp. He had met them, as Carson had predicted he would, riding in a close-packed, silent, ominous body. He felt assured that they would find no work for them to do at the company's office, that Carson was right and Trevors would "be on his way." But he stopped at the bunk-house.

No, the boys hadn't come in yet. But there was a message for Lee, just received by the cook. It was from Greene, the forester, brief and to the point.

Greene had lost no time in finding the sheriff of the adjoining county at White Rock and in going with him to the cave. They had found Quinnion. He was dead, the manner of his death clearly indicated. For he lay at the foot of the cliffs straight below the cave's mouth, his face terribly torn and scratched by a mad woman's nails, the mad woman herself lying huddled and still close beside him. He had allowed the escape of her captive; she had accused him after the two of them had gone back to the cavern, had thrown herself upon him, tearing at his face, and the two had fallen. Mother and son? Lee shuddered, hoping within his heart that Judith had been mistaken. It was too horrible.

But, such is youth, such is love, Bud Lee promptly forgot both Chris Quinnion and Mad Ruth as he went through the lilacs to the house. He remembered how Marcia had flown once to Pollock Hampton when he had made a hero of himself, how again just to-day she had gone swiftly to him because he had made a fool of himself and because it seemed she loved him.

In due time there was going to be a wedding at Blue Lake Ranch. A wedding! Just one? Lee hurried on.

Yes, Judith was waiting for him. She was there in the living-room, curled up on a great couch, lifting her eyes expectantly as his step sounded on the veranda. A wonderfully gowned, transcendently lovely Judith, a Judith of bare white arms, round and warm and rich in their tender curves; a Judith softly, alluringly feminine even in the eyes of Bud Lee, no longer theorist; a Judith whose filmy gown clung lingeringly to her like a sun-shot mist, a Judith whose tender mouth was a red flower, whose eyes were Aphrodite's own, glorious dawn-gray, soft with the light shining in them, the unhidden light of love for the man who came toward her swiftly, the Judith he had first held in his arms and kissed.

He came in quickly, his heart singing. The color suddenly ran up hot and vivid in the girl's cheeks. Standing over her he put out his hand. But she slipped her own behind her.

"Good evening, Mr. Lee," said Judith brightly. "Really, you have taken your time in making your first call. Won't you sit down?"

"No," said Bud Lee gravely. "I'll take mine standing, please!"

"Like a man to be shot at dawn?" cried Judith. "Dear me, Mr. Lee, that sounds so tragic. What, pray, are you taking?"

"A new job," said Lee. "I've come to tell you that just being horse foreman doesn't suit me any longer. What you need and need right away is a general manager. That's what I want to be, *your* general manager, Judith. For life!"

Judith laughed softly, happily. She gave him her two hands and he drew her up to him. Her hands had flown out to him like two little homing birds, and she followed them—home.

"You'll find your work cut out for you, Mr. Lee," she told him.

"It's the kind of work I want," answered Bud Lee.

Then suddenly her arms went about his neck and tears sprang into her eyes and she set her lips to the cut he had sought to cover with his hair, and took his sore, swathed hand tenderly into her own two hands, laying it against her cheeks.

"Carson telephoned me," she whispered, her lips trembling all of a sudden. "He told me how Trevors fought . . . and how you fought! And he was half crying over the telephone, he was so proud of you. And I am proud of you! And—oh, Bud Lee, Bud Lee, I love you so!"

FROM without came the sound of the Blue Lake boys returning, Carson at their head. Riding close together they were singing, their voices floating through the night in an old cowboy song. Mrs. Simpson heard and ran out into the courtyard to listen. Marcia and Pollock Hampton, lost to all save each other in the shadows far down the veranda, heard, and Marcia clapped her hands. The voices were heard from afar, the strong voices of a score of men. The strange thing is that neither Judith nor Bud Lee heard; that neither had the vaguest consciousness just then that there were in all the world any other mortals than—Judith and Bud Lee.

THE END.

THE DUCHESS OF SIONA

A new serial, by an English writer of power and promise new to the American public—Ernest Goodwin—will begin in the June EVERYBODY'S

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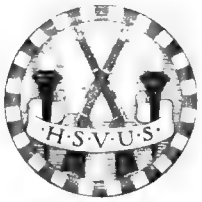
H. S. V. U. S.

FOR BETTER  CITIZENSHIP

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It is now an actual working organization of thirty thousand high-school boys and girls—five per cent. of the enrolment of the high schools of the country.

They have paid a membership fee. They have subscribed to the constitution of the organization. Their names are on file in the offices of EVERYBODY'S. Each of them wears the H. S. V. U. S. button. Each has his membership certificate.

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They comprise one hundred high schools, in fifty cities. They are organized in twenty-five regiments, twelve companies to a regiment, one hundred boys to a company, besides the girl sponsors. The regiments divide the country into districts, each of which is a complete H. S. V. U. S. unit, for interschool, interdistrict and national competitions, reviews and camps.

A text-book of the system, by Major Steever, has been published. The system has been approved by the United States Commissioner of Education. It is indorsed by Governor Whitman, by Secretary Franklin K. Lane. It was first presented to the public by George Creel, who is chairman of the Government's Committee on Public Information. It is indorsed by the War Department and by Secretary Baker, who is the honorary president of the organization.

THIS is what the Volunteers have after two years. There has been no expensive propaganda, no paid officers, no salaried workers of any kind. The whole thing has paid for itself. Despite the handicap of war, the inability of the Government to aid the schools now, each month brings new schools, new members.

It has become a permanent national organization. H. S. V. U. S. has become a trade-mark—a slogan.

It can easily become a national institution, doing for the high-school boy and girl what the Boy Scouts and the Camp-Fire Girls do for the younger boys and girls, what the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., and similar organizations do for the older boys and girls. It has a distinct place, a real function, undreamed-of possibilities.

WHAT it becomes depends wholly upon the Volunteers, each regiment, each company, each corps, each boy and girl.

They must take real control of it. They must make it *theirs* in fact.

Every cadet corps must have its secretary, its representative. It must send regular reports to headquarters. It must correspond with the other corps and companies and regiments of its district, and arrange interschool competitions. It must send representatives to the National Competitive Reviews, and to the H. S. V. U. S. training-camps.

It must feel it its duty to send to headquarters suggestions and criticisms for the improvement of the work. It must take active part in the election of the officers of the organization.

Every Volunteer must show incessant initiative, incessant cooperation. The organization is theirs—theirs to make what they will: a national force, or a mere name.

When this appears, Major Steever's and Major Frink's Manual of the High-School Volunteer System of Training, published by the J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia, will be ready for distribution. It is the result of long, careful work, many times interrupted and revised, and it finally puts in complete form, for instructor and student, the result of seven years' trial of the H. S. V. U. S. idea in high schools throughout the country.

Its publication is of the greatest importance to the schools that have already taken up the system, and to the hundreds of others that are looking for a plan of direct, democratic training for citizenship in the widest sense.

Its publication marks a turning-point in the growth of the organization. It puts to us the pointed question: Are we ready to build upon the foundation laid in the past two years?

With the "Official Handbook" of the High-School Volunteers in our hands, we must be prepared to work together as a unit henceforth to realize the possibilities that are before us.

The "Handbook" puts before every Volunteer a definite, uniform, national plan of activities. It gives every Volunteer a program. It unites us on a concrete platform. It gives us a purpose. What that purpose, that program is, what it expects of us, is conveyed in this foreword to the book:

"THIS little book appears in an hour when the men and women of a full score of nations are laying down their lives and fortunes that the world may give its answer to militarism.

"The final answer, however, is not spoken in the thundering guns of the battlefield; it comes from the lips of fathers and mothers and out of the molding touch of teachers, in the homes and schoolhouses and villages that dot our land, where Americans of the future are made.

"The final answer to militarism is better citizenship—a higher sense of responsibility, not only to our own country, but to the world. That can be built up only on the solid foundations of a higher sense of responsibility to ourselves, our community, our state, our nation, and only out of that raw material which is the youth of a nation—made healthy of body, clean and clear of mind, lovers of truth and justice, quick, willing and able to work with others for the betterment of life.

"In the High-School Volunteer idea, the outcome of seven years' work with Young America, you have the simplest, most direct and effective plan yet devised for laying the foundations of a better citizenship. Utilizing the apparatus afforded by the high-school system, with its students in the most impressionable age of youth; utilizing the play and game instincts of that youth in combination with certain features of military discipline, and adding the stimulus of interschool competitions and national organization, the plan affords an educational medium for teaching citizenship directly, and brings the work of each high school out into the arena of national effort.

"Two years ago this direct teaching of citizenship was called Wyoming's Answer to Militarism. The light of these burning days has revealed it as the world's answer to militarism. For American fathers and mothers and teachers and leaders this book and the effort which it represents should be a reassuring shaft of light in the dark hour of the present struggle."

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TAM O' THE SCOOTS

(*Continued from page 57*)

out a letter. It bore the same address as that which had been written on the label.

Slowly she tore off the end of the envelop.

There was a single sheet of paper written in a boyish hand. Without any preliminary it ran:

"A sairgeant-pilot, feelin' sair,
A spitefu' thing may do,
An' so I come to you once mair
That I may say—an' true—
As you looked doon on me ane day,
Now I look doon on you!

"You, fra your height of pride an' clan
Heard your high spirit ca',
An' so you scorned the common man—
I saw yeer sweet face fa';
But, losh! Im just that mighty high
I can't see you at a'l"

It was signed "T." and the girl's eyes danced with joy. She shaded her eyes and looked up. The tiny airplane was turning and she waved her handkerchief frantically.

"A friend of yours?" asked the superintendent with ominous politeness.

"Ye-es—it's Tam, Mrs. Crane—I ran into him—he ran into me yesterday——"

"Tam?" even the severe superintendent was interested, "that remarkable man—I should like to see him. Everybody is talking about him just now. Was it a private letter or an official message from the aerodrome?"

"It was private," said the girl, very pink and a note of defiance in her voice, and the superintendent very wisely dropped the subject.

"I really don't know how to send him an appropriate answer," said Vera to her confidante and room-mate that evening. "I can't write poetry and I can't fly."

"I shouldn't answer it," said her sensible friend briskly. "After all, my dear, you don't want to start a flirtation with a sergeant—I mean, it's hardly the thing, is it?"

The little pajama'd figure sitting on the edge of the bed favored her friend with a cold stare.

"I certainly am not thinking of a flirtation," she said icily, "but if I were, I should as certainly be unaffected by the rank of my victim. In America we aren't quite so strong for pedigrees and families as you English people——"

"Irish," said the other gently.

Vera laughed as she curled up in the bed and drew her sheet up to her chin.

"It's queer how people hate being called English—even Tam——"

"Look here, Vera," said her companion hotly, "just leave that young man alone. And please get all those silly, romantic ideas out of your head."

A silence—then,

"I'm going to write to him, to-morrow," said a sleepy voice, and the rapid fire of her friend's protest was answered with a well-simulated snore.

Tam received the letter by messenger.

"Dear Mr. Tam (it ran):

"I know that is your Christian name, but I really do not know your other, so will you please excuse me? I am going into Amiens next Friday and if you have quite forgiven me, will you please meet me for lunch at the Café St. Pierre? And thank you so much for your very clever verse."

" 'Vera Laramore,' " repeated Tam. "A've no doot she's Scottish."

He trod air that week, literally and figuratively, for the work was heavy. The high winds which had kept the British squadrons to the ground, petered out to gentle breezes, and the air was alive with craft. Bombing raid, photographic reconnaissance and long-distance scouting kept the airmen busy. New squadrons appeared which had never been seen before on this front. The Franco-American unit came up from X, and did some very audible fraternizing with what was locally known as "Blackie's lot," a circumstance which ordinarily would have caused Tam's heart to rejoice.

But Tam was keeping clear of the mess-room just now, and he either sent an orderly with his messages or waited religiously on the mat. As for the officers, he avoided them unless (as was often the case) they sought him out.

Brandspeth brought one of the new men over to his bunk the night the American contingent arrived.

"I want you to meet an American officer, Tam," he yelled. "Don't be an ass—open the door."

He was on one side of the locked door and Tam was on the other.

Tam turned the key reluctantly and admitted the visitors.

"A'm no' wishin' to be unceevil, Mr. Brandspeth, but Captain Blackie will strafe ye if he finds ye here."

"Rubbish! I want you to meet Mr. Laramore."

Tam looked at the keen-faced young athlete and slowly extended his hand.

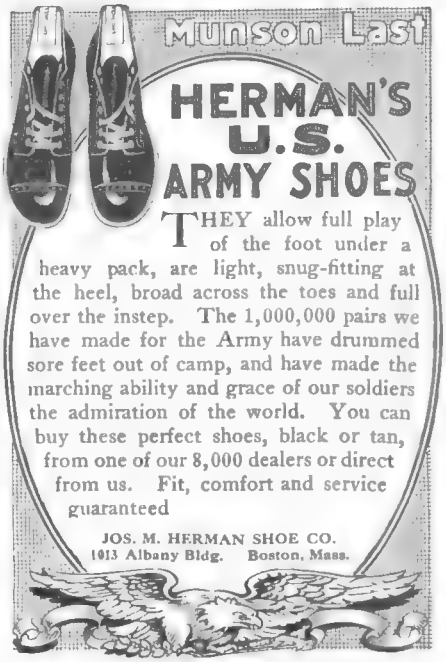
"I think you know my sister," said the smiling youth, "and certainly we all know you."

He gave the pilot a grip which would have crushed a hand of ordinary muscularity.

"A've run up against the young lady in ma travels," said Tam solemnly.

Laramore laughed. "I saw her for a moment to-day and she asked me to remind you of your appointment."

"An appointment—with a lady? Oh,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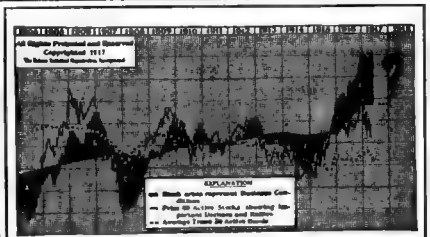

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Tam!" said the shocked Brandspeth, producing from his overcoat pocket a siphon of soda, a large flask of amber-brown liquid and a bundle of cigars, and setting them upon the table. "Really, Tam is always making the strangest acquaintances."

"He never met anybody stranger than Vera—or better," said Laramore, with a little laugh. "Vera, I suppose, is worth a million dollars. She is a citizen of a neutral country. She can have the bulliest time any girl could desire, and yet she elects to come to France, drive a car over abominable roads which are more often than not under shell-fire, and sleep in a leaky old shack for forty cents a day."

Brandspeth was filling the glasses.

"You're a neutral, too—say when—I suppose you're not exactly a pauper and yet you risk breaking your neck for ten francs per. Help yourself to a cigar, Tam—I said *a* cigar."

"Try one o' mine, sir," said Tam coolly, and produced a box of Perfectos from under his bed; "ye may take one apiece and it's fair to tell ye A've coonted them."

They spent a moderate but joyous evening, but Tam, standing in the doorway of his "bunk," watched the figures of his guests receding into the darkness with a sense of depression. He had no social ambitions, he had no desire to be anything other than the man he was. If he looked forward to his return to civil life at the war's end, he did so with equanimity, though that return meant a life in soiled overalls amid the hum and clang of a factory shop.

He had none of that divine discontent which is half the equipment of Scottish youth. Rather did he possess ambition's surest antidote in a mild and kindly cynicism which stripped endeavor of its illusions.

It was on the Wednesday night after he had written a polite little note to the One Hundred and Thirty-first General Hospital accepting the invitation to lunch and had received one of Blackie's tentative permits to take a day's leave (Tam called them "D. V. Passes") that the blow fell.

"Angus," said Tam to his batman, "while A'm bravin' the terrors of the foorth dimension in the morn——"

"Is that the new scoutin' machine, sergeant?" demanded the interested batman.

"The foorth dimension, ma puir frien', is a tairm applied by philosophers of the Royal Flyin' Corps to the space between France an' heaven."

"Oh, you mean the hair!" said the disappointed servant.

"A mean the hair," replied Tam gravely, "not the hair that stands up when yeer petrol tank goes dry nor the hare yeer poachin' ancestors stole from the laird of the manor, but the hair ye breathe when ye're no' smokin'. An' while A'm away in the morn A want ye to go to Mr. Brandspeth's servant an' get ma new tunic. A'm goin' to a pairty at Amiens on Friday, an' A'm no' anxious to be walkin' doon the palm court of the Café St. Pierre in ma auld tunic."

"Anyway," said the batman, busily brushing that same "auld" tunic, "you wouldn't be walkin' into the Café St. Pierre."

"And why not?"

"Because," said the batman triumphantly, "that's one of the cafés reserved for officers only."

There was a silence, then: "Are ye sure o' that, Angus?"

"Sure, sergeant—I was in Amiens for three months."

Tam said nothing and presently began whistling softly.

He walked to his book-shelf, took down a thin, paper-covered volume and sank back on the bed.

"That will do, Angus," he said presently; "ca' me at five."

The barriers were up all round—they had been erected in the course of a short week. They penned him to his class, confined him to certain narrow roads from whence he might see all that was desirable but forbidden.

HE WAS so silent the next morning, when he joined the big squadron that was assembling on the flying field, that Blackie did not know he was there.

"Where's Tam? Oh, here you are. You know your position in the formation? Right point to cover the right of the American bombing squad. Mr. Sutton before you and Mr. Benson behind. You will get turning signals from me. Altitude twelve thousand—that will be two thousand feet above the bombers—no need to tell you anything. The objective is Bapaume and Achiet junctions——"

Tam answered shortly and climbed into his fuselage.

The squadron went up in twos, the fighting machines first, the heavier bombing airplanes last. For twenty minutes they maneuvered for position, and presently the leader's machine spluttered little balls of colored lights and the squadron moved eastward—a great diamond-shaped flock, filling the air and the earth with a tremulous roar of sound.

They reached their objectives without effective opposition. First, the junction to the north of Bapaume, then the web of sidings at Achiet smoked and flamed under the heavy bombardment. Quick splashes of light where the bombs exploded, great columns of gray smoke mushrooming up to the sky, then feeble licks of flame growing in intensity of brightness where the incendiary bombs, taking hold of stores and equipments, advertised the success of the raid.

The squadron swung for home.

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Tam with one eye for his leader and one for the possible dangers on his flank, was a mere automaton. There was no opportunity for displaying initiative—he was a cog in the wheel.

Suddenly a new signal glowed from the leading machine and Tam threw a quick glance left and right and began to climb. The other fighters were rising steeply, though not at such an angle, that they could not see their leader, who was a little higher than they. Another signal and they flattened, and Tam saw all that he had guessed.

"Ma guidness!" said Tam, "the sky's stiff wi' busses!"

There must have been forty enemy machines between the squadron and home. So far as Tam could see there were eight separate formations and they were converging from three points of the compass.

The safety of the squadron depended upon the individual genius of the fighters. Tam swerved to the right and dipped to the attack, his machine guns spraying his nearest opponent. Sutton, ahead of him, was already engaged, and he guessed that Benson, in his rear, had his hands full.

Tam's nearest opponent went down sideways, his second funked the encounter and careered wildly away to his left and immediately lost position to attack, for when two forces are approaching one another at eighty miles an hour, failure to seize the psychological moment for striking your blow leaves you in one minute exactly three miles to the rear of your opponent. The first shock was over in exactly thirty-five seconds, and beneath the spot where the squadron had passed seven machines were diving or circling earthward, the majority of these in flames.

The second shock came three minutes later and again the squadron triumphed.

Then Tam, looking down, saw one of the bombing machines turn out of the line, and at the same time Blackie signaled, "Cover stragglers."

The squadron was now well behind the British lines, but they were south of the aerodrome, having changed direction to meet the attacks. Tam with a little leap of heart recognized in the distance a familiar triangular field of unsullied snow, searched for and found the rectangular block of tiny huts which formed No. 131 General Hospital and turned out of the line with a wild sense of exhilaration.

"She'll no' see me eat," he said, "but she shall see a graund ficht."

The bomber was swerving and dipping like a helpless wild duck seeking to shake off the three hawks that were now hovering over her.

"Let you be Laramore's machine, O Lord!" prayed Tam, and he prayed with the assurance that his prayer was already answered.

He came at the leading German and for a second the two machines streamed nickel at one another. Tam felt the wind of the bullets and knew his machine was struck. Then his enemy crumpled and fell. He did not wait to investigate. The bomber was firing up at his nearest opponent when Tam took the third in enfilade and saw the pilot's head disappear behind the protective armoring.

He swung round and saw the bombing machine diving straight for the earth with the German scout on his tail. Tam followed in a dizzy drop. Three thousand feet from earth the bombing machine turned a complete somersault and Tam's heart leaped into his mouth.

He banked over to follow the pursuing German, and in the brief space of time which intervened before his enemy could adjust his direction to cover pilot and gunner, Tam had both in line. His two guns trembled and flamed for four seconds and then the German dropped straight for earth and crashed in a flurry of smoke and flying débris.

Tam looked backward. The bomber had pancaked and was drifting to a landing; the squadron was out of sight. Tam glided to the broad field before the hospital.

"I knew it was you—I knew it was you!"

He looked down from the fusillage at the bright upturned face.

"Oh, aye, it was me," he admitted, "an' A'm michty glad ye was lookin', for A was throwin' stunts for ye."

He was on the ground now, loosening the collar of his leather jacket. He stepped clear of the obstructing planes of his machine and looked anxiously toward the gentle slopes of the ridge on which the bomber had landed.

"Thank the guid Lord," he said and sighed his relief.

He was making a careful inspection of his own machine preparatory to returning to the aerodrome when the girl came running across the field to say good-by.

"I can't tell you just how I feel—how grateful I am. My brother says you saved his life. He was in that other machine, you know."

"A knew it," said Tam. "'Twas a graund adventure, like you read aboot in books—'twas ma low, theatrical mind that wanted it so. Good-by, young lady."

"Till to-morrow—don't forget you're lunching with me at the Café St. Pierre."

Tam smiled gravely. "A'm afraid ye'll have to postpone that lunch," he said, "till——"

"Till to-morrow," she interrupted firmly, and Tam flew back to the aerodrome without explaining.

He was feeling the reaction of the morning's thrill, and when he landed he had no answer to make to the congratulations which were poured upon him.

He made his way to his hut. His batman was cleaning a pair of boots and stood stiffly as Tam entered.

"That'll do, Angus, ye may go," he said, and then saw the folded coat upon his bed. "Ah, ye got it back, did ye—well, A'll no' be needin' it."

He picked up the coat and frowned.

"This is no' mine, Angus."

"Your tunic is in the box, sir—this is the one the officers had made for you. They wanted your other tunic for the measurements."

Tam looked at the man.

"Yon's an officer's tunic, Angus," he said; "an' why do ye say 'sir' to me?"

Angus beamed and saluted with a flourish.

"It's in General Orders this morning, sir—you've got a commission, an' Mr. Brandspeth says that the mess will be expectin' you to lunch at one-thirty."

Tam sat down on the bed, biting his lip.

"Get oot, Angus," he said huskily, "an'—stay you! Ye'll find a seegair in the box under the bed—an', Angus, A'm lunchin' oot to-morrow."

APRIL'S ISLE

By Mary Stewart Cutting

THROUGH the small leaves the warm wind's blowing,
Straight, straight into my heart!
All the fond memories of Life's sowing
Into new flowering start.

Gone the dark days of sorrow's giving!
Here, within April's Isle,
I know my dearest dead are living,
So near they seem the while.

And Love, once more a lightsome sprinter,
Runs up the blossoming way.
Oh, free, free of my years long winter,
I am Youth's age to-day!

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HEROES *and* RUNAWAYS

(*Continued from page 40*)

in that trench came. It was a triumph of organized distribution. As the men read further they learned how these fictitious disturbances had been suppressed:

"Because Italian troops refused to fire upon their brothers, regiments were hurried in from France. British and French have been sabering Italian women and children and riding down the men in the streets."

Italy has a long memory and there have been many Continental wars. If these peasant soldiers had had even a smattering of education they would have recognized the falsity of such stories, but Italy has never wasted money on the schooling of what we Americans call "the masses." If they had been told why they were fighting —if the German designs had been made clear to them, and the German treatment of women and children explained to them—if they had known what this war is all about they would never have been fooled by such fakes.

But they did not know. They were just unschooled, ignorant, homesick little peasant soldiers.

Later on it was said these bundles of papers had been dropped from Austrian aeroplanes inside the Italian lines. I take leave to doubt that. All the indications point to a distribution back of the lines by the agents of a comprehensive organization of traitors. Bear in mind that for a month or more negotiations had been going on for a stop-the-war movement by the soldiers themselves, by which on a certain day each should leave his dug-out and hammer his sword into a plowshare. These forged newspapers made it certain this Soviet-like scheme should succeed.

Treachery and Panic

"TOMORROW at dawn," said the Italians in No Man's Land one night, "we shall all go home."

"It is understood," said the Austrians.

Even yet the Italians can not believe that the Austrians wilfully deceived them. But during that night the Austrian regiments which fronted the Italians were quietly withdrawn and Germans filed into their empty trenches. When it was light enough to see next morning the Italians were wandering about, guns thrown to one side, fires burning in the open, when the German mass advanced. The charge was a confident one. Later on orders were found on some of the dead or captured Germans:

"No opposition need be feared at such-and-such points. Go forward as rapidly as possible and take all key positions."

It must not be understood that this happened on the entire front of the Second Army. Here and there the Italians resisted well, but as a general rule their key positions gave way without real defense. The Second Army was taken almost as a whole. Its failure forced the First and Third Armies to fall back at top speed, for otherwise they had been outflanked. In such a case a retreat soon becomes a rout.

There is no need to trace the hysteric movements of the flight which followed. Soldiers and civilians alike staggered along the roads and blundered through the fields under a rain "that came down like iron rods," as one man said. Soldiers were in open mutiny. I know one officer who congratulates himself that he was on leave at the time, "for my men shot all other officers of the company and would certainly have killed me." Officers drove wounded men out of railway carriages. Civilians were robbed and violated.

The Italian soldiers themselves sacked Udine. For weeks after the retreat the pillars of the quaint little towns in this part of Italy were plastered with posters announcing the names and rank of men who had been shot by court martial for various crimes of violence. It was a frenzied, orderless, gasping, murderous mob that pushed its way to safety, with the Austrian guns hammering upon it every hour. Gun-drivers cut the traces of their horses and galloped yelling through the throngs that filled the streets.

Yet there were instances of magnificent heroism, as if to point the way to the men who were to turn and fight so well a few days later. One defile through which the passage of troops might have been prevented by a pair of high-school girls and a machine-gun was not defended. A regiment of Bersaglieri fought its way out through the next defile, hopelessly cut off from contact, Austrians firing down upon them from the hills. "Peppino" Garibaldi and his regiment held a pass without artillery support. Time after time the Austrians shelled it until it did not seem possible a man could be left alive. Then they marched on the pass and the Garibaldians cheerfully drove them back with the bayonet.

General Diaz took command. Perhaps nine-tenths of the stories told of him are untrue and the other tenth can not be investigated at this time. But he handled the situation in a soldier-like way. His retreating army was whirled upon its heel and made to fight again. Offending men were executed on hand. Officers found guilty of treason were shot literally in squads, if one may believe the stories that all Italy believes. There is one particularly picturesque tale of the masked men marching through city streets on their way to death—

"Not all of the men were masked," you are assured. "Just now and then, when the man was important and the Government feared he might be recognized."

Whatever may have been Italy's reasons for going to war—and they were not only good reasons but they were inescapable—they had not been passed on by Italy. A conscientious, patriotic, devotedly honest Government had been obliged to defeat the anti-war party in a guerrilla fight of council chamber and closet. The very night war was declared the German ambassador gave a dinner party to his intimates, when they rejoiced that—

"Italy will remain neutral. We will not give her all she wants, but she shall have *pareochio*—'a good deal.' "

The Ultimate Victory

VON BÜLOW'S *pareochio* almost carried the day. But it was the week the *Lusitania* was sunk, and D'Annunzio and others so stirred the Latin spirit that the party of neutrality dared not speak out. There has been no doubt that the anti-war party commanded a clear majority of the votes in the Chamber, but its members were being stoned in the streets. The declaration of war was ordered by a *viva voce* vote.

It had been a battle of politician against politician, in which both sides played the inner game in silence. In the absence of all knowledge, the men who later fought felt they had been pushed like pawns about a board.

But the day the Germans hammered back the Italian line and invaded Italy a new spirit made itself felt. Men and women who had been fearful suddenly became confident. The people who had been calling for peace now cried for war to the end. The traitorous propaganda was suddenly muffled. Cynics spoke of Latin emotionalism, and yet declared they seemed to see a nation growing under their eyes. The very men who had run away put the new spirit of Italy in words. Posters called on them to return to duty, and they formed themselves in squads. Then they marched through the streets, without officers, under improvised flags, chins up, eyes flaming. They sang a little song that ran like fire through the country. It may be roughly translated as follows:

"Yesterday we were deserters:
Then we knew not that Mother Italy needed us.
Today we return as conquerors."

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POETRY *of the* WAR

SERBIA

By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

HARK, from the East a keen and bitter cry—
New tears are flowing in the furrows of old sorrow.
On your wasted fields your dead drift like fallen leaves;
Only the Pale Harvester garners heavy sheaves.
How have you the courage to struggle toward to-morrow,
Serbia, Serbia, land that will not die?

I have stood for freedom—freedom can not perish.
I have stood for honor—honor must endure.
But my children starve, the children who should cherish
For the world's to-morrow my spirit flaming-pure.
You who sit in safety, you whose babes are fed,
You who by the peril of other men are free,
Listen to my living, ere the hour be sped,
Lest you hear forever the silence of my dead.
Serbia, Serbia, God hears. Do we?

YE THAT HAVE FAITH

By AN AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER WHO DIED AT GALLIPOLI

YE THAT have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And know that out of death and night shall rise
The dawn of ampler life,

Rejoice, whatever anguish rend the heart,
That God has given you a priceless dower,
To live in these great times and have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour.

That ye may tell your sons who see the light
High in the heavens—their heritage to take—
"I saw the powers of Darkness put to flight.
I saw the Morning break."

Reprinted from an English paper.

HOMES

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

THE lamplight's shaded rose
On couch and chair and wall,
The drowsy book let fall,
The children's heads, bent close
In some deep argument,
The kitten, sleepy-curled,
Sure of our good intent,
The hearth-fire's crackling glow;
His step that crisps the snow,
His laughing kiss, wind-cold. . . .

Only the very old
Gifts that the night-star brings,
Dear, homely evening things,
Dear things of all the world,
And yet my throat locks tight. . . .

Somewhere far off I know
Are ashes on red snow
That were a home last night.

LEST WE FORGET

By "SAPPER" R. BERNARD

A SIMMER'S day I gaed tae the wars
As proud as a lord;
I left my lass wi' een like staurs
At the wastmost ford.

The toon I socht was far awa'
Ower hill an' dale—
But oh, the bonnie sichts I saw
Gaun thro' the vale!

In Birkmyre Woods I stooped to where
Wild violets grew;
I saw a stream that had nae care
Come dancing thro'.

I saw a laverock leave its nest
An' seek the sky;
I saw a rose receive as guest
A butterfly.

I saw some bonnie sichts that day
Gaun tae the wars—
I saw my lass's een gae pray—
They shone like staurs!

A year's passed by, an' frae the wars
I hie me hame,
Roond Dirleton Loch an' grim Ben Scaurs—
The road I came.

The vale is fu' o' simmer soonds
As I gae in:
I hear a lintie gaun his roonds
Frae ha' tae whin.

I hear a sighing 'mongst the pine—
'Tis cannie breeze;
I hear the lowing of the kine
On yonder leas.

An' noo I pass a cottage door
Whaur bairnies play—
Lord God! that hurts me tae the core
This bonnie day.

Wheesht! That's my lass's voice ower there,
Across the river.
Her een like staurs I'll see nae mair—
I'm blind for ever!

DEATH AND THE FAIRIES

By PATRICK MACGILL

BEFORE I joined the Army
I lived in Donegal,
Where every night the Fairies
Would hold their carnival.

But now I'm out in Flanders,
Where men like wheat-ears fall,
And it's Death and not the Fairies
Who is holding carnival.

From "Soldier Songs," by Patrick MacGill, by permission of E. P. Dutton & Co.

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Smoke Five With Me

Here is the sweetest smoke that I ever knew, and I've smoked for over 40 years.

It was handed me once by a connoisseur, who told me where to get it. Later I had it made specially for me—made as a Panatela, the size of this picture, for a short, sweet smoke.

It is made solely from Havana leaf. So are many others. But I call this the finest-flavored leaf that ever came from Cuba.

All my friends think likewise. For nearly ten years I've supplied them. Last year I sold more than 2,000,000 cigars to over 21,000 customers and friends.

It occurs to me now that countless other men would be glad to share this discovery. I am going to let some of them do it. Not for profit so much as a hobby.

I will supply a few men, who love good cigars, at $5.50 per hundred, or $2.85 for fifty, mail or express prepaid. That's not far from my cost.

If you must have big, heavy cigars, these won't please you. These are for men who like mild and exquisite smokes. I have never tasted anything like them.

Exact Size

Five Cigars Free

I will let 500 men try five cigars free. Write me on your letterhead or enclose your card. Send me 10c to cover postage, packing and revenue stamp. I will supply the cigars. I only ask this 10c to pick out the right sort of people.

If you like them, send me your check for $2.85 for the fifty, and I'll replace the five trial cigars FREE, and, if you prefer, will open a 30-day charge account with you. Write now for the five cigars

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The DEAR LITTLE FOUR-FLUSHER

(*Continued from page 29*)

than sitting at a typewriter all day."

She felt a sudden contempt for that long-coveted desk and note-book.

"Yes, it is," he said abstractedly, watching her work. "I notice that all you girls who are stenographers or play the piano do mighty well. Your fingers are intelligent. Your occupation put with your experience should make you mighty fast."

She looked up sharply, wondering at the queer quality in his voice, but he had turned away.

That day she picked three crates of cherries, seventy-five cents' worth. She heard one of the women whom she had judged a sluggard say she had picked seven. Realizing this, Sadie recalled the young man's voice as he commented on her ability and an uneasy suspicion worried her.

The rest of the pickers cooked their own food on common stoves, Sadie ate at the Whitney table and that evening she discovered that Hornblow ate there, too. But he was at the far end, and between them were a half-dozen farm hands. Twice during that meal the girl saw Ezra's eyes on her, studying her while he talked to the men. Sadie helped with the dishes and learned much about her employer. He was alone; his mother had died before he went to the Agricultural College, and his father in the spring of his last year. He lived in the big gray house they could see through the trees. He was a good, steady boy with a great heart, and his only fault was working so hard that he often skipped his meals.

Sadie found herself hoping that he would not skip any more meals during her four weeks. Four weeks! She ached at the thought of the shortness of the time.

That night was a wonderful experience. A fading impression of white curtains waving a good-night blessing and a heavenly blank; no crash of the elevated to make her toss, no quick startings to half wakefulness, no cramped, tense postures while she slept, and, in the morning, no deadening desire to sleep again, no sense of vitality unrestored. She stretched and found her muscles sore. She remembered the look in Ezra Hornblow's eyes—the half-laughing look—and thrilled! Yet she dressed in an uncomfortable mood that made her forget the sun.

That morning, on her way to the orchard, a waddling gander hissed at her and she detoured in disorder. Disorder grew to confusion as she saw Hornblow laughing at her from the barn.

"City life has made you shy!" he called and she went on, oppressed by a quite definite sense that he was thinking of her boasted childhood on the farm.

She shut her teeth and the blue of her eyes darkened.

"Well, I *will* be experienced!" she vowed to herself.

She spent a quarter of an hour with the best picker of all, watching his methods and that evening, blowing on the thumb where the shears had raised a blister, Sadie counted her tally. She had picked seven and a half crates. Almost two dollars' worth.

That night she dreamed of snipping irate geese from swaying branches with shears which it taxed her strength to lift. Also, of brown eyes laughing at her.

By the end of the first week Sadie Deere was second to none of the pickers for speed. Also, though she fought it, she was rapidly developing a dangerous admiration for Ezra Hornblow.

Heretofore, in Sadie's experience, men had occupied a negligible place. As a character in fiction, a nice, aspiring girl like Sadie should have looked up from her button counter to meet the wondering eyes of a young man whose financial rating was comparatively as high as the horse-power of his waiting twelve-cylinder roadster and who had come to match a cut-steel button for his sister. He should have forgotten his errand in the giddiness engendered by sight of such beauty in humble service. He should have taken her from the store, passing his chauffeur with a covert nod of dismissal, and gone to a meager lunch. She should have loved him for his simplicity, never knowing he was of North Shore extraction until he ushered her into his superb home and waited while the sister, who proved to be perfectly delightful, welcomed her with a kiss.

But no such thing ever happened to Sadie. So she had given up boys for the time being. She reasoned that when "Jessup's Home Taught" had been mastered, her new level would bring her in contact with the proper sort.

But now! At meal-times she listened with hungry ears for Ezra Hornblow's words; during the day she watched him, thrilled by his manner of authority, gentle but firm and assured. And by the beginning of the second week she was commencing to imagine herself living forever in cool, fruit-laden orchards, loved by a man like——

And that was as far as she ever permitted the vision to take shape in her own consciousness. In spite of all her imaginings Sadie had a regard for probability. She realized—with a heart-sinking that caused her to dismiss the thought hurriedly each time it presented itself—that Hornblow had detected her misrepresentations from events which followed her coming. That forever forbade him taking her

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seriously; and as for Ezra—well, he was so superior to any man she had ever dreamed of, living a life of such great charm, that, with all her practise, she could not have dreamed up to the part of his beloved had she let herself try. And she must not try, Sadie told herself. She had an inherent dread of withered hopes.

Thwarted there, she opened a new existence forthwith. It helped quiet the discomfort she felt each time she told herself that to dream of Hornblow was futile.

"Was there mail for me?" she asked him one noon when he came in from the box with papers and letters.

"Not a mail," he said.

"Well, that man's getting mighty independent," Sadie laughed.

Ezra looked at her and that knowing light, which had not shown itself for days, flickered in his eyes again; then disappeared.

"I should think that a fellow who had the privilege of writing to as nice a girl as you are would see to it you didn't have to wait for letters."

Sadie blushed at the flattery.

"He's mighty busy down in Chicago."

"Well, next year you'll have to bring this friend of yours up to work for me. Would he like this hayseed life?"

"Like it?" she cried, her eyes snapping. "I guess a fellow who'll slave in a dirty, noisy city, skipping vacations and all, just so he can buy a farm some day would like it!"

"Oh, he's that sort, is he?" Hornblow asked.

But after Sadie had bet that he was and Hornblow had gone, her mouth drooped threateningly. The yearning, the hopelessness was unmistakable in her eyes.

One Sunday afternoon Ezra asked Sadie to ride in his car with him. "Business trip," he explained, "only a couple of hours."

They returned at four, and when Sadie thanked Hornblow she felt dangerously lonely. She went to her room, so quiet in the Sabbath hush, and rather too warm. She looked into the mirror and told herself that some day *they* would have a farm and a Ford and Sunday afternoon rides. That alluring picture plucked her spirits from their sagging for a time and she went to sit under a maple, Jessup open at Lesson VII, trying to make her eyes understand the paragraphs. Finally, a sob swam up from somewhere and she shut her lids to squeeze back the tears and lay down in the grass. Her make-believe lover was so intangible! Jessup and all it meant got in the way of any future there under the trees. All this was so sweet and peaceful; living here always, just a friend—no more—of Ezra Hornblow would be so heavenly—and it was all so far away, so very far. She went to sleep.

Later, Hornblow discovered her and

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By letting the circle remain **open** it will be a **hook**, and this **hook** stands for **A.** Thus ∘/ will be **Ad.** Add another **A** at the end thus ∘/ and you will have a girl's name, **Ada.**

From *o* eliminate the initial and final strokes and ∘ will remain which is the Paragon symbol for **O.**

For the **longhand** *m* which is made of 7 strokes, you use this **one** horizontal stroke —

Therefore, —∘ would be **Mo.**

Now continue the **E** across the **M,** so as to add **D**—thus —/ and you will have **Med.** Now add the **large** circle **O** and you will have —/ (medo), which is **meadow,** with the silent **A** and **W** omitted.

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passed cautiously on, but he did see the redness about lid and nostril and the rudimentary lesson in shorthand, as the unconscious fingers still held the book open. He entered his house and sat a long time, looking out at the distant waters of the bay, now and then smiling to himself.

One evening, Sadie sat with Hornblow on the porch of his tenant-house watching the lightning play across the sky, and his friendly talk was like flashes of light to her starved heart. Another evening, for an hour, she helped him check his accounts, her eyes intent on his handsome face. The woman who had been head of the packing-table became ill and left, and Ezra put Sadie in her place, where during those last rushing days, she was his right-hand helper.

In spite of her conviction that she must prevent it, a hope began to find root in Sadie's heart, a hope that Hornblow thus singled her out, not wholly because of her skill, but because she interested him. This hope fed on the fact that now and then she looked up to see him staring at her and that the laughter she had at first found in his eyes was no longer there. Then, at the end of one of the last trying afternoons he said to her, "I wish every girl who came up this road turned out to be as good help as you are."

Her hope wilted. "*Every* girl!" He saw in her only a female hand. His one wish was that others might be like her.

That moment marked a crisis, a turning-point. Somehow, when she arose next morning, Sadie's spirits did not rebound to the glory of life in the cool, fruit-laden orchards. She felt sodden, depressed. The morning was gray, too, and hurrying through breakfast, she did not see Ezra's worried eyes as they roved between the gathering clouds and her.

Rain came in the middle of the forenoon and the enforced idleness made Sadie as dreary as the day itself. Late in the afternoon the sun broke through, making jewels for the trees, and the washed wind blew out of the south, warm and comforting. Hornblow smiled at supper and after the meal said to Sadie: "Won't you play with me to-night? I'll take you to the movies in town or anywhere you like."

"Oh, I can't!" Sadie protested, afraid to allow herself the precious hour, knowing that it was only another taste of the dream that would not come true. "You see, I——"

"Oh, that chap won't care, will he?" Ezra broke in, smiling at her with a recurrence of the laughing light in his eye and a new quality in his manner. "You see, I handle the mail, going and coming; I don't think he has a right to care. I—don't think *you* really care. Won't you come along, just this once? He'll be going soon——"

"Oh, don't!" she broke in hoarsely. "Don't! Don't!"—her voice weakening as she fled up the stairs.

Had his way of telling her that she had failed to deceive him on another count not been so dismaying, Sadie might have seen the want in his eyes, heard the earnest longing in his voice; but all she knew was that he had struck down her last house of cards, had dissipated her last air-castle; over and over she told herself that: he had found her out—he had found her out—until she slept.

After breakfast he approached, his face grave, and said: "Oh, say, now, I'm sorry. I'm such a bungler——"

But Sadie interrupted: "*Please*, Mr. Hornblow!"

"But I owe you an apology!"

"Don't—or I'll have to go away."

Troubled, he turned from her. Troubled, Sadie went on with her task. And still troubled, she entered on her last day in the cool orchard, no longer fruit-laden. In the blocks of trees which had borne earlier in the season, nourishing cover crops were already springing up, the last rows to be stripped of their fruit hung listless, like fagged toilers whose stint is over and who lop heartlessly before recommencing their tasks. The life seemed to have gone from the place. And surely, the spirit had gone from Sadie's heart.

The pickers were to dance that night in the big barn.

"Of course, you'll come," Ezra said to her. "You go in the morning. I want to talk to you before that time."

She mumbled an assent, though she doubted her courage. To be with him, to dance with him, would be far better than the best of her old dreams, but when, standing in her room debating with herself, the first music came from the phonograph across the way and the clatter of tongues gave way to a measured scraping of feet, she cried out:

"I can't go. He knows I'm a sham—a four-flusher. He wants to—he'll want to be kind to me, and make me stop lying—I couldn't stand it!"

So she flung herself on the bed and clutched the pillow in fevered fists and opened the wells of her grief.

She ached dully after giving vent to her emotion. She knew that she could never look at Ezra Hornblow again; knew that every memory of him was a wrench at her heart. She wanted to be away where he could never see her, to find refuge from the torment of regret that would come at sight of him.

She packed her bag by moonlight. She patted fondly the aprons she had worn through those weeks in the cool, fruit-laden orchards. She tucked Jessup away with a pang in her throat, for now that dream seemed as hopeless as the others. She put on her pumps and her mushroom hat, and paused at the head of the stairs to listen.

It was the last dance and the "contraption" that furnished the music was grinding out "Home, Sweet Home."

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What a mockery to the girl, running away to Hindelbaum's! A home—a sweet home! She thought of the room against the elevated and wanted to be there quickly, to cling close to what she was, to stop tantalizing herself by these imaginings of what might have been.

She stumbled down the stairs and sprinted, her legs flying up the road to be out on the highway, trudging toward the town, before the dancers came from the barn.

Footsteps behind her; a voice calling her name. She turned a startled face over her shoulder and ran faster.

"Sadie!" he called. "Sadie, come back—Sadie!" But not until his hand reached out and shut down firmly on her shoulder did she stop.

"Don't! Oh, don't!" she begged, twisting to be free.

He shook her roughly and made her face him. "What are you doing?" he demanded breathlessly, his voice trembling.

"Go—going away!"

"Without letting me talk to you. Without letting me tell you what I've got to tell you, Sadie?"

She dropped the bag and lifted her hands to her face.

"Oh, please, don't!" she begged. "I know what it is! You're kind. I know I shouldn't have done it to you. I know you found me out. I'm only a fo—four—just a fo—four-flusher!"

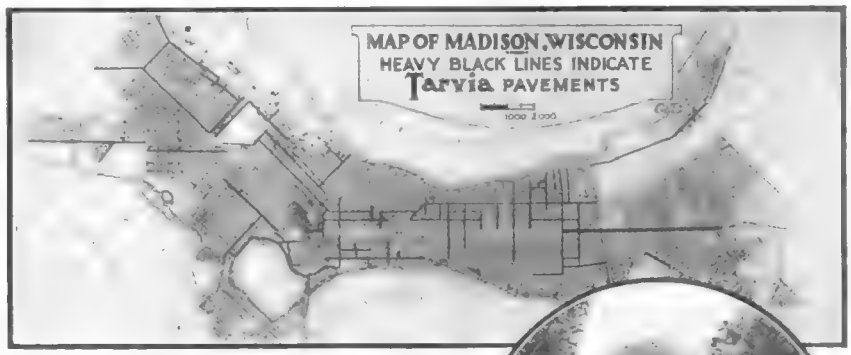
Then she was tight against him and his arms were stilling her shoulders and his face was in her hair, for he had knocked off her hat.

"Dear little four-flusher!" he whispered. "Dear Sadie Deere! Why, haven't you seen that I had to have you all along? Couldn't you know? And I wasn't sure until just the other day that it was all a game of pretend with you—you're such a good pretender. I thought maybe there *was* somebody else. I knew that with the other things you were only dreaming out loud because you wanted 'em so badly you couldn't do without them. Your summers picking cherries, growing up on a farm. I knew! I know all about Jessup, too, and you trying to be a stenographer. But the lover. You see, that meant so much to me I was afraid to decide. He was just a dream boy, too, wasn't he? Wasn't he, Sadie?" —shaking her gently. "And won't you change him for an alive one? For one who has a farm and who needs a Sadie? Can't you?"

She made a funny sound in her throat and though she would not look at him she wrapped her arms tightly about his neck. He kissed her hungrily.

"I'll never pretend again," she promised in a strained voice. "Never; honest!"

"We won't have to, sweetheart. It won't be necessary to pretend happiness. It's ours—right here!"



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Everybody's 5-18

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The BUFFER

Continued from page 46

"I think it the only honest and decent thing you can do by your own," she flung his words back at him.

"There are other days coming—my own could wait—a little longer," he hesitated.

"For what, Joe?" Calhoun asked sharply.

"Tim, you don't understand. Remember, I've been with Grimes since I was a boy. I love the business. I helped to make it. If Grimes would just let me have a free hand, and run it like a partner——"

"That he'll never do," Calhoun laughed, in amused contempt. "He's bound to be the big boss!"

"I know it," Keys admitted.

"But don't," the words were wrung from him, "don't harass me any more to-night! There's a lot in what you say, Tim. I'll think it over!"

"Let me talk to him alone," Mrs. Keys signaled.

Calhoun took the hint and rose. "All right, Joe. You think about it to-night, and come to the hotel in the morning."

When Calhoun had gone, Caroline Keys went over to her husband and slipped down beside him, where he sat with his head in his hands. She put her arms around him and laid her smooth cheek against his. Her fragrance was as soothing as the scent of lilacs in spring.

"Joe, do you love me?"

"Yes, dear."

"How much?"

"All the world."

"That's the way I love you." It was their formula. "Then, won't you make the change for my sake?"

"Caroline, do you think it right?"

"Did I ever ask you to do what was not right? Think how happy we might be, with a little more, if you did not have to work so hard. We don't possess our own souls. We're in bondage to that horrible, profane old man. He comes between us and the joy of life!"

"You're not just to him, dear," Keys said, caressing her dark hair. "You don't like him."

"No, I don't," she sputtered, as viciously as only a loving woman can who sees her dear one in danger. "I hate him, and he hates me. He thinks he owns you—he tried his best to keep you from marrying me!"

"There, there, Caroline," Keys consoled, for she had come to tears. "I suppose you're right, dear. I know you are. I owe you most. My life belongs to you. But how shall I tell him?"

That was what kept Keys awake all night. It was that which made him linger over the breakfast he barely tasted. His wife, wise in her hour, said no more; she was not the woman to upset a hard-won victory by needless words. But before she kissed him good-by, she looked deep into his eyes, and, afterward, a moment, she held him very tight.

Old man Grimes met Keys at the front door. His red face was drawn into a scowl. His eyes glared angrily and his mouth was a bitter triangle.

"Can't you ever get down on time," Joe?" he complained. "Dunno how much trade we lost this morning. Seems to me you might have the interest of the business at heart. Harry's gone. I had to cuss him out this morning, and he quit cold. You ought to be here to 'tend to things!"

"Don't you think you could manage all right without me? You say so a dozen times a day."

"Certainly I could," snapped Grimes loftily, but with his small, fierce eyes following Keys's face. "I'd manage 'em better'n you do, but so long as you're supposed to look after 'em, I want you to be here on the job and not leave me to do the things you're paid to see to."

He stopped, out of breath, his gaze still curiously fixed on Keys, as if he were trying to draw a retort that he dreaded.

"If you feel that way," said Keys, striving to speak pleasantly, yet to make manifest his meaning, "Perhaps I'd better follow Henry's example and quit too."

"Then I'd tell you same as I told him," snarled Grimes, "to get to hell out of here if you're going! If you ain't, get busy!"

Grimes waited, arms akimbo, yet, even as he blustered his challenge, Keys seemed to sense an unease beneath the old man's proud defiance.

"I have an errand of my own to look after first," Keys explained, very gravely, "and then I'll come back and try to straighten out things—and—" he wanted to say the rest of it, but somehow the words stuck in his throat.

"Errand of your own? What business you got putting your personal affairs ahead of your work?"

"I'll tell you when I come back," said Keys gently.

He started to cross the street, but a nameless sound made him turn.

Grimes had followed him to the dirty, unpainted doorway. His face was a pasty white.

It was the first time that Keys had ever seen that red face pallid. The whole shapeless body of the man was shaking. One rough, dirty paw clutched the door-frame and the other tugged at the puffy throat from which the nameless sound came again.

As Keys's muscles tightened to spring back to aid, Grimes steadied himself

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with an effort. The blood poured back into his face, reddened his starting eyes.

"Go on about your business, damn you," he howled, "and get it over with!"

Grimes was himself again.

Keys crossed the street to the Palace Hotel, where he found Calhoun impatiently pacing the lobby.

"Made up your mind?" he called.

Keys slumped into one of the lobby chairs, and Calhoun perched on the edge of another beside him.

"Well, well?" he clamored.

Keys was staring through the open doorway at the frowsy, fussy figure of old man Grimes, whom he could see, still raging about the front of the store across the street.

"Tim," Keys said at last, "I don't know what I ought to do. Maybe I'm not doing right by my wife and the kids, but their time must come later. I can't quit the old man, Timmy; I can't! He needs me most!"

Keys would not argue, although Calhoun urged long and stubbornly, until Keys rose and left him. He had hardly entered the store before Grimes was upon him.

"I tell you what it is, Joe," he declared savagely, his face flaming, "I ain't going to pay you a big salary to loaf in hotel chairs, swapping yarns with drummers while the store is going to the devil. I'll be hanged if I pay you any salary. I don't give a cuss whether you stay here or not, but if you do, you've got to carry the load. You'll have to be an equal partner, that's what! By the Eternal, I'll have a lawyer draw up the papers to-day, and we'll see if you can't be made to 'tend to things!"

Keys stared in dumb wonder at the awful old man, scarcely believing the words his ears heard.

"I'm not going to spend all my life telling you what to do and how to do it!" Grimes urged on. "I'm going to take a trip to Hot Springs and rest my old bones. You ain't got a mite of gratitude, but I'll see if you can't be brought to time. I'm going to chuck the whole damn business, and you can run it, or let it go to pot—I don't care a cuss which!"

Keys stood speechless, his heart aching. He understood at last. Grimes, in his own sweet way, was hammering home with insults the concession Keys had never dreamed the old man could make—was making him an equal partner.

When Keys did find words, they were slow and husky, for the lump in his throat.

"I'll—I'll—do my best—partner!" he stammered. "Shake on it!"

The old man reared back in savage refusal. His eyes blazed in his fierce red face. Then, for an instant, the mask of pride and anger dropped, and, with a grip that made Keys wince, Grimes grasped the proffered hand.

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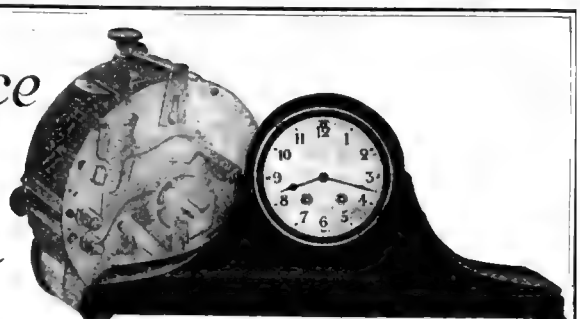

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The SKIPPER

By Howard Wheeler

ON APRIL 18, 1906, I stood at Ninth and Market Streets in San Francisco and watched a city in flames. I saw it. I tried to "get" it. I couldn't. It was too big.

Very recently I was along the battle fronts in Europe. I watched many things. I experienced exactly the same sensation —only magnified a thousand times—a sensation of utter mental helplessness. Impression after impression, one driving hard on the other, piling up, pressing down, until all effort to measure the colossal thing of which they were little bits was unconsciously abandoned —that was my experience. It seemed as though my mind was a camera, my eyes a shutter, the shutter blinking and blinking, recording picture after picture, unassorted, terrific. I found high inspiration in these impressions; awful depression.

When I came home, I had the answer to nothing—only the deep conviction that for each one of us nothing really counts now except giving, striving, enduring, without regard to sacrifice. I got that much from what I saw.

The purpose in this article and in the ones that are to follow is simply to pass on those of my impressions which stand out most vividly. Taken together they will not be a connected narrative—simply the pictures as the mental camera caught them. They are being published in the hope that they will give others something of what they gave me.

FROM the place where I stood at the extreme right of the bridge, his figure stood out against the sky-line like the silhouette of a statue.

It was somewhere near to three o'clock in the morning. When I had climbed up to the bridge at about seven o'clock, the same figure was there on the deck over the chart-house. It was misty then, and raw. During the night the mist had disappeared; but the sky was still overcast. The sea was calm—long, rolling swells seemed to come out of nowhere and to go into nowhere.

The transport was in the submarine zone. How we knew it I do not know. No one told us. No unusual orders had been given. The routine of the ship had gone on all day as it had every day since our departure from America. Yet we all knew. Somehow at mess the conversation had turned to life-preservers. We had jollied the ship's doctor because he divulged the fact that he had brought with him one of the new-fangled life suits that carry with them food, water, stimulants, and other things designed to give health and comfort after a sudden plunge into icy water. But I for one had entered into the teasing of the doctor conscious of a certain hollow feeling in the region of my stomach, with a definite yearning toward a life suit. All the rest of us had only the canvas arrangements passed out to us the day we got aboard. Each had his own at the side of his chair, hanging over the back of his chair, or loosely thrown over his shoulders.

There was nothing unusual in that. The skipper's orders from the first were that we were never to be without our life-preservers. But, somehow, on that day the life-preservers and the boat-drill and the abandon-ship drills and the skipper's orders and all the things that had gone into the routine of life aboard ship had taken on a new significance and gravity with which I had not been impressed before.

The whole ship felt as I did, I think. Courage was at no lower ebb. Spirits were still high. But I recall that there was much discussion of the skipper: what a "fine, manly chap he was;" what "a fine figure of a naval officer." "He sure knows his business," was a criticism that occurred, it seemed to me afterwards, with remarkable frequency. I think it was all because at last we understood that there *was* danger, and that we were all helpless to guard against it; that this splendid chap who "knew his business" was all that stood between us and that danger.

The order for "no smoking" runs through an American transport in these days at early dusk. There is the boatswain's whistle, one "last drag"—and a long night ahead. It may be that it isn't the same on all transports, but on our boat the "no smoking" order meant just that. A few of us there were at first who imagined that "no smoking" meant no smoking—with reservations. An arrest, five minutes in the captain's cabin, and these few understood for the rest of the journey that "no smoking" meant no smoking —just that.

So as the days and the nights passed we had become used to the most rigid sort of discipline, and had come to understand it. To us had come at least partial comprehension of the load of responsibility that rested on the shoulders of the clean-cut young chap who was so often up there on the roof of the chart-house. Without talking about it much, as I remember, we had all come to a mutual agreement that since it was up to him alone to get us through, the least we could do was to help him as far as we could by prompt and unquestioning obedience.

As a ship-load of three thousand five hundred real Americans, once we had come to that frame of mind, we had somehow stopped worrying about, or at least discussing, the possibilities and the probabilities of being sunk by mine or submarine. A cheerful sort of fatalism had settled over the ship. I found

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it below decks as well as in the officers' quarters. If anything happened, it would happen. That was our frame of mind; and if anything happened we would have to rely on the skipper; and the skipper was a fine chap who knew his business.

To-night was our first night in the submarine zone, and as I say I do not know how we knew it except as we could compute the distance by the number of days out. It seems to me now that there was an unusual snap and eagerness in the work of the ship's crew. I think I was not the only one who took a renewed interest in the practise of the guns. Those young fellows in the gun crew assumed a larger importance. There was less reading aboard the ship and more banter.

After mess we went out on deck for the after-supper smoke, the last one until morning. Almost every night there had been singing. There was a fat reserve officer from the South somewhere who had brought along a ukulele. Almost every night he and a few of his friends had given concerts made up of bits of every song they could remember. To-night there was a bigger crowd than usual around the ukulele. We were all very gay and devil-may-care. Between a couple of the songs some one came off watch with the information that we had run into a cold current from the north and that we were running through water that was 38 degrees cold. I think it was 38 degrees. The officer with the ukulele and a big bass voice struck up "What the Hell Do We Care," and the crowd joined in.

From that we went into "Poor Old Kaiser Bill," which goes something like this:

Your Uncle Sam he's got the cavalry,
He's got the infantry,
He's got the artillery.
And so, be heck, we're off for Germany.
Poor old Kaiser Bill!

There were three more verses to this, and we went through them all. In fact, we went through all the songs that had been popular aboard ship—"Over There," "The Yellow Ribbon," "Tipperary," and the others. For what reason I don't know, the song that was most popular all the way across is this one:

Take your arm down, you naughty boy!
Take your arm down, you naughty boy!
You were out last night in the pale moonlight,
I saw you, I saw you,
With your arm round a pretty girl,
Your head was in a whirl,
And you told me that you never kissed a girl before.
Take your arm down, you naughty boy!

I found them singing that same song on the front a few weeks later. There is something about the swing of it that takes the rough edges off of nerves. On this night we sang it many times. It lends itself easily to "the barber-shop stuff," and maybe, after all, that is the reason for its popularity.

By nine o'clock the deck was deserted except for the sentries, the men at the guns, and a few officers who had not gone below and who stood now leaning over the rail, some of them talking in low tones, others like myself merely postponing from minute to minute the time when they should turn in. Without lights, with nothing to smoke or read, and with the prospect of a night in one's clothes, the resolution to go below is a long time in forming.

For no reason except that I was wide-awake and a bit restless, I went up on the bridge. The figure that stood there on the roof of the chart-house immediately after mess was still there. It seemed to me that the skipper had not moved. I watched him for some minutes. Except for the shifting of his head as he swept the narrow circle of the water, he might indeed have been a statue. Other ships in our convoy were barely discernible. There was nothing out there to hold a man's interest. Yet I knew, somehow, that in that man up there every faculty was alert, every nerve drawn for instant action.

Hour after hour, night after night, it had been the same with him. Once he had told me that he did not smoke, that he used no liquor. He drank no coffee. He did not tell me why, but now I understood. To-morrow, perhaps, he would snatch a little sleep—an hour now, fifteen minutes another time, and so on through the day. Then would come his long vigil.

I turned in at last. When I awoke I thought it must be close to morning. In my room it was as black as the inside of an inkwell. I adjusted my life-belt, got into my overcoat, and went on deck. There I could make out the hands of my watch. It was barely three o'clock. The gun crew had shifted. Lookouts had been relieved. I mounted to the bridge. It was still there, the silhouette of that solitary man—this "fine chap" who "knew his business."

Down below him, sleeping, were over three thousand men who relied upon him to take them through to the place where they themselves had a job to do. His job was to get them there. He was taking no chances. I imagine that it was all prosaic to him—all in the day's work.

Many a time I have joined a group who have consumed an hour or more in damning the administration of our naval affairs and deploring the grade of the navy's personnel. It is one of the privileges in a democracy for citizens to do this. For myself, I am one citizen who has been taught this: that it may be very silly to condemn flatly and indiscriminately without a fund of information and experience relative to what one is setting out to condemn. I think it is possible to be taught something even by the silhouette of a man outlined against a dreary sky in the middle of the ocean at three o'clock in the morning.

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AUTOMOBILE DIRECTORY

Note to our readers: Your correspondence is invited. We will immediately forward to you, without cost, catalogues or information about any make of car or cars. If you prefer, address the manufacturer direct.

Models=Number of chassis **Vac.**=Vacuum **Pres.**=Pressure **Grav.**=Gravity **FF**=Full-Floating **SF**=Semi-Floating

Gasoline Passenger Cars Names of Cars and Addresses of the Manufacturers listed alphabetically.	Models	Cylinders	Make of Engine	Bore & Stroke	S. A. E. Horse Power	Wheel-Base	Make of Rear Axle	Type of Rear Axle	Tire Sizes	Gasoline Feed	Carburetor	Starting and Lighting System	2 Passenger	3 or 4 Passenger	5 Passenger	7 Passenger	Coupe	Sedan	Limousine
ABBOTT, Cleveland, Ohio	2	6	Cont.	3½x4½	25.35	122	Salisbury		32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Remy	$1295	$1295		$1295		$1920	
				3½x5¼	29.40	122	Salisbury	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Remy	1595	1595		1595	$2150	2150	
ALLEN, Fostoria, Ohio	1	4	own	3¾x5	22.5	112	Adams	FF	32x3½ 33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Auto-Lite		1195	$1095			1395	
ALTER, Plymouth, Mich.	2	4–6	Al-Chal.	3½x4½ 3x4½	15.63 21.60	106 114		FF	30x3½ 32x3½	Vac.		A.-Chal. W'house							
AMERICAN SIX, Plainfield, N. J.	1	6	Rutenber	3½x5	23.4	122	Salisbury	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Atw. Kent	1695	1695	1645	1695			
ANDERSON, Rock Hill, S. C.	2	6	Cont.	3½x4¼ 3½x5½	25.25	120	Columb.	FF	33x4	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	1475	1475 1925	1475	1525		2165	$2750
APPERSON Kokomo, Ind.	2	6–8	Own	3½x5	30	130	Own	DF	34x4	Vac.	Johnson	Bijur		2200 2550		2200 2550		3400	
			Cont.	3¼x4½	23.4	120		¾F	34x4			Remy		1345	1345			1595	
AUBURN, Auburn, Ind.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	131		FF	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Delco		1395		1685		1985	2450
AUSTIN, Grand Rapids, Mich.	1	12	Weidely	2¾x5	39.6	142	Own	2S	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco	3750	3750	3750	5000		5000	5250
			G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	32	114	Peru		31x4		Zenith		995	995	995				
BELL, York, Pa.	2	4	Cont.	3¾x5	36	114	Adams	FF	32x3½ 32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Dyneto	1145	1145	1145				
BIDDLE, Philadelphia, Pa.	1	4		3¾x5½ 3½x5	22	121 114		¾F	33x4½	Vac.	Zenith	G & D	2500	2585	2860 895			4180	
BIRCH, Chicago, Ill.	2	4–6	Lycom.	3 x4¼	20	116	Salisbury	FF	32x3½	Grav.	Zenith	Dyneto			1055				
BOUR-DAVIS, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¾x5½	29.4	118	Salisbury	¾F	33x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy			1850				1650
BREWSTER, New York, City	1	4	Own	4x5½	25.6	125	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	U. S. L.	7200	7700	7700		8400	8400	8500
BRISCOE, Jackson, Mich.	1	4	Own	3.187x5½	16.25	104	Own	SF	30x3½	Grav.	Buick	Auto-Lite	825		825				
				3½x4½	18.2	106			31x4				795		795			1185	
				3½x4½	27.3	118		¾F	34x4							1495		2175	
BUICK, Flint, Mich.	3	4–6	Own	3½x4½	27.3	124	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Marvel	Delco		1265	1265		1695	1845	
BUSH, Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Lycom.	3¼x5		116	Adams	FF	32x3½	Vac.		Delco			875				
CADILLAC, Detroit, Mich.	1	8	Own	3½x5½	31.25	125 132	Timken	FF	35x5 34x4½	Pres.	Own	Delco	2805	2805		2805		3650	4145
CASE, Racine, Wis.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29	125	Columb.	¾F	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1875		1875		2375	
CARTER BROS, Hyatteville, Md.	1	8		3¼x5½	33.8	128		SF	34x4½	Grav.		G & D	1800	1800		1800			
CHALMERS, Detroit, Mich.	2	6	Own	3¼x4½	25.4	117 122	Timken	SF	32x4 34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	1365	1475	1365	1450	1625	1850	2925
CHANDLER, Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	Own	3½x5	29.4	123	Own	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1595		1595	2195	2295	2895
				3.687x4	21.7	102	Own		30x3½	Grav.			620		635		1060	1060	
CHEVROLET, New York City	3	4–8	Own	3.687x5¼ 3½x4	21.7 36.45	108 120	Own Own	¾F	33x4 34x4	Vac. Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite	935	1385	935 1385			1475	
COEY FLYER, Chicago, Ill.	1	4				106	Hyatt	SF	30x3½	Grav.			695		695				
COLE 8, Indianapolis, Ind.	1	8	N'way	3½x4½	39.22	127	Columb.	FF	35x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco	2395	2395		2395	2495	2795	
COLUMBIA, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3½x4½	25.35	115	Timken	SF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Ward Leonard		1595	1450			1995	
COMET, Decatur, Ill.	1	6	Lewis	3½x5	29.7	125	Walker	¾F	33x4	Vac.	Miller	Dyneto			1285			2250	
COMMONWEALTH, formerly Partin-Palmer, Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Lycom.	3½x5	40	112	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Carter	Dyneto		995	995				
CRAWFORD, Hagerstown, Md.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	30.	122½	Timken	SF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	2250	2250	2250	2250	2250	2750	3000
CROW ELKHART, Elkhart, Ind.	1	4	Own	3½x5	19.6	115	Salisbury	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Zenith	Dyneto	935	995	935		1295	1395	
CUNNINGHAM, Rochester, N. Y.	1	8	Own	3¾x5	45	132 142	Timken	FF	35x5	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	4250 4750	4250 4750	4250 4750	4250 4750	5500	5500	5500 6000
DANIELS 8, Reading, Pa.	1	8	Spillman	3½x5	33.8	127	Timken	¾F	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	3250	3250	3250	3250			
				3½x4½	25.35	119	Hyatt	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		1185	1185	1185		1850	
DAVIS, Richmond, Ind.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.40	125	Bock	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		1785	1785	1785		2100	
DISPATCH, Minneapolis, Minn.	1	4	Wis.	3¾x5	22.5	120	Own	New	36x3½	Vac.	Rayfield	D-U S L	1150	1250		1250	1400	1400	
DIXIE FLYER, Louisville, Ky.	1	4	Lycom.	3¼x5	16.92	112	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Carter	Dyneto		995	995			1375	
DOBLE STEAM CAR, Detroit, Mich.	1	2	Own	5x4		135	American	SF	35x5	Pres.	Stromb'g	Wag. Lty				3750			
DODGE BROTHERS, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3¾x4½	24.03	114	Own	FF	32x3½ 33x4	Vac.	Stewart	No. East		885	885		1350	1350	
DORRIS, St. Louis, Mo.	1	6	Own	4x5	38.4	132	Timken	FF	33x5	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house							
DORT, Flint, Mich.	1	4	Own	3½x5	19.6	105½	Walker	¾F	30x3½ 31x4	Grav.	Carter	W'house		865	865		1265	1265	
DOUGLAS 8, (formerly Drummond) Omaha, Neb.	1	8	Spillman	3½x5	33.8	124	Columb.	FF	34x4	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	2000	2000	2000	2100			
EAGLE, Sandusky, Ohio	1	5	Own	3½x5	28	118	Salisbury	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Wagner			1500			1850	
DUNN, Ogdensburg, N. Y.	1	4	Own	3 x4	14.5	84	Detroit	SF	30x3	Grav.	Monarch		295						
		6	Cont.	3½x4½	25.3	116	Salisbury	FF	33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Dyneto		1295	1285			1795	
ELCAR, Elkhart, Ind.	2	4	Lycom.	3½x5	19.6	116	Salisbury	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Carter	Dyneto		1095	1095			1625	
ELGIN, Chicago, Ill.	1	6	Falls	3x4¼	21.6	117	Adams	FF	33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Wagner		1095	1095			1845	
EMPIRE, Indianapolis, Ind.	2	4–6	Teetor	3½x5	24	115	Peru	SF	33x4				1165		1125				
ERIE, Painesville, Ohio	1	4	Cont.	3½x4½	25.6	120	Hess	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Auto-Lite		1360	1345	1375		1685	
F. I. A. T., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	23	118	Salisbury	¾F	33x4	Grav.	Schebler	Dyneto	850		850				
			Own	5½x6¾	42	140	Own	SF	35x5 30x3	Pres.	Zenith Holley	W'house	5500	5500	5500	5500		6500	6500
FORD, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3¾x4	22.5	100	Own	SF	30x3½	Grav.	Kingston		435		450		560	695	
FRANKLIN, Syracuse, N. Y.	1	6	Own	3¼x4	25.3	115	Own	SF	33x4½	Vac.	Own	Dyneto	2200	2250	2250			3050	3200
GEM, Grand Rapids, Mich	1	4	G. B. & S.	3½x4¼	31.9	112	Walker	SF	32x3½	Vac.	Standard	Dyneto			845				
GLIDE, Peoria, Ill.	1	6	Rutenber	3½x5	23.44	119	Amer.	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1495	1495			1795	
GRANT, Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	Own	3x4¼	21.6	114	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Wagner	1055	1055	1055		1575	1595	
HACKETT, Jackson, Mich.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.5	112	Walker	SF	32x3½	Vac.	Buick	Dyneto							
HAL TWELVE, Cleveland, Ohio	1	12	Weidely	2¾x5	39.6	135	Timken	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	3600	3750	3600	3600		4750	5000
HARVARD, Troy, N. Y.	1	4	Sterling	3x4½	14.4	100		SF	28x3	Grav.	Zenith	Wagner	750	985					
HATFIELD, Sidney, N. Y.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.5	106 115	Peru	FF	31x4 32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Dyneto	950	1090	1080				
		6				121			34x4						1850				
		6		3½x5	29.4	127			35x4½			Leece		1950		1950	2535	2585	
HAYNES, Kokomo, Ind.	3	12	Own	2¾x5	36.3	127	Own	¾F	34x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Neville		2910		2785	3335	3385	
			Own	3x4¼	28.8				34x4		Stewart				1485				
HOLLIER, Chelsea, Mich.	2	6–8	Cont.	3½x4½	25.3	116	Own	SB	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Splitdorf			1285				
HOMER-LAUGHLIN, Los Angeles, Cal.	1	8	Own	3¼x3¾	16.2	112	Own		30x3½	Vac.	Zenith	Disco	1050						
HUDSON SUPER SIX, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Own	3½x5	29.4	126½	Timken	SF	32x4½ 35x4½	Vac.	Own	Delco		2050		1950		2750	3150 3400
MUPMOBILE, Detroit, Mich.	2	4	Own	3½x4½	16.2	112	Own	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Bijur	1250		1250				
INTERSTATE, Muncie, Ind.	1	4	Beaver	3½x5	19.6	110	Peru	¾F	33x4	Grav.	Schebler	Bijur	950	1025	1040				

(Continued on page 87)

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Continued from page 86

	Models	Cylinders	Make of Engine	Bore & Stroke	S. A. E. Horse Power	Wheel-Base	Make of Rear Axle	Type of Rear Axle	Tire Sizes	Gasoline Feed	Carburetor	Starting and Lighting System	2 Passenger	3 or 4 Passenger	5 Passenger	7 Passenger	Coupe	Sedan	Limousine
JACKSON, Jackson, Mich.	1	8	Ferro	3x3½	28.8	118	Salisbury	¾ F	34x4	Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite	$1495	$1495	$1495	$1570		$2195	
JONES, Wichita, Kans.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5½	35	126	Timken	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1875	1875	1875		2550	
JORDAN, Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.40	127	Timken	SF	35x4½ 32x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g Ball &	Bijur		2375		1995		2750	$3500
KING, Detroit, Mich.	1	8	Own	3x5	28.8	120	Columb.	FF	34x4	Vac.	Ball	Bijur							
KISSEL KAR, Hartford, Wis.	2	6	Own	3½x5	25.35	117	Own	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Remy		2085	2085	2085	$1935	1935	
	2	12	Weidely	2½x5	39.68	128	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		2850		2450	2850	3000	
KLINE KAR, Richmond, Va.	1	6	Cont.	3½x4½	25.35	120	Hess	¾ F	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house	1495	1495	1495			2220	
LAUREL, Richmond, Ind.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.5	112		FF	32x4½	Grav.		Disco		1095	1095	1095			
LENOX, Boston, Mass.	1	6	Buda	3¾x5½	33.5	130	Timken	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Carter	Bijur			2650	2650			
LEXINGTON, Connersville, Ind.	2	6	Cont.	3½x4½	29.4	116 122	Hess	FF	32x4 34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1385 1585		1585	1545	1885	
LIBERTY, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3½x4½	25.4	115	Timken	SF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco	1350	1350	1350			1925	
LOCOMOBILE, Bridgeport, Conn.	2	6	Own	4½x5	43.4	139	Own	FF	36x4½	Pres.	Own	W'house		5150		5000			6200
			Own	4½x5½	48.6	142	Own	FF	37x5	Pres.	Own	W'house		6050		5950			7200
LOZIER, Detroit, Mich.	4	6	Own	4½x6½	28.9	120		FF	36x4½	Pres.		G & D							
	2	6	Own	3½x6	36	132		FF	36x4½	Pres.		G & D							
LUVERNE, Luverne, Minn.	1	6	Cont.	3¾x5¼	42	130	Columb.	FF	35x4½	Vac.	Schebler	W'house		1600		1650			
MCFARLAN SIX, Connersville, Ind.	1	6	Teetor	4½x6	48.6	136	Timken	FF	35x5	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	3500	3500	3500	3500	4600	4600	4650
MADISON, Anderson, Ind.	1	6	Rutenber	3½x	23.44	120	Amer.	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1485	1485	1485			
	1	4	Own	3½x4	15.63	105	Walker	¾ F	30x3½	Grav.	Zenith	Disco	830						
MAIBOHM, Racine, Wis.	2	6	Falls	3⅛x4¼	23.44	115	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Wagner	1050	1050	1050	1080		1650	
MARION-HANDLEY, Jackson, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.6	125	Salisbury	¾ F	35x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house		1650	1590	1650			
MARMON 34, Indianapolis, Ind.	1	6	Own	3¾x5½	33.75	136	Own	¾ F	32x4½ 30x3½	Grav.	Stromb'g	Bijur		3550	3500	3550		5150	5250
MAXWELL, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3½x4½	21.03	109	Own	¾ F	31x4	Grav.	K. D.	Simms-Huff		745	745		1095	1095	
MERCER, Trenton, N. J.	2	4	Own	3¾x6¾	22	115 132	Own	FF	32x4½	Vac.	Ball & Ball	W'house	3750	3850	3850				5000
METZ, Waltham, Mass.	1	4	Own	3½x4	24	108	Own	Solid	32x3½	Grav.	A. W. T.	W'house	605		695				
MITCHELL, Racine, Wis.	2	6	Own	3½x5	25.4	120	Own	⅜ F	32x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Splitdorf	1250	1280	1250		1850	1950	
			Own	3½x5	29.4	127	Own	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house		1490	1510	1525	2135	2275	2850
MOLINE-KNIGHT, E. Moline, Ill.	2	4	Own	3¾x5 4x6	22.5 25.6	118 122	Timken	SF	34x4 35x4½	Vac.	Schebler	Wagner- Auto-Lite		1650 1985	1650	1985		2280	
MONARCH, Detroit, Mich.	1	8				125										1500			
MONITOR, Columbus, Ohio	2	6	Cont.	3½x4½	25.35	117	Adams	FF	33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Dyneto		1295	1295				
MONROE, (Wm. Small Co., Inc.,) Indianapolis, Ind.	4	4	Sterling	3x4½	14	90	Walker		30x3	Vac.			565	635				965	
	2	4	Own	3½x4½	16.9	115	Hess	¾ F	32x3½	Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite		995	995			1850	
		6	Cont.	2⅞x4½	19.85	114	Timken	SF	32x3½	Grav.	Tillotson	Wagner			1295				
		6	Cont.	3½x4½	25.3	125	Timken	SF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Delco		1785		1785			
MOON, St. Louis, Mo.	3	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	125	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Delco		1985		1985	2950	2950	
MOORE 30, Minneapolis, Minn.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3½x4½	22.5	106	Peru	FF	30x3½	Vac.	Schebler	Dyneto	695	695	695				
MORSE, Pittsburgh, Pa.	1	2	De Lux	3½x3½	11	105	Own	Solid	28x3	Grav.	Schebler		450						
MURRAY, Pittsburgh, Pa.	1	8	Spillman	3½x5	33.8	128	Timken	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	2800	2800	2800	2800	3600	4000	4000
		6	Own	3¼x5	25.35	121	Own	SF	34x4	Vac.	Marvel	Delco		1295	1295			1985	
NASH, Kenosha, Wis.	2	6	Own	3½x4½	29.4	125	Own	SF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur				1465			
NATIONAL, Indianapolis, Ind.	2	6–12	Own	2½x4¾	39.68	128	Columb.	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house Bijur		2150 2750		2150 2750	2645 3245	2820 3420	
OAKLAND, Pontiac, Mich.	1	6	Own	2.81x3¾	19	112	Mott	FF	32x4	Vac.	Marvel	Remy	1050		1050			1550	1550
OLDSMOBILE, Lansing, Mich.		6	Own	2.81x4¼	18.9	112	Weston	FF	32x4	Vac.	Johnson Ball &	Remy	1195		1195			1595	1695
	2	8	Own	2⅞x4¼	26.4	120	Weston	FF	34x4	Vac.	Ball	Delco		1495		1495			
OLYMPIAN, Pontiac, Mich.	1	4	Own	3¼x4½	17	112	Own	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Auto-Lite		1085				1340	1565
		4	Own	3⅜x5	18.25	104	Own	¾ F	31x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite	780	840					
		4	Own	3⅜x5	18.25	106	Own	¾ F	31x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite			795			1240	
		4	Own	4¼x4½	27.23	112	Own	¾ F	32x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite		915	930				
OVERLAND, Toledo, Ohio	4	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	116	Own	¾ F	32x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite		1115	1130		1420	1620	
OWEN MAGNETIC, Cleveland, Ohio		6	Own	3½x5½	29.4	125	Amer.	FF	34x4½					3300	3300	3300			4350
		6	Own	3¾x5½	33.6	136	Amer.	FF	35x5					3950		3950	3600		5000
	3	6	Own	4x5½	40	142	Amer.	FF	35x5	Vac.	Zenith	Own		5300		5300		6300	6300
PACKARD, Detroit, Mich.	2	12	Own	3x5	43.2	138	Own	SF		Pres.	Own	Bijur		3950	3950	3950	5300		5500
			Own	3x5	43.2	136	Own	SF	35x5	Pres.	Own	Bijur				4300			5850
			Rutenber	3½x5	23.4	117			32x4	Grav.	Stromb'g	G & D	1330	1330	1330				
PAIGE, Detroit, Mich.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	127	Salisbury	¾ F	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1775		1775	2850	2850	3230
PATERSON, Flint, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25	117	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		1295	1265	1295		1795	
PATHFINDER, Indianapolis, Ind.	1	12	Weidely	2½x5	39.6	135	Amer.	FF	35x5	Grav.	Stromb'g Ball &	Delco		3250		3250			
PEERLESS, Cleveland, O.	1	8	Own	3¼x5	33.8	125	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Ball	Auto-Lite Ward-Leonard	2490	2340		2340	2850	2990	3690
PHIANNA, Newark, N. J.	1	4	Own	3.906x6	25	125		FF	32x4½	Vac.					5000				
			Own	4x5½	38.40	134	Own		34x4½	Pres.	Own	W'house	4800	4800	4800		5700	5900	5900
PIERCE-ARROW Buffalo, N. Y.			Own	4½x5½	48.60	142	Own		35x5	Pres.	Own	W'house	5400	5400	5400	5500	6400		6800
PILLIOD, Toledo, Ohio	3	6	Own	5x7	60.00	147½	Own	SF	36x5½	Pres.	Own	W'house	6400	6400	6400	6500	7400		7600
PILOT, Richmond, Ind.	1	4	Own	4¼x5		122	Columb.	FF	34x4	Vac.	Johnson	Auto-Lite	1485	1485	1485				
PREMIER, Indianapolis, Ind.	1	6	Teetor	3½x5	23.4	120	Hess	FF	32x4 32x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Delco		1295	1295				
	1	6	Own	3¾x5½	27.3	125½	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Johnson	Delco		2285		2285		3285	
PRINCESS, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	2.77	108		FF	32x3½	Vac.	Schebler	Disco	875	875	875				
PULLMAN, York Pa.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.6	114		FF	31x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Dyneto							
REGAL, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3½x4¾	19.6	108	Peru	FF	30x3½	Vac.	Carter	Auto-Lite			795				
				4½x4½	27.2	120		SF	34x4	Vac.	Johnson			1225	1225				
REO, Lansing, Mich.	2	4–6	Own	3.563x5½	30.4	126	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1550		1550			
RICHARD, ClevelandOhio	1	8	Own	3¾x6¾	45	137	Own	FF	34x6	Vac.	Own	W'house				8000			
ROAMER, Kalamazoo, Mich.		4	Dusenb'g	4 x6	25.4	128			32x4½				2950	2950		3250		3750	
	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	127	Hess	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Bijur	2350	2250		2475		3250	
ROSS, Detroit, Mich.	1	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	130		FF	35x4½	Vac.		Ward-Leonard		1850		1850			
SAYERS SIX, Cincinnati, Ohio.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.4	118	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Delco			1395				
				2¾x4	12.10	96			30x3		Schebler		445						
SAXON, Detroit, Mich.	3	4–6–8	Cont.	2⅞x4½	20	112	Timken	SF	32x3½	Grav.	Stromb'g	Wagner		995	995			1395	
SCRIPPS-BOOTH, Detroit, Mich.		4	Mason	3.688x4	21.7	110	Walker	¾ F	30x3½		Zenith	Remy		935					
		6	Northway	2.81x4¾	19	112	Mott	FF	32x4		Marvel	Remy	1195		1195				
SENECA, Fostoria, Ohio	3	8	Ferro	2½x3¾	22.1	120	Russel	¾ F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Wagner		1285					
SIMPLEX, New Brunswick, N. J.	1	4	LeRoy	3½x4½	27	108	Adams	FF	30x3½ 36x4½	Vac.	Schebler New-	A.-Chal. Elsmann	chassis	900	850				
SINGER, New York City	1	6	Own	4¼x6¼	45.9	143½	Own	FF	37x5	Pres.	comb	Bosch	7000						
STANDARD, Pittsburgh, Pa.	1	6	Spillman	4x5½	38.4	139	Timken	FF	35x5	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house							
	2	8	Spillman	33x5	28.8	121	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house		1950					
	2	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	127	Timken	SF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	2450	2450		2450	3500	3500	4000
STANLEY STEAMER, Newton, Mass.	1	2	Own	4x5		130	Own		35x4½			Apico Ltg.		2750		2800			
STATES, Kalmazoo, Mich.	2	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.5	112	Adams	FF	32x3½	Vac		Dyneto	895	895	895				
	2	6	Own	3 x4½	30	112	Adams	FF	31x4	Vac.	Schebler	Dyneto	995	995	995			995	
STEARNS, Cleveland, Ohio				3½x5⅝	22.5	119			34x4		Schebler			1785	1785	2175	2400	2535	3350
	2	4–8	Own	3¼x5	33.8	125	Own	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		2575		2575	3200		3875
STEPHENS SALIENT SIX, Moline, Ill.	1	6	Own	3¼x4½	25.3	118	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco	1585	1650	1585			2085	
				3½x5	19.26	112			32x3½		Schebler				895				
STUDEBAKER, Detroit, Mich.				3½x5	29.4	119			32x4		Ball & Ball	Wagner-				1295			
	3	4–6	Own	3½x5	36.04	126	Own	SF	33x4½	Vac.	Ball & Ball	Remy					1695		
STUTZ, Indianapolis, Ind.	1	4	Own	4½x6	30.6	120 130	Own	¾ F	32x4½	Pres.	Stromb'g	Remy	2550	2650		2750			
			Own	3½x4½	25.4	115			32x4				1340	1340	1340		1900	1885	2450
VELIE, Moline, Ill.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5½	29.6	124	Timken	SF	33x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy				1595			
WESTCOTT, Springfield, O.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	125 124½	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Delco Leece		1890	1940	1940	2790	2790	
WHITE, Cleveland, Ohio	2	4	Own	4¼x5½	28.9	137½	Own	Own	35x5	Vac.	Own	Neville		5000		5000	6050	6050	6200
WILLYS SIX, Toledo, Ohio	1	6	Cont.	3½x5½	29.4	120	Own	¾ F	33x4½	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite		1365		1365		2045	
WILLYS KNIGHT, Toledo, Ohio		4	Own	4½x4½	27.23	121	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite				1525	2175		
	2	8	Own	3¾x4	36.45	125	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite				2000		2700	2800
WINTON SIX, Cleveland, Ohio	2	6	Own	3½x5½	33.75	128	Own	FF	36x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur	2950	2950	2950	3000	3950	4200	3950
			Own	4x5½	48.6	138	Own	FF	37x5	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur	3500	3500	3500	3500	4500	4750	4500
WONDER, Chicago, Ill.	1	4				126		FF	34x4	Grav.					900				
WOODS, Dual Power, Chicago, Ill.	4	4	Cont.	2½x4½	1.12	124	Own	SF	35x4½	Grav.	Stromb'g	Own					2950		
WOODS MOBILETTE, Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Perkins	3½x4	18	104		FF	28x3	Grav.	Carter	Disco	405						

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Gasoline Trucks and Delivery Cars

All engines are 4-cylinder unless otherwise specified

	Capacity Tons	Prices
"ACASON," Acason Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 6 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1½ to 5	$2400 to $4600
"ACME," Acme Motor Truck Co., Cadillac, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 4	1900 to 3900
"ARMLEDER," The O. Armleder Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	2900 and 3850
"ATLAS," Martin Truck & Body Corp'n, York, Pa., 1 model. Bodies extra. Hotchkiss drive.	1500 lbs.	985
"ATTERBURY," Atterbury Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1½ to 3½	2475 to 3875
"AUTOCAR," The Autocar Co., Ardmore, Pa., 1 model, 2 cylinders. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	1½ to 2	2050
"AVAILABLE," Available Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1950 to 4600
"BECK," Beck Motor Truck Works, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 2½	1220 to 2150
"BEECH CREEK," Beech Creek Truck & Auto Co., Beech Creek, Pa., 1 model. Chassis only. Gear D.	3	3850
"BESSEMER," Bessemer Motor Truck Co., Grove City, Pa., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	1 to 3½	1250 to 3450
"BETHLEHEM" Bethlehem Motors Corp., Allentown, Pa. 4 models, bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1½ to 2½	1245 to 2565
"BOURNE MAGNETIC," Bourne Magnetic Truck Co., New York City. 2 models. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	3500 to 4200
"BRINTON," Brinton Motor Truck Co., Phila., Pa., 2 models. Chassis only.	1 and 2½	1250 to 2650
"BRISCOE," Briscoe Motor Corp., Jackson, Mich., 2 models. Complete. Shaft drive.	½	825 and 850
"BROCKWAY," Brockway Motor Truck Co., Cortland, N. Y., 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1½ to 3½	2450 to 3750
"BURFORD," Taylor Motor Truck Co., Fremont, Ohio, 2 models. Chassis only. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	2 and 4	2500 to 3650
"CHASE," Chase Motor Truck Co., Syracuse, N. Y., 5 models. Complete. Worm drive.	¾ to 3½	1500 to 3600
"CLYDESDALE," Clyde Cars Co., Clyde, O., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 5	
"COLLIER," Collier Motor Truck Co., Bellevue Ohio, 1 model. With body. Direct bevel drive.	¾	885
"COMMERCE," Commerce Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. 3 bodies. Internal and Bevel Gear D.	1	1340 to 1490
"CONESTOGA," Conestoga Motor Truck Co., Lancaster, Pa. 2 model. 4 bodies. Shaft drive.	1200 lb.&1½	1050 to 1450
"CORBITT," Corbitt Motor Truck Co., Henderson, N. C., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1800 to 4500
"COUPLE GEAR," Couple Gear Freight Wheel Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 3 models. Four-wheel drive. Complete. (Gas electric.)	3½ to 7	5800 to 7000
"DART," Dart Motor Truck Co., Waterloo, Iowa, 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1850 to 3600
"DAYTON," Dayton Motor Truck Co., Dayton, Ohio, 6 models. Chain and Worm drive.	2 to 7½	2650 to 4950
"D-E," Day-Elder Motors Corp'n, Newark, N. J., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 2½	950 to 2365
"DE KALB," DeKalb Wagon Co., DeKalb, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra.	2 to 2½	2100 to 2450
"DENBY," Denby Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 5	1490 to 4900
"DIAMOND T," Diamond T Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 5 models.	1 to 5	2000 to 4750
"DISPATCH," Dispatch Motor Car Co., Minneapolis, Minn., 2 models. Complete Internal chain D.	¾	1150 to 1250
"DORRIS," Dorris Motor Car Co., St. Louis, Mo., 1 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2	2685
"DOWNING," Downing Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 models.	¾ to 1½	600 and 750
"DUPLEX 4-WHEEL DRIVE," Duplex Truck Co., Lansing, Mich., 1 model.	3½	4000
"ERIE," Erie Motor Truck Mfg. Co., Erie, Pa., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1500 to 3000
"FARGO," Fargo Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	2	2200
"FEDERAL," Federal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1900 to 4400
"FORD," Ford Motor Co., Detroit, Mich. 1 model. Chassis only. Shaft drive, worm type.	1	600
"F. W. D.," Four-Wheel Drive Auto Co., Clintonville, Wis., 1 model. Chassis only. Bevel Gear drive on both axles thru center differential.	3	4600
"FULTON," Fulton Motor Truck Co., Farmingdale, L. I., N. Y. 1 model chassis only. Internal gear drive.	1½	1420
"GABRIEL," Gabriel Motor Truck, Cleveland, Ohio, 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1700 to 3300
"GARFORD," The Garford Motor Truck Co., Lima, Ohio, 10 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive. Special fire equipment & Road Builders.	1 to 10	2100 to 6000
"GARY," The Gary Motor Truck Co., Gary, Ind., 5 models. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	On application
"GLOBE," Globe Motor Truck Co., E. St. Louis, Ill., 3 models. Chassis only. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 2	1425 to 2050
"G. M. C.," General Motors Truck Co., Pontiac, Mich., 6 models. Bodies extra.	¾ to 5	On application
"GRAMM-BERNSTEIN," Gramm-Bernstein Motor Truck Co., Lima,O., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm D.	1 to 6	On application
"GRANT," The Grant Motor Car Corp., Cleveland, O. 3 models. 2 models chassis only. 1 model with body. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 2	1020 to 1885
"HAHN," Hahn Motor Truck & Wagon Co., Hamburg, Pa., 4 models. Worm drive.	¾ to 3½	1150 to 4150
"HALL," Lewis Hall Iron Works, Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Worm and Chain drive.	2 to 7	2350 to 4200
"HARVEY," Harvey Motor Truck Company, Harvey, Ill., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2½ to 5	2850 to 4600
"HATFIELD," Cortland Cart & Carriage Co., Sidney, N. Y., 3 models. Complete. Bevel Gear drive.	1000 lbs.	840 to 875
"HAWKEYE," Hawkeye Truck Co., Sioux City, Iowa, 1 model. Chassis only. Internal Gear drive.	1½	1750
"HENDERSON BROS.," Henderson Bros., North Cambridge, Mass., 2 models. Chassis only. Worm D.	1200 lbs. and 1 ton	1225 and 1500
"HERCULES" Hercules Truck Car Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 4 models, 6 cylinders. Bodies extra. Worm D.	2 to 5	2800 to 4750
"HEWITT-LUDLOW," Hewitt-Ludlow Auto Co., San Francisco, Cal., 5 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive. Also tractors.	1 to 5	2000 to 4550
"HOOVER," Hoover Wagon Co., York, Pa., 1 model. Bodies to order. Worm drive.	¾	1375
"HORNER," Detroit-Wyandotte Motor Truck Co., Wyandotte, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm D.	1½ to 5	2600 to 4750
"HURLBURT," Hurlburt Motor Truck Co., New York City, N. Y., 5 models. Worm drive. Chassis D.	1½ to 7	2600 to 6500
"INDEPENDENT," Independent Motors Co., Port Huron, Mich., 2 models. Worm drive.	1 and 2	$1385 and $1850
"INDIANA," Indiana Truck Corp'n, Marion, Ind., 4 models. Bodies extra.	1 to 5	1800 to 4200
"INTERNATIONAL," International Harvester Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear D.	¾ to 2	1450 and 2550
"KEARNS," Kearns Motor Truck Co., Beavertown, Pa., 1 model. Complete. Shaft drive.	1000 lbs.	785
"KELLY," The Kelly-Springfield Motor Truck Co., Springfield, Ohio, 8 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive.	1½ to 6	2500 to 4750
"KISSEL," The Kissel Motor Co., Hartford, Wis., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Bevel drive.	¾ to 5	1385 to 4350
"KLEIBER," Kleiber & Co., Inc., San Francisco, Cal., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	2100 to 4900
"KOEHLER," H. J. Koehler Motors Corp., Newark, N. J., 3 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1½	1150 to 1550
"KOENIG & LUHRS," Koenig & Luhrs Wagon Co., Quincy, Ill., 1 model.	¾	700
"LAMSON," Lamson Truck & Tractor Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Chassis only. Four-wheel drive.	3 and 5	to 5000

	Capacity Tons	Prices
"LANGE," Lange Motor Truck Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., 2 models. Bodies extra.	1 to 2½	1950 to 2650
"LARRABEE," Larrabee-Deyo Motor Truck Co., Binghamton, N.Y., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm D.	1 to 5	1950 to 4450
"LESLIE," Leslie Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. Kerosene fuel.	¾	On application
"LIPPARD-STEWART," Lippard-Stewart Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 2	1900 to 3050
"LITTLE GIANT," Little Giant Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1650 to 3450
"MACCAR," Maccar Truck Co., Scranton, Pa., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 5½	2550 to 4750
"MACK," International Motor Co., N. Y. City, 6 models. Chassis only. Chain and Worm drive.	1 to 7½	2400 to 5500
"MAXIM," Maxim Motor Co., Middleboro, Mass., 2 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. Bodies extra. Fire apparatus special. Worm drive.	2	4000 and 5000
"MAXWELL," Maxwell Motor Co., Inc., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	1	1085
"THE MENOMINEE," Menominee Motor Truck Co., Menominee, Mich., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm D.	¾ to 5	1650 to 4540
"MODERN," Bowling Green Motor Truck Co., Bowling Green, Ohio, 2 models. Chassis only. Worm D.	1 and 2	1800 and 2800
"MOGUL," Mogul Motor Truck Co., St. Louis, Mo., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive.	1½ to 6	1600 to 4000
"MONARCH," Monarch Light Truck Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½ and 1	750 and 950
"MOON," Jos. W. Moon Buggy Co., St. Louis, Mo., 2 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Shaft drive.	¾ to 1½	1000 and 1650
"MORELAND," Moreland Motor Truck Co., Los Angeles, Cal., 5 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 5	2050 to 5000
"MORTON," Morton Truck and Tractor Co., Harrisburg, Pa., 1 model. Chassis only. Worm drive.	3	4250
"NASH," The Nash Motors Co., Kenosha, Wis., 3 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 2	1495 to 3250
"NELSON LEMOON," Nelson & LeMoon, Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Worm drive. Chassis only.	1 to 5	1700 to 4200
"NETCO," New England Truck Co., Fitchburg, Mass., 3 models. Bodies and fire apparatus extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 2	3000 to 5000
"NILES," Niles Motor Truck Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., 2 models. Bodies to order. Worm drive.	1 and 2	1500 to 2400
"NOBLE" Noble Motor Truck Co., Kendallville, Ind. 1 model, chassis with cab. Worm drive.	2	2300
"OLD HICKORY," Kentucky Wagon Mfg. Co., Louisville, Ky., 1 model. Bodies extra. Bevel Gear D.	¾	875
"OLD RELIABLE," Old Reliable Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill. 12 models. Bodies and trailers extra. Chain and Worm drive.	1½ to 7	1950 to 5000
"OVERLAND" Willys Overland Inc., Toledo, O. 2 models. With or without bodies.	800 and 1200 lb.	785 to 930
"PACKARD," Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 7 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 6½	2650 to 5400
"PANHARD," Hamilton Motors Co., Grand Haven, Mich. 2 models. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	1 and 1½	985 and 1185
"PARAGAN," Paragan Motor Truck Co., Auburn, Ind., 1 model. 4 bodies.	1	975
"PEERLESS," Peerless Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 4 models. Bodies and tractors extra. Chain and Worm drive.	3 to 6	4000 to 5200
"PIERCE-ARROW," Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 5	3750 to 5500
"RAINIER," Rainier Motor Corp., Flushing, N. Y. City, 2 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½ and 1½	995 and 1350
"RELIANCE," Rallance Motor Truck Co., Racine, Wis., 4 models. Enclosed Spur Gear drive.	1½ to 5	1295 to 3850
"REO," Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich., 2 models. ¾-ton with express body. Other, chassis only. Shaft and Chain drive.	¾ and 2	1175 and 1800
"REPUBLIC," Republic Motor Truck Co., Inc., Alma, Mich., 7 models, ¾-ton complete. Other bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 5	895 to 4500
"RIKER," The Locomobile Co. of America, Bridgeport, Conn., 2 models. Bodies, tractor, etc., extra. Worm drive.	3 and 4	On application
"ROWE," Rowe Motor Mfg. Co., Downingtown, Pa., 5 models. Chassis only. Fire apparatus special.	2 to 5	2800 to 4500
"RUSH," Rush Motor Truck Co., Philadelphia, Pa., 1 model. Bodies extra. Bevel Gear drive.	½	895 to 985
"SANDOW," Sandow Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1900 to 5800
"SANFORD," Sanford Motor Truck Co., Syracuse, N. Y., 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	2½ to 5	3000 to 4600
"SAURER," International Motor Co., N. Y. City, 2 models. Chassis only. Chain drive.	5 and 6½	4800 and 5800
"SCHACHT," The G. A. Schacht Motor Truck Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm D.	2 to 5	2950 to 4700
"SELDEN," Selden Truck Sales Co., Rochester, N. Y., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Internal Gear D.	¾ to 3½	1075 to 3400
"SERVICE," Service Motor Truck Co., Wabash, Ind., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1900 to 4600
"SIGNAL," Signal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 5 sizes, 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 5	2000 to 4750
"STANDARD," Standard Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 3 models. Worm drive.	2 to 5	2575 to 4250
"STERLING," Sterling Motor Truck Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive.	2½ to 7	2990 to $5500
"STEWART," Stewart Motor Corp., Buffalo, N. Y., 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 2	850 to 2295
"STUDEBAKER,"Studebaker Corp. of America, South Bend, Ind., 2 models. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	½ and 1	945 and 1300
"SUPERIOR," Superior Motor Truck Co., Atlanta, Ga., 2 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 and 2	1500 and 2000
"TOWER," Tower Motor Truck Co., Greenville, Mich., 2 models. Bodies extra.	1½ and 2½	2200 and 2800
"TRABOLD," Trabold Truck Mfg. Co., Johnstown, Pa., 2 models. Chassis only.	1 and 2	975 and 1750
"TROJAN," The Commercial Truck Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1	1600 and 1700
"TWIN CITY-FOUR WEEL DRIVE" Twin City-Four Wheel Drive Co., Inc., St. Paul, Minn., 2 models.	3½x5	4250 to 5250
"UNITED," United Motors Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 6 models of trucks and tractors. Bodies extra. Worm and internal gear drive.	1 to 6	1850 to 4500
"U. S.," United States Motor Truck Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 5 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm D.	2½ to 5	2650 to 4550
"UNIVERSAL," Universal Service Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm	1½ to 3	2000 to 3400
"VELIE," Velie Motors Corp'n, Moline, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	2750 and 3600
"VIALL," Viall Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Chassis only. Chain and Worm drive.	¾ to 5	940 to 3500
"VIM," Vim Motor Truck Co., Phila., Pa., 14 delivery bodies. Complete. Bevel Gear drive.	½	845 to 1835
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"WILSON," J. C. Wilson Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models. 9-ton haulage body extra. Worm Gear drive.	1 to 5	1450 to 4600
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INTERNED' SWITZERLAND

A letter from Albert Frapwell, a New York business man, who volunteered for war work with the Y. M. C. A. He was detailed for several months as purchasing agent for the Association in Switzerland. His letter gives a first-hand impression of conditions in one of the few remaining neutral nations.—THE EDITOR.

POOR Switzerland is not very gay these days. Though not in the war, the troubles of a nation at war are to some extent hers. Coal is very short—so short that the hotels can not allow guests to have baths except on Saturdays. The rooms are poorly heated. All offices must close at four-thirty or be liable to a fine of five hundred francs. Germany is the only country that can supply any coal, and she offers it all bound up in red tape, demanding a return in food and subscriptions to her war loans. She says: "If you give the Allies any food or lumber we will close your factories and freeze your homes." On the other hand, the Allies say: "If you don't supply us with what you can, we won't give you anything." We are most happy that America gave wheat and corn without any request in return.

Switzerland is not, however, badly off for food. Sugar is given out most carefully in metal containers that hold a little more than a teaspoonful. The country is also short of butter and in some places of cheese—which is hard to understand: unless she is sending cheese to Germany, Switzerland should have enough of all the milk products. Rice, butter, sugar, macaroni and bread are sold only on cards. All bread is at least one day old when sold, is dark and heavy, but really not very bad. A small amount of flour is also allowed to each person.

A sad sight in Switzerland now is the number of people who have no work to do. There are thirteen thousand beds in the town of Lucerne; the average number occupied for the last four years is thirteen hundred. One of the shopkeepers told me he had made but one good sale this year, and that was to me—I had spent about ten dollars. Many of the stores are closed.

All the warring nations are using Switzerland as a health resort, and almost every town has some seriously ill prisoners, sent here by their captors for a chance to recover. Each nation pays the board of these interned prisoners at the low rate of four or five francs for a private and five or six for an officer. Some camps have been built for them; but the Government does not like this method. The Association is trying to do work for these men similar to that in the prison camps.

I am very sure that few people in America know how the Swiss regard our entrance into the war. This is particularly true of the Swiss German. In my opinion, one of the best things we could do would be to publish a paper in German, in which we explain American ideals. To-day the Swiss German reads only a German paper, which may be printed in Germany or be a pro-German Swiss paper, and he has the notion that the Yankee is after land or money. The German Swiss is less pro-German, though, than at the beginning of the war, and he was never positively so. Underneath, he has German sympathy, but this is now overshadowed by a realization of what Prussianism would do to Switzerland. He is practically a neutral. The French Swiss is, if possible, more French than a Frenchman, while the Italian Swiss is a quiet individual who would like to see Italy win but will not exert himself overmuch to say so.

LET me tell you about some work which the Swiss are doing which does not bear the name Christian but is a most Christlike work. Germany has been sending through Switzerland—I suppose under an agreement with the nations concerned—all the "undesirable" citizens living in the territory of the Allies which Germany now holds. They are all old men and women, children, and sick persons of all ages. This has been going on since the beginning of the war. They enter Switzerland at Schaffhausen or Basle and then proceed south through several of the principal cities. My first sight of them was in Zurich.

We were advised to be at the railroad station at six-thirty. When we arrived we found one of the tracks guarded by soldiers. On one side stood a large group of young nurses. Two cars were backed against the bumper in the station, and on the platform were a coffee-stand and several flat trucks with wash-basins and pitchers filled with water. Several soldiers stood behind the coffee-stand and the trucks. In a corner were many large baskets, carefully covered, each filled with sandwiches, fruit, etc. The train was backed slowly up to the two cars and the girls boarded the train. In a few minutes they came back loaded down with babies.

Each child was carefully carried to one of the two cars, which had already been prepared. All the seats had been removed, double windows had been put in, and benches placed. On these were large basins filled with warm water. Every child was bathed, then fitted out with clean clothes and given a good meal. Some of the clothes were new, some the mended clothes of a group which had passed through before. All over Switzerland women have been buying and making clothes and sending them to the cities, and the women in Zurich have the added task of mending the mendable clothes.

You can not imagine the condition of these children. They have been cooped up for many hours in a train filled to standing room where the sanitary conditions are far from adequate. In many cases the dirt has to be removed with the back of a knife. Every day the girls are made ill. In many cases these children are even dangerous to handle. Indeed, several of the girls have contracted contagious diseases, and two have died. Still the work goes on six days in the week.

Imagine the mental suffering of the older people—uprooted in a few minutes, crowded into a train, and transported many miles, usually with only such things as they can carry in a large handkerchief, and transported many miles, not knowing where they are going or how they are to get support. One woman who journeyed through Zurich was a hundred years old. When the train arrives all these people are given an opportunity to go to the trucks and clean up. The soldiers give them towels, soap and brushes, and if in need of clothes, they are fitted out as well as the supply will allow. Then the sandwiches are handed about by soldiers, and the coffee is served at the stand. Before the train starts from the station the baskets of fruit are given away, each grown-up receives a paper written in French, and the children get toys. These people, rushed away from all they love, without food or almost anything, find in this little country a new interpretation of the words: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

We had exciting times in Zurich in the early winter—perhaps the work of German interests. Many of the factories here devote part time to the manufacture of munition parts, and they have been attacked by the so-called pacifists. Many of these pacifists are deserters from the Swiss and other armies. They correspond to the rough element of any town, and many of them are a mild brand of anarchists. They are easily led by excited speakers and have been worked up to cause considerable disorder. Groups of over one thousand attacked the munition factories and broke the windows and tried to intimidate the workers. They argue that if Switzerland did not send munitions to the belligerents the war would end, not reflecting that the amount produced there might be compared to a drop in an ocean.

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The WHITE ARC

(*Continued from page 53*)

staring—as he had stared at her on that former occasion—as King Polydectes had stared until he turned to stone at the Gorgon's bloody head—was the paralysis of sheer horror. Horror of what she was, and meant, and saw; of her wanton defilement of a lovely thing. And, as on that other occasion, it was not until her: "Oh, don't go on standing there! Go! Go away!" that he could leave her. He went then, without a word.

She sat, just as she had been sitting when he came into the room, holding one bare arm in the other hand. She stayed like that, stonily still, for a moment after he had gone out; then suddenly and viciously dug into the soft flesh of that arm until the nails brought blood. Another moment and she relaxed, caressed the wound with her mouth and sucked the blood away. Her eyes were smoldering but she smiled a curious, sullen, defiant sort of smile.

I do not think she can fairly be called perverse. Love and pain are messages that run along parallel wires, and, in many, if not most, quite normally constituted people, strange inductivities are set up between them. That craving in her for pain and struggle was a fundamental want in her which Hugh had never satisfied. Never, since their first accidental encounter, had he exerted any force upon her. Again and again, through the weeks before their marriage and the months that followed it, she had tried—only half-conscious, I suppose, that that was what she was trying for—to provoke him to do something violent to her, to use his strength against which she should struggle in vain. She knew he had it; it maddened her that he would not use it. If ever he had beaten her, choked her, taken hold of her even, hard enough to bruise, her love for him would have become a wholesouled, complete, satisfactory thing. Giving it up, at last, as hopeless, her love for him, while it persisted, became a rankling, unsatisfied, contemptuous thing. And the contempt accumulated.

Mrs. Corbett was all wrong, of course, in her interpretation of Helena's motive in throwing Jean, as she said, at Hugh's head. The notion of trapping Hugh into a compromising situation which would give her the whip-hand in dictating the terms of a divorce, was one which Helena, to do her justice, would never have entertained for a moment. Her real motive, which Mrs. Corbett would hardly have understood had it been explained to her, was, substantially what she had just avowed to Hugh. Watching the pair, reflecting upon the sort of use they made of the opportunities she gave them, gave that motive hers something to feed upon. She had not plotted out the consequences further than that. She had no intention of springing her mine on Hugh, certainly not when he came in to-night. Their quarrel had been as surprising to her as to him. Only surprises didn't affect her in the same way. Her mood, created by the paper she had read that afternoon and by the telephone call after she got home, was dangerously explosive. His mood had exploded it. The materials of which she had made their quarrel were nothing to her. She had begun it quite at random.

She was, in a word, a much simpler person than he. It was her temperamental habit to let herself go, just as it was his to hold himself in. And she was as incapable of understanding his inhibitions as he was of understanding her excesses.

Well, she had done it now. And she guessed it was just as well that she had. She was glad of it. This was about what that defiant, sullen smile of hers meant. She'd given him his last chance. If he wouldn't resent a vile insult like that to his precious Jean, he would never resent anything. He had gone away, she tried to tell herself—though not, I think, with very genuine conviction—like a whipped dog. It suited her mood, anyhow, to think so.

She had an extraordinarily pleasurable sense of satisfaction and well-being. She wanted to do something. Something exciting. What was it she had meant to do?

Her eyes fell on the telephone pad. She had, for five minutes, forgotten all about that. She would go, of course.

She dressed in the plainest suit she had, a pair of stout boots and an untrimmed beaver hat. She inquired if her husband had gone out, and, on being told that he had, said that she wasn't coming down to dinner. He was out tramping the streets, she supposed. Thinking! It amused her to find that she was in good humor with him again.

With a smile a little rueful, a little impatient, a little mischievous, she scrawled, without sitting down at her desk, a note to him.

"I didn't mean it, of course. Not that that makes any difference, I suppose."

This she took into his bedroom and laid on his pillow.

Then slipping on a storm-coat, she went out, walked over to State Street, and took the street-car, on the way to her *rendezvous*.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

Intrigue

WHEN she got down-town, the sight of a lunch-room reminded her that she was hungry. So she went into it, ordered an oyster stew, sat

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down in one of the wide-armed chairs, and ate. She hadn't been in one of those places in years. It had romantic associations, too. A man in love with her had once threatened to kill her in one of these nice, clean, white-tiled lunch rooms. They had come in about four o'clock one wet winter afternoon, when the place was pretty well deserted, for the warmth of it, and a chance to sit down and talk—as they had done, in whispers.

She couldn't have been more than nineteen when that happened—the better part of ten years ago. And yet it seemed more real to her to-night than the house she had just left; than those rich, complacent Corbetts whose name she bore, whose secure, upholstered life she had, in a dream, been living. What a dream!

She paid her punched check—twenty cents—at the cashier's desk. And, after going out and walking a block or two—it had begun to snow—boarded the car that would take her to her destination. It was not crowded yet, but it had been recently; had the familiar smell.

She had a long ride before her and she settled to enjoy it. Her fellow passengers interested her—stimulated her curiosity. The savor of them excited her; a man with a beard, a woman with her head in a shawl, a Yiddish newspaper, a conversation in Czech between a man and woman in the seat behind her. The effect upon her was that of going back to meat upon one who has, for a reluctant while, been a vegetarian. After the car got out of the down-town district and threaded its way to its eventual thoroughfare, her gaze was constantly out the window. The foreign-language signs on the shops greeted her as old friends. She experienced the thrill—not of an adventurer, but of one returning, after long wanderings, home.

She did not leave the car at the corner her drug-store was on (it was on the far side of the street and the car stopped on the near), but rode by and took a preliminary look at it from the window.

It was a dingy old wooden building with a ridge roof, the gable facing the main thoroughfare. Through the half-glazed doors, she caught a glimpse, as she went by, of a glowing stove out in the middle of it. The upper story was flamboyantly painted with a doctor's sign, advertising X-ray cures for a catholic catalog of complaints.

She cast a sharp glance into the recessed doorway which gave access to the doctor's quarters, to see if any one were lurking there. She couldn't be sure, through the snow, but she thought not. At the next corner, she got out and walked back briskly, and with no overt pauses for looking about, but with an eye which missed no geographic or human detail of the scene, either

Elsie Hoyt

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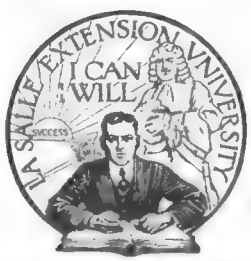

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upon the opposite side of the street or upon her own. She saw no suspicious appearances anywhere.

It may be remarked that there wasn't one flutter of fear about her. Whatever else one may think about her, it is impossible to deny her courage.

Entering the store, she found one old woman customer being waited upon by the solitary clerk. She was buying a precious little bottle of ear-oil, guaranteed, it appeared, as a sure cure for deafness.

Helena asked for the telephone directory, and on having it pointed out to her, busied herself with it until the old woman went out. When the clerk came back, she said: "I am looking for a man named Galicz."

The clerk pointed to the telephone booth and she went into it, to find that it had another door opening into the prescription department behind the screen. He came round the other way.

"The man you want," he said, "is in the doctor's place up-stairs. You can go through this door," he nodded toward it, but made no move to open it for her, "and down the hall to the stairs, without going outside."

She obeyed this direction implicitly once more. The hall and the stairs were sufficiently lighted, and she made her way, without misadventure, to a door on the second story that had the doctor's name painted on it, and the invitation "Walk in," which she did, thereby ringing a little bell.

Two or three patients were miserably waiting in this reception-room, staring blankly at some terrifying and highly colored diagrams that hung on the walls; but the doctor, summoned by the bell, appeared immediately from the inner room. He was a brisk, bearded and spectacled gentleman in a frock coat and a skull-cap. Evidently he knew who she was, for he said: "You have an appointment, haven't you?" And, taking her assent for granted, he led her out the door she had come in by, and down the hall, to a room at the end of the building, indicated the door to her, and then went back as he had come.

She opened it, still without hesitation, and went in. She found herself, rather surprisingly, in a comfortably furnished room, carpeted, a solid drop-leaf table in the middle, with an old-fashioned hanging lamp above it, a shelf with books along one wall, a folding-bed davenport and a wash-stand, a base-burner stove, and, between it and the center table, an easy chair with a man in it.

He had been reading a newspaper and smoking a pipe before she opened the door, and he looked deliberately around at her before he got up. He was collarless and in his socks. A fortuitous growth of black beard, two weeks old or so, covered his face. His eyes were a bright Irish blue. On the

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whole, she liked his looks. It would be hard to say how old he was. In his early thirties, she guessed.

"You're Helena, then," he said.

His pronunciation of her name was on the right note. Hugh and his friends had always stressed the first syllable. She liked his voice, too, though the tone of it had been by no means ingratiating; not quite hostile perhaps. Non-committal, anyhow.

She looked at him thoughtfully for perhaps a dozen seconds before she answered. "Yes, I'm Helena," she said, pronouncing the name as he had, "but I don't know you. You're no one I've ever seen before."

"That's true," he assented. "I've never seen you, either. But I knew your father."

A frown of undisguised suspicion creased itself sharply between her brows. "I knew every one he did," she said, shortly, "from the time I was ten years old until they took him away from me."

"I knew him in prison," the man answered her. "My name's Frank Gilrain. I can convince you of the truth of that—if you're willing to be convinced. If you don't want to be, go now."

They stayed as they were, looking steadily at each other for a moment longer. Then, suddenly, rather giddily, one might have thought, she sat down in a chair. "Tell me about him," she commanded.

He took his time about beginning; relighted his pipe, and, after standing before her for a minute or two, twisted his easy chair around so that it faced her, and seated himself. From the moment he began to talk, she did not doubt that he was telling the truth.

"You wrote him some letters at first," he said, "but I think he never answered them."

"No," she said. "From the time they took him away, until they wrote me that he was dead, and that I could have the body, I heard nothing from him."

"He died of pneumonia," Gilrain said.

She nodded assent to that too. That was what her letter had said.

"He wasn't so unhappy there." This was after a silence; Helena staring, a thousand fathoms deep in revery, at the glowing stove doors; the man watching her with half-shut eyes through the smoke of his pipe. "He was a sort of philosopher. Said he was dead already when he came there, and so had nothing to worry about. He'd lived his life, he said, and given it.

"He had one bad time, but it didn't last long. He was a trusty almost from the first. One could see with half an eye that there was no harm in him. And when they found out what an education he had—what a power of languages he knew, they thought they

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Former Newsboy Heads Million Dollar Business

Says He Owes His Success to a Simple Discovery Which Is Within Reach of Any Alert Man or Woman

A FEW years ago, this young man was one of Chicago's newsboys and stood on the corner, rain or shine, summer and winter, selling papers.

Today at twenty-six this same young man, born of Russian parents, sits behind a big mahogany desk and directs the production of a million dollar business. He is an officer and director of the company. He has a hundred people under him. His income is the envy of all his friends. He drives his own high powered automobile—plays golf and enjoys all the pleasures and other rewards which come with success.

And the best part of it all is that he did it without pull or fame. Not a member of the organization of which he is a leader had ever seen or heard of him before he came there asking for a job, about two years ago.

All that he is—all that he has done—has been accomplished solely because of the results he has produced—he had to earn his way from the word go, and he started as a newsboy.

And yet the quality that made this friendless ex-newsboy succeed, as only few have succeeded with ten times his advantages, is a quality that any man or woman can easily acquire.

Early in life this man, in studying people who were successful, discovered that the one trait which brings success invariably—the one trait without which no man can succeed—is a strong super-developed will.

So, instead of studying narrow technical courses, in this trade or that, this youngster decided that the quickest way to success lay in developing his will power. He set out to find a method to accomplish this, for it seemed to him that if other faculties, such as the memory, could be trained, so could the will. Finally he came upon a book which it seemed must have been written expressly for him—it was called "Power of Will" and was by that master scientist, Frank Channing Haddock. Before coming to study "Power of Will"—my friend investigated this field of training thoroughly—he learned all he could about "Power of Will" and the author.

Among other things he learned that at that time 25,000 people had followed this line of training (today there are over 225,000). He learned that such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut. Governor McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Post Master General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and many others of equal prominence were among the users—but the most crowning, indisputable tribute to "Power of Will" were the remarkable results which he found its users had attained from its use.

One is that of a man who was $5,000 in debt three years before and who since had accumulated $200,000 without speculating and was [illegible] earning $1,000 a week. He is only one of [illegible] who frankly credit their good fortune to Prof. Frank Channing Haddock and his very [illegible] book "Power of Will" [illegible]

is a young man who worked in a big factory. One day he met Mr. W. M. Taylor, the great efficiency expert, who advised him to read "Power of Will." He did so, applied himself to the training of his will, and in less than one year his salary was increased to more than eight times what he had been earning.

Then there is the case of C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent of the Northwestern Life Insurance Company. After his first examination of Prof. Haddock's methods and lessons in will-power development, as published in "Power of Will," he told the publisher that they would be worth $3,000 to $30,000 to him.

Another man, Dr. H. D. Ferguson, residing in Hot Springs, Ark., increased his earnings from $40 a week to $150 a week in a remarkably short space of time after he began the study of will training. Will-power training by Haddock's system has enabled thousands to conquer drink and other vices almost overnight—has helped overcome sickness and nervousness—has transformed unhappy, envious, discontented people into dominating personalities filled with the joy of living.

In this remarkable book Prof. Haddock, whose name ranks with Bergson, James, and Royce in the scientific world, has given to the world for the first time a practical, simple system of rules and exercises for will-power training that has completely revolutionized the lives of thousands of people. For the will is just as susceptible to exercise and training as any muscle of the body.

"Power of Will" is being distributed by the Pelton Publishing Co. of Meriden, Conn. Any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money in advance. If, after five days, you do not feel that this book is worth the $3 asked for it, return it and you will owe nothing. Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the key to wealth and achievement. But intelligent men and women will investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk.

As a first step in will training, act on your present impulse to write a letter or address this coupon to the Pelton Publishing Company, 24-J Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life—just as it did for the newsboy and for hundreds of others. Do not hesitate.

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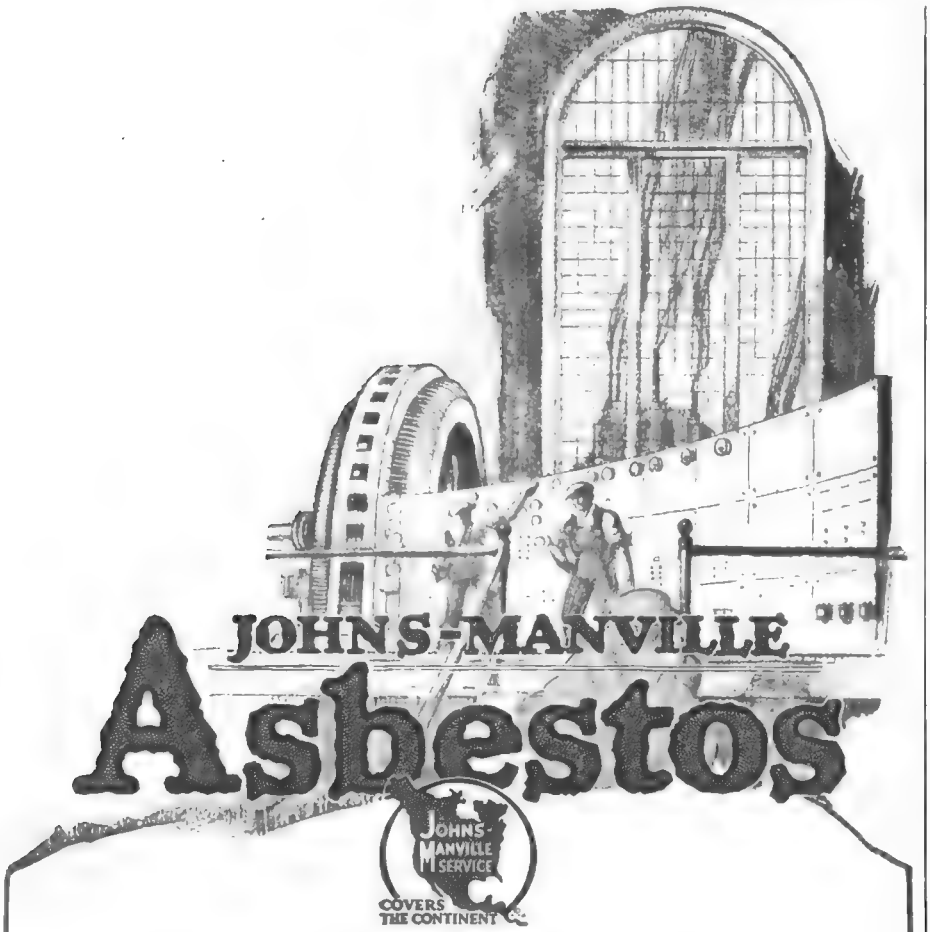

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saw a kind of special use for him—interpreter. And that was all right with him. But they wanted him besides, to read the letters that came in, in foreign languages, to some of the prisoners, and the answers they wrote back, to see that there was no harm in 'em.

"That put him beside himself with rage. He defied them. Started raising hell, so that they gave him the solitary. He starved himself until they had to put him in the hospital, and after that they eased up on him. He had no trouble after that. They gave him a job over in the printing-office—there's where I got to know him—and he was there for the rest of his life."

He paused there with the deliberate purpose, one might have guessed, of giving her a chance to ask him what he himself had been in prison for. But nothing could have been further from her mind than that question. Indeed, she had no questions to ask at all, it seemed. She sat motionless, deep in thought, her dark eyes glowing, her brows drawn flat, a spot of color, bright enough to be visible even by the lamplight, in the olive cheek that was turned toward it. A perilously beautiful thing to look at, she was just then.

Evidently Gilrain found her so, for he turned abruptly away from her.

"We all liked him," he went on again, "and he seemed to like all of us, in his dreamy way. But he must have taken a special liking to me, for he talked to me, toward the last, as he did to none of the others. It was two years I knew him before he ever spoke of you, before I knew he had a daughter. But when he broke loose at last, he talked to me of little else; what a companion and a help you'd been to him. And, at the last, he said to me: 'If ever you're in trouble again, Frank, and can find where my Helena is, ask her to help you. Tell her you were my friend, and she'll do it.'"

The only response he got to that note was a sudden impatient shift of her body in the chair. He had finished speaking without looking round at her. He was, for the moment, profoundly disconcerted, and he concealed the fact by continuing to stare, in meditative silence, through his pipe smoke, at the stove door. At last he went on.

"Well, I am in trouble now. And I have found you."

With an air of rousing herself from a dream, she said: "I suppose you mean you're in trouble with the police. What do they want you for?"

"I don't know what the charge will be," he answered, "except that it won't be what they really want me for. They'll frame something on me that suits their purposes. They'll take damned good care not to let the *real* cat out of the bag. And they've got me here," he went on, his voice thinning to a sudden snarl of rage, "like a rat

(Continued on page 99)

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in a corner. All of my holes stopped; all my friends watched; a trap ready to spring on me wherever I turn. I haven't dared stir out of this damned room for four days. If the doc, here, hasn't crossed me, they don't know where I am. But what good's that, if I can't move hand or foot?"

"What is it," Helena asked quietly, "that they really want you for?"

His momentary silence after that question was asked, the deliberate way in which he rose from his chair and came around before her, gave his sudden snatching of her two wrists, and the agonizing grip he put upon them, the astonishing force of a thunder-clap.

"Now you answer some questions first," he commanded. "Yes, stand up, if you like!" for she was silently struggling with him. She hadn't screamed. He'd taken a chance on that.

"What are you, in the first place? Are you Anton Galicz's daughter? Or are you that damned millionaire's wife?"

"Let go my wrists," she panted.

As suddenly as he had seized them, he did. And, with a superb insolence, thrust his own hands into his trousers pockets.

Her eyes were blazing, green as a black leopard's. And his, also afire, devoured her face. He was the first to speak.

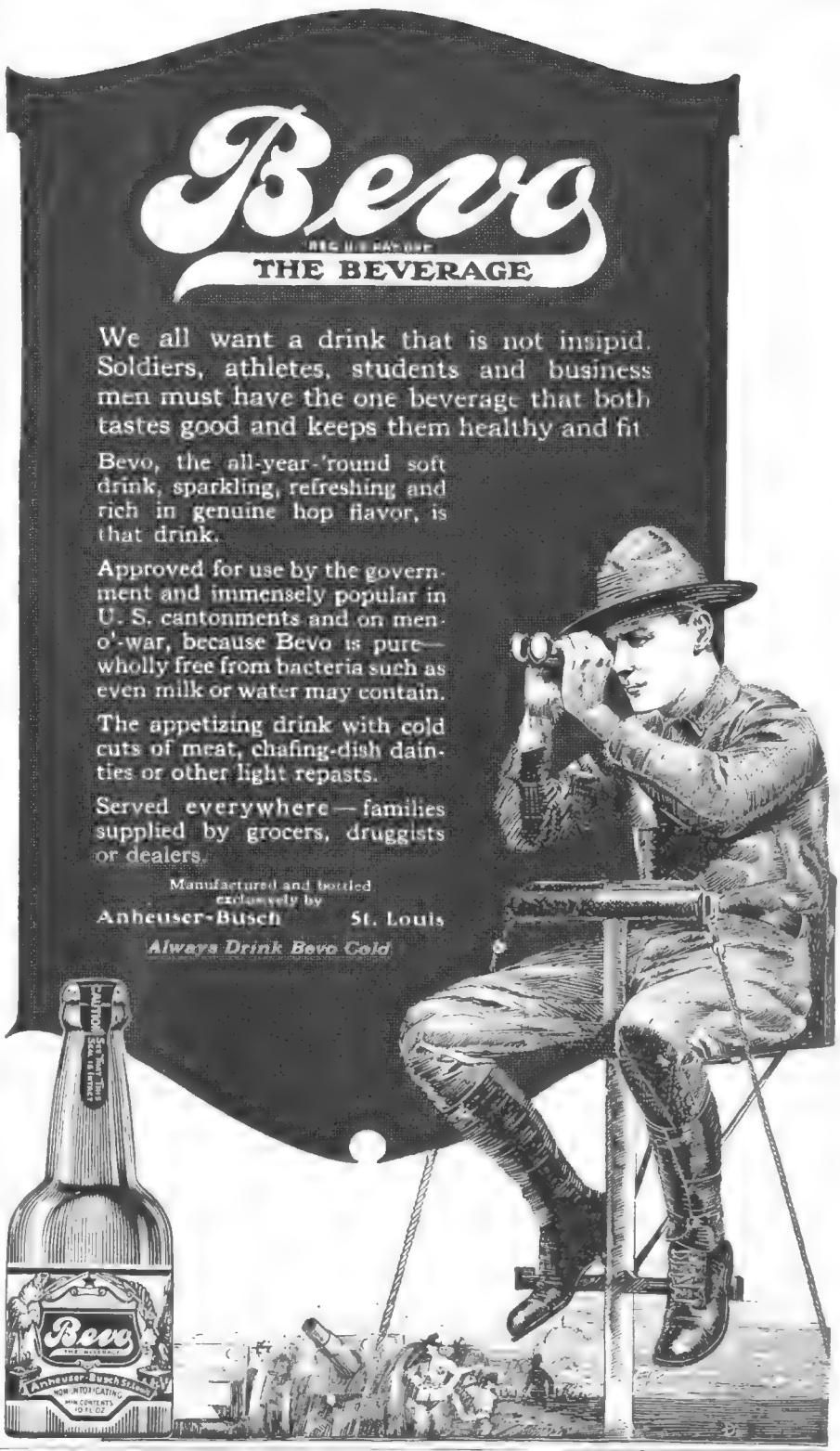
"It was James Lea told me to try you; said he couldn't answer for you any more, now you were married to a capitalist who was getting fat on war munitions. We agreed to try the old name to see whether you'd answer to it."

"Well, I did, didn't I?"

He nodded. "That's good as far as it goes. But what have you come for? Are you a rich lady out for a lark? Looking for a little harmless excitement to laugh with your friends about at your next dinner-party? That's not what you'll get from me, I promise you that. Or have you come out to make good?"

"You know little enough of me," she said. "But I know less of you. I know you've lied to me. Anton Galicz never gave you that message—to seek out 'his Helena' if you were in trouble and she'd help you for her old father's sake. He wasn't a sentimentalist while he lived, and he didn't change to one on his death-bed. But that doesn't matter to me. I'm not a sentimentalist either. I'll make good, if the good is there to make. You tell me, without lying to me this time, what you've really done that they want you for, and if I like, I'll help you. If I don't, I won't. We'll start from there."

She was, as she confronted him there, blazing, utterly unintimidated by his flash of violence, the most beautiful, the most exciting, altogether the most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desirable woman he had ever come to grips with. And his experience with them had been long, varied, but nearly always victorious. His fist clenched inside his pockets, and his jaw set. Suddenly he turned away from her.

"You're the real thing anyhow. I'll give you that," he said. Then, "Don't you read the papers? What are the capitalists doing—your own household pet among the rest? Getting rich out of the war. And getting ready to rivet their yoke on our necks so tight we'll never get it off. Making a bluff that the United States will get drawn into it, for an excuse for an army. What do they want an army for? To collect what they've loaned the Allies? That's part of it, but not half. When they'll really want the army is when the war's over. They'll want it to turn on us. To tell us workers, when they get ready to reduce wages again and starve us out, 'Now strike and be damned!' They want those machine guns they're talking about for our streets. It's plain for the blind to see. You can see it. You've heard them talking it.

"Now do you ask what we're doing? They haven't their army yet. They're in our power; that's where they are. They're afraid of us. They can't do without us. They're paying big wages. What they call big wages. How long will they go on doing that after they've got us where they want us? Now's our time to call a halt. They're afraid, already. Now's the time to put the terror into them. To show them what we can do. It won't take much. Dynamite a few more of their war plants. Burn a few more of their war harvests. Show them who their master is, *now*, before they get their army and their machine guns."

"That's talk," she said, sharply. "Good talk, but old. I've been talking it myself, for months. I read a paper, this afternoon, at a perfectly polite tea, that had all that in it, though it was written long before the war. Talk is easy, and not very dangerous."

"It's not talking I've been." The open derision in her voice stung him to that response, but he stopped there with a black scowl of suspicion. She met it with a smile.

"What have you been doing? And what are you planning to do? That's what I want to know. And I won't lift a hand for you until you tell me."

"I will tell you. I'm going to trust you. But I warn you first. If you think this is a parlor game you're playing, fast and loose, to take up for excitement and drop when you've had enough, get up and go home now, while you've the chance. I've never killed a woman yet, but I'll kill you if you welch."

"Don't talk like a romantic fool!" she commanded. "Go ahead and tell me if you've anything to tell."

"There's the strike out at the Acme place; that's the first. They were making three-inch shells out there; and they haven't turned a wheel for two weeks. Then there was the fire at the Peerless, and another at the Salisbury plant; and there was an explosion out at the Wadsworth Watch Factory, where they were making shrapnel firing-heads. That wasn't in the papers and you may not have heard of it. It didn't come off just as we meant it to, but it was enough to put the fear into them.

"That's the beginning. And it's just nothing at all compared to what I have got right in my hands ready to do, if these bloody English secret service agents hadn't drawn the net on me. It was all in my hands, I tell you, ready to spring! Plans all worked out; the stuff all cached; the men all promised. And now I'm stopped; tied hand and foot."

"What is it?" she asked. "Money?"

He nodded sourly. "I've got it," he said, "but I can't get it. Oh, that's not what I've come to you for! It isn't pin-money I want. It's thousands."

"What kind of money?"

"Capitalist money," he grinned. "One of the big respectable brokers, here in town."

"A German?"

"What does that matter? You're an internationalist, aren't you? What if the poor boob does think he's serving his damned Kaiser? He isn't in the long run. Once the revolution starts, it'll spread all over the world."

"He's suspected, I suppose, and afraid to pay you."

HE DID not answer at once. "That's not the worst," he finally said, glumly. "If he thinks they've really got me, if he makes up his mind to write me off as a loss, because I'm too hot to handle—don't you see what he'll do? He'll beat them to it. He'll inform on me—to clear his own skirts. This fake doctor out here, who owes him money, will give me up. That may happen any time. I've been waiting for it."

He laughed and showed her a small automatic revolver that had been in his pocket. "If that had been a man's step I heard coming along the hall with him just now, I'd have had this out."

"What do you want me to do?" she asked.

"I want you to get me out of here—clean. Where that yellow-livered Dutch swine hasn't got his thumb on me. Where I can talk turkey to him—show him that the string isn't played out yet. Put me where I can have two or three days free to turn round, before they can get the shadows on me again. That's what I want. Will you do it?"

He was standing before her when he asked that question. She half sitting

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back against the edge of the table, gripping it tight with both hands, was looking up at him. The color was high in her cheeks again, and her breathing quick—visibly so—through her parted lips.

It may have been the familiar informality of the pose, the fact that she had let him come so close without altering it; the look, still defiant—not friendly, but almost smiling—about her upturned face; it was something, at any rate, that he himself did not understand, and certainly made no effort to analyze, that took possession of him. For, a full minute after he had asked that question, she having given him no indication whatever what her answer would be, he seized her suddenly in his arms and tried to pull her up into an embrace.

She fought him off furiously and, breaking away—the struggle lasted no more than a very few seconds, struck him, with all the force of her open hand, across the face.

"You fool!" she panted. But she smiled. Then, while he still stood staring, as much amazed at himself as at her—"Sit down there," she commanded, with a nod toward the chair, and without waiting to see that she was obeyed, she herself sat down in another one, erect, intent on her own thoughts—businesslike almost; altogether as if that momentary interlude between them had never been played.

"Yes, I'll help you," she said. "I can do all you ask me to; maybe more. I want a little time to think."

Evidently, though, she didn't want long, for almost immediately she began: "You're to spend to-morrow making yourself presentable. Get your clothes pressed. Do it yourself if you have to. Polish your shoes; that's important. Shave, shampoo your head, get some proper shirts and collars, and a hand-bag—some sort of decent-looking hand-bag."

"What are you going to do with me?" he asked with a humorous touch of scorn. "Take me home with you?"

"Yes," she said. "That's exactly what I'm going to do."

"Hm!" he grunted dubiously. "How about your husband?"

She smiled a curious sort of smile. "He doesn't matter," she said. "It's the servants I'm thinking of." After a moment's pause: "You're to be an old friend of mine. I'll tell you who you are when I've made up my mind about it. There's time enough for that. You're getting into Chicago to-morrow afternoon from the Coast. I'll tell my husband, to-morrow morning, if I see him, that I'm expecting you. Otherwise, I'll call him up and tell him. And I'll order my car to take me down to the Northwestern Station, late in the afternoon, to meet you."

Barrett Specification Roof with tile surface on Altman Building, New York City, being used as a drill-ground.
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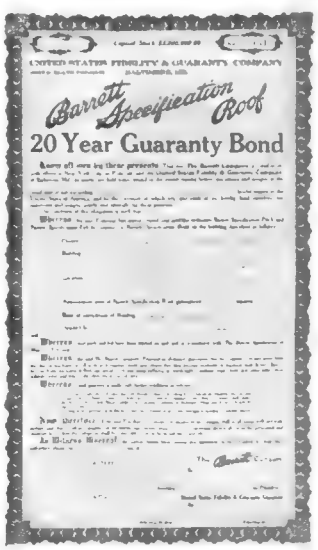
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"I can't hang around a railroad station," he said.

But she ignored the interruption. "I'll tell my chauffeur," she went on, "that the train's likely to be late, and that he's to wait. Then I'll come out here. I'll come into the drug-store at exactly six o'clock—it will be dark enough then. You'll be ready with your bag packed and your overcoat on. I'll buy something in the store and go out and stop the first through-route car that will go back to the Northwestern Station. I'll manage to stand on the step for a second, asking the conductor a question or something, so that he'll start the car before he shuts the door. Then you can come out and jump on. If there's a shadow on you, you've a pretty good chance to drop him. He won't be able to get that car, and there aren't any taxis around here."

"He won't try to follow," said Gilrain. "He'll see the valise and telephone the men at the railway stations to pick me up."

"They'll watch the ticket-windows and the train-gates," said Helena, "and we won't go that way at all. We'll go in the side door and through into the cab-entrance, where my car will be waiting all the time. My chauffeur will drive up the minute he sees me. He'll think your train has just come in, so it will look all right to him. There! Do you see anything the matter with that?"

It was not a real question; just a flourish of triumph at the end of a good performance. An invitation for applause. But after he had been looking at her in silent cogitation for a while, she repeated, "*Do* you see anything wrong with it?"

"It's all right, I suppose, if your husband will stand for it. He'll ask a lot of damned awkward questions, of course. But we can manage that, like enough."

"He'll ask no questions," she assured him curtly. "Why shouldn't he stand for it? Do you think I've been giving an account of myself to him all these years, like a concubine in a harem? I've had guests before."

He stared at her with a new look. "You have, have you!" he exclaimed coarsely, and made as if to laugh. But it was almost ludicrous the way the sudden cold intensity of her gaze checked that laugh before it had fairly begun. His haste to withdraw the implication in it amounted to a scramble.

"It's great, of course," he said. "It's made to order, completely. Once I can get word to Bertsch——"

"Hermann Bertsch, the Board of Trade man?" she asked.

He nodded. "I'll make him sing a different tune," he concluded.

She sighed. "I think I can manage that. I'll tell you to-morrow, when I've thought it out. We've done enough for to-night. Now I'm going home."

She rose so quickly on the words and began her preparation for the street, that she was half into her ulster before he could get 'round the table to help her, and then she managed, without seeming to try, to evade his hands. Her arms free once more, she whipped round and faced him, her own hands warily busy with her buttons. Again her upturned face challenged him insolently.

"Anything else?" she asked.

"Look here!" he commanded. "I want to know—and I mean to know—before you go out of here—what you're doing all this *for*. What your game is. You've got some game, that's plain enough. And by God——"

But in the face of her smile, he couldn't go on with that. His bluster sank away into silence.

"Why shouldn't I do it?" she asked. "I'm as good a revolutionist—as you." And then, swiftly, "You've got it all straight, haven't you? Clean and presentable, with an overcoat and a handbag, and your shoes polished, to-morrow night at six. Six by the correct time. Good night."

He dropped back into his chair after she had shut the door behind her, and wiped the sweat off his forehead with his sleeve.

What a woman! What a devil of a woman!

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

Hugh Faces His Love for Jean

WHERE Jean and the Corbetts both went wrong about Hugh was in judging his scale of values. The family's idea of him was pretty well expressed by his mother when she told Constance he made her think of a ghost. They attributed his detachment from them, his way of coming back now and then, looking on at their doings and listening to their talk, like one no more concerned in it than an unearthly visitant would be, to his unfortunate marriage. He had simply acquiesced, they thought, in the inevitable. He saw there was no good trying to break out of his domestic world—or hell, as Mrs. Corbett bluntly put it. He wasn't the sort to whine or bid for sympathy, so he just shut up and took his medicine. They respected his reticence and felt sorry for him.

Jean, avoiding that error, fell into one of her own. She saw, plainly enough, even in her first visit with him, that he was not pitiable. He was emphatically not, in her eyes, a man dumbly resigned to an unhappy fate; he wasn't making the best of a bad job. At first she smiled confidently to herself, but later fell into a state of acute exasperation at the way the family sighed about him. She boiled whenever

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they spoke in a comfortably superior way about "poor old Hugh," or contemplated his blighted possibilities. He wasn't a failure, and he had his own reasons for knowing it. Any one with eyes ought to be able to see that! If he had made a mess of his life wouldn't he be the first person in the world to feel it? Wasn't this liability to error in the opposite direction? To conceiving himself a failure when really he was not? Of course it was!

She was right so far. Where she went wrong was in the inference she went on to draw from a perfectly correct observation. Because she found him unbeaten, confident, elastic as of old, she assumed that his audacious marriage had, in accordance with her hopes, turned out well.

The truth was that his marriage was neither the blighting thing the family took it to be, nor the well-fitted keystone that Jean, perceiving how well the arch stood up, believed it. It was, and had been, ever since the partial reconciliation a few weeks after the Corbett fire, unimportant. "I believe a metallurgist is all I am, really," he had said to Allison Smith. "It's enough when one is as good as you are," had been Smith's answer. Not true, of course, but true enough to have served as a working hypothesis for three years.

Just as he admitted his failure as a humanitarian, as a prophet of a new industrial order, as a social philosopher, so he admitted his failure as a lover. He did not try to account for it, nor even think of it as accountable. Where the failure of one of his alloys to exhibit the qualities he had expected of it was a matter of the most vivid interest, subject of endless experiment, the failure of this human alloy was dismissed with the reflection that it was, most likely, his own fault.

He had told Helena once, in one of the very earliest talks they had together, that the common ground people needed for friendship—that was what he had been talking about then—was their instincts. What mattered between them was the sort of things they did without thinking—in unforeseen or difficult situations. Well, it seemed that with him, love as well as friendship needed that sort of common ground, and it was precisely here that she failed him. Her sudden flares of suspicion, her readiness to attribute mean motives, to impute bad faith; her evasions; the dishonesty, not of her intentions, but of the very fiber of her mind, chilled him beyond the power of her beauty and her passion to warm. When she would let him like her he could love her, satisfactorily enough. When she assailed him, taunted him, turned one of her rages loose upon him, he went off to his laboratory and let her alone for a while.

It was not an ideal relation, certainly, but, he fancied, not uncommon. At

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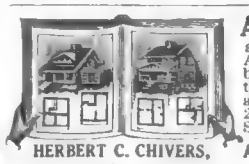

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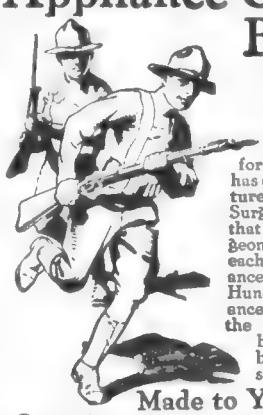

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all events it was nothing to whimper about, let alone erect into a tragedy.

It would have been a tragedy, of course, but for the laboratory. This was the factor which Jean, as well as the Corbetts, had failed to evaluate. In this domain his energy and his imagination found a full and satisfying expression. His two assistants, Taylor and Brigham, both thoroughly trained metallurgists of the professorial type, regarded him with awe, with a sort of childlike wonder. They *were* children to him. He saw at a glance, glints of undiscovered truth in the data they spent laborious days and nights collecting for him, that were beyond their comprehension even when he attempted to explain them. Over some constitutional diagram of theirs in three dimensions, representing a series of incredible alloys, his eyes would light up with as vast a surmise as that which held those Spanish adventurers silent upon a peak in Darien. Both of them had grown through a period of incredulous skepticism about him; both had come to work for him under the impression that he was a mere rich amateur, whose hobby would afford them a heaven-sent opportunity for the pursuit of their own researches.

Taylor had spoken of him once as a crazy alchemist. Eventually both of them compensated for this phase of hostile doubt with an absolutely slavish devotion. At his command, either of them, without a word of protest, would have embarked upon a series of experiments looking to the transmutation of iron pyrites into true gold.

AND it was no wonder; for he had not only the imagination, but the technique of a genius. His resources were endless. Any fact that he wanted, no matter how apparently indeterminable, he could devise the means for tracking down. And about these methods, too, there was often a sort of inspired simplicity that made them laugh like schoolboys.

That was his real world. Until the day when Jean came, for the first time, to lunch, and asked him to explain America and the war to her, he never fully left it. That was why his mother spoke of him as a ghost. That was why his wife's rages, her contempt, her flirtations with other men, came and went, and left no marks upon him for Jean's eyes to see. Even the reverberations of civilization's supreme struggle against a fanatical and barbarous kultur, though they troubled him somewhat, came to his ears but faintly—inside his fence.

What happened when Jean came back to him, with memories of that struggle visible in her eyes, with her questions and her confidence that he would be able to supply the answers to them, Jean a woman, but with all her old unquestioning affection for him revealing itself as candidly as the child's affection had done—what happened to Hugh then can be stated in the simplest and tritest of phrases. He fell in love with her.

It was as natural as that a hungry man, invited to a feast, should eat. What is, I think, not much more surprising, though perhaps less easily explicable, is that he should have fallen in love with her without being aware that that was what he was doing.

There was, to begin with, nothing about the process to suggest comparison with his only other experience of the same sort—his affair with Helena. That had been an agonizing thing, full of doubts and struggles, racking enigmas, irreconcilable desires and revulsions. He had been like a child, driven by some mysterious but unescapable authority, to an adventure into the dark—a dark peopled with hobgoblins as well as with enticing mysteries. He had not dreamed that falling in love would be like that; but he had found that it was. His experience now, with Jean, was much more like the old dream of his than his first experience with reality had been. In the absence of that first experience, he would have been quicker to identify the second.

A stream may run very swiftly and yet smoothly down an unobstructed channel. It is the opposing rocks that make the turmoil and the tumult. Well, in the channel he and Jean had slipped into so easily, there were no warning rocks, no jealousies, no misunderstandings, no oppositions of will or intent; no questions even. Indeed, the very essence of their relation was a kind of fathomless confidence and security.

He had, to be sure, dreaded her return from England—a surprisingly strong emotion that had been. His memory of her had kept itself warm during the whole three years of her absence; had remained something singularly perfect, something with a quite unique charm about it. And the prospect of her return had, apparently, presented him with a dilemma. Either —and more probably—she would have changed to some one else, nice enough no doubt, but so different as to take all the life out of that treasured memory of his; or else, being the same, she would offer him the old undisguised affection. In which case, Helena— It was all too easy to foresee what his wife would do in a situation like that.

As you know, the event had falsified both of these forebodings. Jean came back amazingly unchanged. The actuality of her simply grafted itself upon the stem of the memory, and went on growing as if it had never been severed. And Helena, amazingly, watered the plant.

It was characteristic of his way with her that he made no effort to understand her motive in this. He merely charged himself with having done her an injustice and liked her better for it. And then, as I have said, let himself slip into the current without the least notion how swift it was or whither it would carry him.

There is this to be said for him: individual morality, its problems and its paradoxes, had never been a field of speculation for him. He'd always taken conventional rules and labels pretty much for granted. For a married man to let himself fall in love with another woman was, simply, disreputable. Decent people didn't do things like that. Therefore, he wasn't falling in love with Jean.

THEY had passed none of the conventional danger signals. They didn't hold hands. He had never kissed her. He had never even hinted to her that his marriage was anything but successful and satisfactory. He had never been jealous of any of the men — beginning with Carter — who tried to make love to her; never tried to lessen the amount of time she gave to the social life her grandmother had launched her in, or to war-relief work, in order to get more of her time to himself.

What had he done then? Ridden with her for an hour three or four mornings a week; taken her to the orchestra concerts pretty often, when it happened that Helena didn't want to go and that Jean herself had the evening free. Come home in the afternoon, sometimes, to find her at tea with Helena, and walked home with her afterward.

On the surface that was all. Of what lay beneath that surface, he was brought to realization, literally and truly for the first time, by that outbreak of Helena's on the night when he came home with the suggestion that they drop in on his father and mother to cheer them up a bit now Carter had gone to war. When she said to him, "You're sentimental over Carter because Jean wouldn't marry him. You *knew* she wouldn't," she shocked him into the beginning of understanding. Because, so far, what she said was true. He had not been jealous of Carter, because he had known all the while, with a confident though inexplicable certainty, that he had nothing to be jealous of. He had time to get as far as that before the blind rage shut down on him.

It was hours later before he began thinking again.

He spent those hours tramping the streets at random, his mind a chaos. But around eleven o'clock he found himself standing before the great St. Gaudens Lincoln, in Lincoln Park, and in that majestic presence he got himself in hand again; not through any self-conscious moralizings concerning the deeds or words of its great original,

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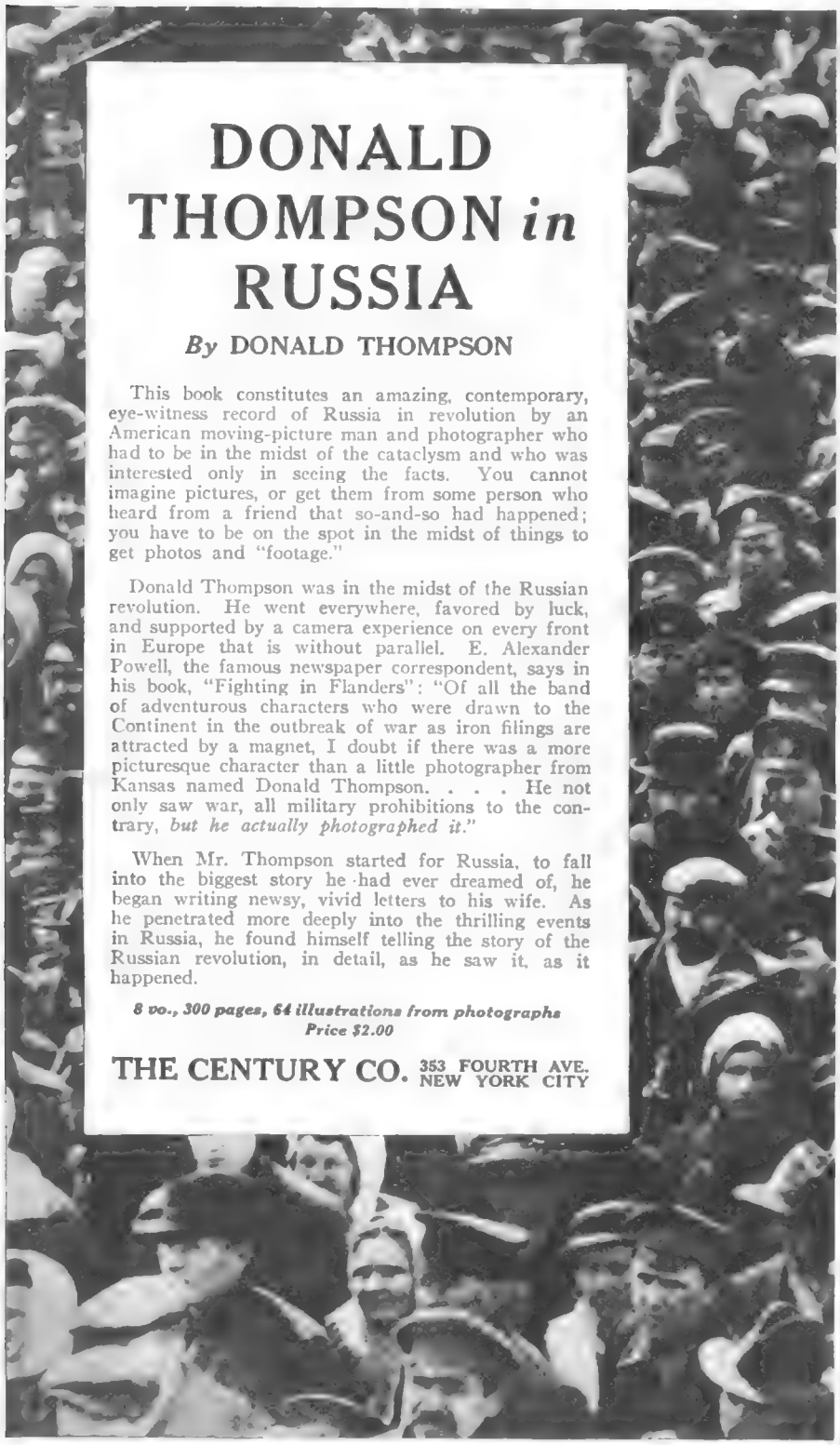

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merely through the noble beauty of the thing itself. It quieted and steadied him, somehow, just as a phrase of Beethoven would have done; reestablished the scale of things; made of his rage a mere outburst of childish petulance. Now he could think again.

And he must think, because, some time before morning, he must have come to a decision as to what he would do. Already he perceived that there was a situation that he could not deal with by merely retreating from it. There was no possibility, here, of another withdrawal "inside his fence."

How often he had done that! From his family, from the men he ought to have kept for friends, from his humanitarian experiments at Riverdale, from his grandfather's trust, from his wife. Oftenest of all from her. Countless times from her. What was the matter with him? Cowardice? Or a kind of a monstrous self-sufficiency?

Well, for the present that didn't matter. Coward or not, this time he must see it through.

He was in love with Jean. The rising and blowing away of the fog of his rage against his wife, left that fact confronting him as the cliffs of Cornwall confront, now and again, a mariner who has lost his reckoning. How had he managed to stay blind to it so long? Had he really been blind to it? Why, she was the light of his life! She was food and drink to him! Manna in the wilderness. Wherever he turned, he turned to her. Whatever he did was done with some sort of unconscious reference to her. The whole fabric of his life was woven with the gold threads of her. The pattern of it remained pretty much what it had been before, but the texture had changed.

Looking back he could see where one day had drawn a line across it; the day Jean had come to lunch. That Swede—whatever his name was—that Helena had been going on with at the time, was there. And talked free-trade. And then Helena had carried him off and left them alone. And on his asking how long it had been since they had seen each other, she had answered—just as the little Jean who had been Anne's bridesmaid would have done—that it was three years and three months. It was as if the sun had come out!

What sort of self-hypnosis had he resorted to that he did not see then—that very day—what it was that had happened to him? Well, he had come out of his trance at last.

He was still confused, bewildered. The problem he must wrestle with and find some sort of solution for before morning, had not even got itself stated yet; but one fact shone out above the welter, like a beam from a lighthouse: he was in love with Jean. Helena's final taunt—as much of it as was aimed

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at him—troubled him not at all. It had been her contemptuous notion all along that there was something submasculine about his feelings toward the girl. That his relation with her was something less than real; a philander, in the manner of Rousseau. Well, that was simply one of Helena's mistakes.

There was nothing incomplete, nothing left out of his love for Jean. The whole of him went into it: spirit, mind and body. There was nothing of him now that was not crying out for her, aching for her. And it wasn't anything new, this sensational, bodily want of her. It had been there all along. Only, transmuted somehow, in a phase he hadn't recognized.

What an ignorant fool he'd been! Love was one of the elemental facts of life—and what did he know about it! He'd been content to deal with it in the fractional currency of romance; traditional sentiments, their mintage worn away with much handling, and very likely counterfeit to begin with. One of these precious bits of coinage he had been contentedly jingling was the adjective "brotherly." Had his sister Constance, whom he loved as much as, in the way of mere affection, it was possible to love anybody, ever changed the rhythm of his heart one beat? Had it ever thrilled him *not* to take one of Anne's hands in his!

There was time for all that, but not to-night. He was in love with Jean. What was he going to do about it?

He brought up at his laboratory at last—it was mere instinct in him to turn thither—and shut himself up in the library, the room where he had brought Jean one day and shown her his little samples of Corbettite. He took off his wet boots and set them to dry; got into slippers and a shabby old coat, lighted a pipe, and sat down, soberly and unhurriedly, because he had half a dozen hours yet before morning to think it out.

All the way out Chicago Avenue he had trudged to one refrain: Jean mustn't know. This was his starting-point—his axiom.

It was going to hurt horribly to keep her in ignorance. Well, that would be his penalty. Honor prescribed it. When you stated the case in general terms, that became clear enough. Here was a married man, in love with an innocent young girl. It would be a matter of mere elementary decency in him to guard that secret from her; to make—without flinching—any sacrifice that the guarding of it called for. She had given him her affection freely, in good faith; confidently. He had betrayed her confidence; embezzled the trust fund. Their friendship was bankrupt. That was bad enough. But to try to involve her in the fraud!

He dashed both fists down savagely on the desk before him. This was bosh—maundering. It was getting him

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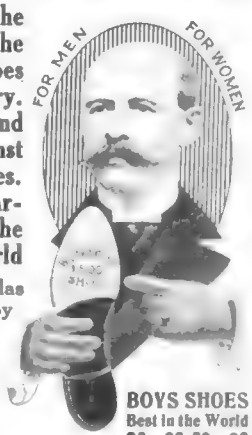

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nowhere. What was he going to *do?*

Let their friendship go by default? End, without explanation, their morning rides—their concerts—their little excursions? Leave her wondering, dumbly, what the matter was?

But she would not wonder dumbly. She'd come and ask him what the matter was. Go away then without a word—disappear? *Leave her to Helena's mercies!* Helena, with that flicker in her veiled green eyes!

No, by God, not that! Not a chance of that! She must be warned to keep away from Helena. And at once! He must see her to-morrow and warn her somehow—tell her something that would serve.

Well, there was the first step decided upon. He would see her to-morrow—to-morrow morning. He knew where she was. He always knew where she was; from day to day, from hour to hour, almost. She had gone up this afternoon to Lake Forest.

To-morrow was Philip's birthday (Constance's oldest boy, he was), and he was having a party whose specifications he had been allowed to draw for himself. The house in Lake Forest was opened up for the occasion, and six or eight small boy friends of his, including his younger brother Francis, invited, from Friday afternoon to Sunday morning. There was plenty of snow up there for forts and battles, a gorgeous slide down the ravine road, a pond to skate on, and larks in the big empty house; trimmings in the way of a birthday cake and a candy-bag and so on. Miss Muirhead, their governess, a strapping middle-aged, out-of-door sort of English woman, had volunteered to convoy the party. Philip, who adored Jean, had invited her to come. Not casually, seriously, after deep thought. And Jean, appreciating how fine a compliment it was, had accepted, wholeheartedly. She had gone up, with the others, on the four-twenty train this afternoon. Hugh knew all about it.

He hunted out a time-table and looked up morning trains. There was a fast one at eight o'clock. Another point settled. He'd take that train and walk the mile or more that it was out to Frank's. He'd find the party. No trouble about that; they'd be making noise enough. Sledding down the ravine road, they'd be, most likely. Or trying their luck with snow-shoes.

And Jean would be there among them, with snow in her tumbled hair, breathless. She would see him coming, and bright as her eyes would be, they would still brighten—change, somehow, with welcome at the sight of him. That welcoming glance of hers had never failed him; never, from the very first day.

With another look she'd see that something serious had brought him there. That clairvoyant understanding of his moods had never failed, either. He wouldn't have to say that he must speak to her alone on a matter of importance. In all his misery, he grinned over the notion of saying anything like that to Jean. No, she'd rescue him from Philip and Francis, who'd be clambering all over him like young bears, and manage, somehow, without any fuss, to carry him off, somewhere, where they could be by themselves. And then she might say: "What is it, Hugh?" Or she might—and it would be more like her—just contentedly wait for him to begin, when and how he would.

It was all clear enough up to there. But then——

It was too clear, that was the trouble. He could see her face—the lovely clear profile of it. She'd have dropped down beside him, somewhere. And looking at it, all his excuses, lies, elaborations, melted of their own absurdity.

It was no use. He couldn't do it—to-night. To-morrow, when he had found her, when they were alone together, then he'd have to do it. Perhaps, from somewhere, he'd get—help. From her own dear self, very likely. From her straight-looking clear eyes, which never suspected baseness or disloyalty. He couldn't, in the light of them, dishonor her with the avowal of an illicit love. The moment, then, should serve its own need.

HE DREW in a great breath of relief and his body relaxed in its chair. For that night's remaining hours he simply let himself dream. Looking over, like Moses on Pisgah, at the green land he was not to enter.

An episode from earlier in the evening came to his mind. Back when the fog of his rage had lain thickest on him, he had encountered, somewhere in Lincoln Park, Rodney Aldrich and his wife. He had marked them for a pair of lovers before he recognized them, and, the sight being unfriendly to his mood, he would have gone by without looking at them. But Rodney stopped him with forcible friendliness, and made him talk a minute. At the time nothing they said had really got through to his mind at all. Now, though, there came to him the memory of a certain intense satisfaction in Rodney's voice when he said—in answer to a perfunctory question of Hugh's, it must have been—"No, she's back with me—for the present, anyhow." And from Rose, with a sort of satisfactory richness in her voice, "Oh, yes, I do skate. But I'm not this winter."

Looking back, now, he understood. They were going to have another baby. They already had two, hadn't they? And had been married just as long as he. And were still lovers. And yet, a year ago, his friends had been pitying

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poor old Rodney over the failure of his marriage, and wondering what he'd bought that house for.

Was there, in Time's resources, the possibility of a transformation of life like that for him? Not a possibility, perhaps, but material for to-night's dream.

THERE was snow in her hair when he found her; snow in her woolly green sweater, on her short green corduroy skirt, on her leggings. She must have been rolling in it. She was all alone, in a dead winter silence as well as solitude—not a boy nor a sound of one in the landscape, anywhere—when he, where the road rounded a projecting clump of hemlock, came upon her. She was approaching him across the virgin snow, but, ludicrously, backward and seriously preoccupied with her tracks, taking great care to put her toes down first, and as the snow in the road had muffled his footfalls, she remained unaware of his presence there until, irresistibly, he laughed out at her.

Then, "Hugh!" she cried. She had started, but managed to preserve her balance, with outstretched arms, like a rope-walker, and she did not turn; remained rooted where she was. To his, "What in the world are you doing?" she answered a deep-throated little laugh of her own. "Wait," she commanded. "Let me think." But while she thought she explained: "I'm a German spy, and I've drugged the secret-service men and escaped from the dungeon—that's the cellar—where they are. They'll come out of the drug—" there was a reference here to her wrist-watch—"in fifteen minutes. And track me down. They've already done it once, much too easily. They were disappointed in me. So I changed to another pair of shoes—Constance's—to make different tracks, and tried again. This time I want to make it worth their while."

Then she laughed again. "Come over here and pick me up and carry me somewhere. Can you?"

"Yes," he said.

She untied her sweater belt, dropped it on the snow and trampled upon it. "There must be marks of a struggle," she explained as he came to her. Then she held up her arms for him.

He picked her up just as he would a small child. "Where shall I take you?" he asked.

Her answer was breathless—came with a gasp: "I don't care: you're carrying me off."

All the way across the field, he carrying her with great swift strides, neither of them spoke another word. Just as he started with her, she shifted her position in his arms a little, settled herself closer and relaxed, as a child does when the arms are familiar and strong. His heart gave a great throb at that.

At the wooded edge of the field, the declivity into the ravine was steep, but not quite precipitous.

"I think I can get down here with you all right," he said very evenly. "But if you'd rather not chance it——"

"I'm not afraid," she said.

And, gathering her a little tighter in his arms, he plunged down the descent with her. As an athletic feat it taxed even his great strength. But at that it was not as hard as he wanted it to be. The exultant rhythm that was beating in his veins challenged the impossible.

Coming out on one of the lower reaches of the ravine road, he did not pause, but strode on with her, out upon the snow-buried beach; floundering, now, knee deep and, beyond concealment, breathless.

But he did not stop until he reached the lee of a little breakwater. It was here, years ago, on a sun-drenched summer morning, that they two had built a castle in the sand, while the nightmare that he had brought down there with him, receded—almost blew away.

He stopped, but he did not put her down; nor did she make the expected movement to release herself; lay as she was, quite still. Looking down into her face, he saw that her eyes were shut, and there were two tears welling up from under the closed lids. And at that, the whole of his heart came out in a muffled outcry upon her name.

"Jean!"

Her eyes sprang open, wide with wonder, and searched his face. There was awe in them but not fear. Then,

"Put me down—now," she said.

She steadied herself a moment—clearly this was a physical necessity—after he had set her upon her feet. But she was not faint. The color had come flaming into her face.

"I meant it," she said laboriously, "just as part of the game, when I called you. But it wasn't quite honest, because I had time to think before you took me up, that it would have done just as well if I had walked behind, following in your tracks. Only, I wanted you to carry me." Then, getting control of a sob, "but I didn't know it would be like this."

"No," he said. "I didn't know, either."

An ivory-colored timber of the breakwater projected through the snow. She sat down on it and buried her face in her hands. "I'm not crying—really," she said, at his exclamation of remorse. "It's just—excitement, I guess." Then, "We can—talk about it a little—can't we?"

"That's what I came out to do."

He dropped down beside her on the beam. "I found it out last night. In a quarrel I had with Helena. Over something detestable she said about you. I wanted to kill her for it. And then I knew. I don't know why

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haven't known all along. I have, in a way, of course."

She looked round at him with a quaintly rueful smile. "I have, too," she said. "Of course I have, or I wouldn't have spent so much time arguing to myself that I wasn't." She drew in a long, tremulous breath. "Well, I'm glad we know now," she added. "Both of us. It would be worse if one of us knew and the other didn't."

"I meant to keep you from finding out," he said. "I spent hours last night thinking up cock-and-bull stories that would warn you to keep away from Helena and explain my going away——"

There came from her a little in-drawn gasp of pain at that.

"Oh, my dear!" he said.

"It's all right," she reassured him. "I didn't mean to flinch like that." Then she managed another smile. "In a way," she explained, "it's a good thing it's us it has happened to. We'll both—stand it."

After a silence, she asked a question. "Had Helena seen? Was that why she was angry? I suppose I must have blinded myself to that, too. I thought, all along, she liked us to be together."

"She did," said Hugh. "For her own reasons. It was an expression of contempt, really. She threw us together, so she explained last night, with the idea that we weren't capable of feeling anything beyond what she could afford to be amused about."

"That was one of Helena's mistakes, wasn't it?" the girl said dryly.

There was another pretty long silence after that. It was Jean who broke it.

"I'll do anything you want me to," she said. "Nothing I could give would be giving. I'm given already, you see. All of me. All there is. If it's right for one of us to go away, why, that one will go. And if it's right for us to be together, why, we'll be together. The main thing is for us to do what we mean to do. Not cheat ourselves because we want to so much, in little picking, stealing ways. I suppose while we're deciding what we really mean to do, we'll have to be apart."

He uttered a half-suppressed groan of pain. "Yes," he said. "With you close to me like this, I can't think of anything—I don't know anything but——"

She pulled off her woolen glove and slipped her cold little hand into his, and somehow it pulled him together again. He bent down and pressed his lips into the palm of it. "I've never even touched it before outside the regular polite ways. But, oh, my dear, you've no idea how many times I *haven't* done it."

She smiled dissent to that. "I've known every time, I think," she said.

Suddenly he pulled her up into his

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arms, bent down and found her lips, in a long embrace.

At the conclusion of it she slipped back to her seat beside him. "I'm glad that happened," she said presently. "I suppose, if we have to, we can—live on it for a while. Years. Or forever, maybe. Though I can't manage to believe that, can you? But it's settled one thing, anyway. We can't go on—half together and half apart."

"Yes, it's settled that," he said.

But it was surprising, after that, how easily and quietly they slipped into talk, one of her hands in his once more. There was no tragic note about it, though it was their separation they mostly talked about.

Jean, it happened, could go away very accountably, without any fuss, and without awakening any surmise. Both her mother and grandmother were getting restive, the older woman to escape the cold, and the younger to go back to her husband. Their two desires intersected at San Antonio, and both of them had spoken tentatively to Jean about the project. All it needed was her own enthusiastic approbation of it.

"That's as good as California," she said. "If it was New York, we'd always be riding back and forth for little glimpses of each other. And it's got to be a real separation to do any good. And you can't go away. You've got to stay and discover Corbettite."

"It's a funny thing," he said. "I quit the laboratory yesterday afternoon more discouraged about it than I've been in six months; went home with the idea that I was just about ready to give up; thought that about the best thing I could do was to follow Carter over to France. Well, it's certain that I haven't thought about it since, because it was as soon as I got home that Helena and I had our row. But I've got an idea now. I had it last night when I went back to the laboratory. I know, because I remember slamming the door on it. I've a notion it's a real clue. It must have just followed along, somehow, in the trail of the other discovery."

She laughed happily at that. Then, "I don't know why I'm not crying," she said. "I would be, if it was anybody but you that I was in love with and was going to have to—do without—for a while."

Voices of the long-forgotten secret-service men now became audible up on the crest of the bluff, and presently, here and there, a head peered over. They'd been baffled by the tracks, it seemed, and had resorted to drag-net methods.

"We'll surrender," Hugh called up to young Francis. "Though I'd have got her away in my submarine if it hadn't been for the ice. You stay up there and I'll bring her up by the road."

He agreed with her about the

"I was startled at the least sound"

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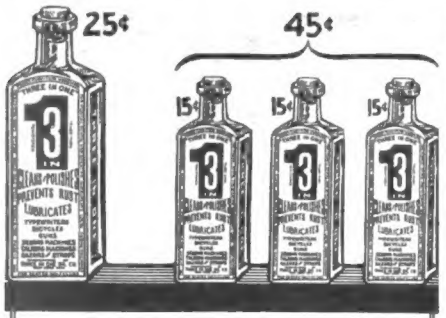

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strangeness of the paradox she had been talking about when the boys appeared. He felt the same way about it. Curiously happy, content, elated, secure—even in the face of their parting.

"I don't know anything about love," he said. "I suppose it must be a thing one can study and get to be an authority about. But there must be two kinds of it, anyway. One that can only hurt. And one that can only—bless. Even—even, Jean, darling, when we give it up."

They were around the corner by now, at the foot of the ravine road. The whole pack of little boys was audibly coming down, pell-mell, but they were still a turn or two of the road away from them.

"Once more?" he asked. "They aren't here yet."

"It doesn't matter. This is good-by."

So their lips met once more.

The next instalment of ***"The White Arc"*** *will appear in the June number.*

GROGGY JOHN BARLEYCORN

By **Edwin F. Bowers, M.D.**

STOUT old John Barleycorn has been masquerading as a composite of Chief Comforter in Life's Feast, Little Eva, and Smiling May, the Red Cross nurse, for many scores of centuries. But the hour has finally struck for his unmasking. The farce is played out, the lights are burning low, and the company is tired. Tired of deception. Tired of mummery, tired of subterfuge and evasion.

They demand, like the guests in Poe's gruesome tale, to see the actual lineaments and scrutinize the uncloaked person of the Red Domino—be he friend or fiend, angel or devil.

And science, deliberately and imperturbably, has stepped forward, raised the mask, and plucked aside the mantle.

As a result, King Alcohol is now on trial for his life throughout the civilized world. The evidence against him is piling higher and higher. His friends are deserting him one by one, and within the next fifty years there may be few indeed so poor in spirit and mind as to do him reverence.

Now, while human beings have been drinking alcohol for scores of centuries, it is only within the last thirty years or less, that any attempt has been made to investigate alcohol in the strictly scientific sense of the term.

Of course, we have long known, in a general way, that excessive drinking produces a deleterious effect upon the human organism. We knew that it was the sole cause of alcoholic dementia, delirium tremens, "hob-nailed" liver, gout, "spleen," brittle arteries and laboring heart, ulcerated stomach, epilepsy, and many other serious and fatal conditions.

We knew it was one of the chief causes of poverty, of crime, and of debauchery, and that it caused a certain and definite physical deterioration, a deterioration which was transmitted to the children—or more correctly, according to the laws of heredity—to the grandchildren.

But, thirty years ago, in the great physiological laboratories of Europe, men of science, with instruments of absolute precision, instruments that could not be wheedled, brow-beaten nor coerced into giving an unfair decision, prove that, not only is alcohol a poison in large doses, but that it is almost equally poisonous in small doses—if the small doses are continued for a sufficient length of time.

The scientists proved that the pathological and physiological effects of alcohol are cumulative, that if it is persistently used, even in small doses, harm is increasingly manifested—muscular powers are weakened, mental ability is decreased, coordination is impaired, and the destruction of tissues and protoplasm is hastened.

Then life insurance statisticians, examining hundreds of thousands of mortality records, demonstrated, by the cold logic of figures, that life is shortened in a definitely measurable degree, that incapacity from sickness is inevitably increased, and that the ability to recover from injuries and sickness is invariably decreased.

Efficiency experts, also, using the tests suggested by physiologists as a basis for computing work-output, showed that even moderate drinking—such as the average man has always regarded heretofore as not only harmless, but helpful—decreases speed, lessens endurance, contracts work output, and increases the number of accidents and the size of the scrap pile.

This is one of the most important, the most fascinating, the most far-reaching chapters in the Golden Book of Knowledge. And ultimately, it will have a more profound influence upon the life, health and happiness of humanity, and of the humanity that is to come, than any other single issue ever fought out since man first lost his tail and the ability to wag his ears.

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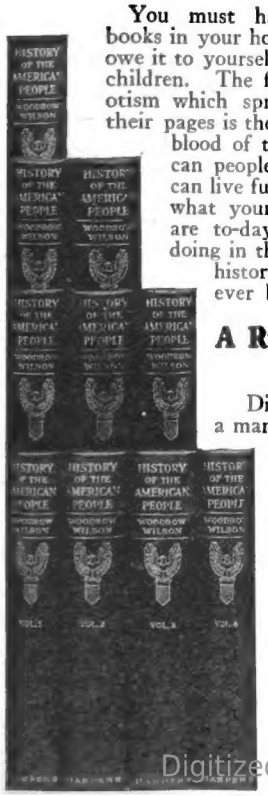

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